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BARRY SULLIVAN
AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES
VOL. II.

I am
Truly Yours
Barry Sullivan

From a Photograph taken in 1874.

BARRY SULLIVAN

AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

A HISTRIONIC RECORD

BY

ROBERT M. SILLARD

WITH PORTRAITS

"He was famous in his profession,
And it was his great right to be so."
All's Well That Ends Well, Act I. Sc. 1.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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BARRY SULLIVAN
AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

VOL. II

CHAPTER XVII

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Barry Sullivan had not been many hours in New York city before he was waited upon by Edward Eddy, the manager of the Broadway Theatre, who offered him a week's engagement on his own terms, and urged the expediency of an early public appearance. His American début accordingly was settled for Monday, November 22nd, 1858, and the play selected for the auspicious occasion was *Hamlet*.

There was little gush and charlatanism in the theatrical profession in those days, and the photographer's art, as now utilised, was unborn. The *quid pro quo* system, "you beat

the big drum for me in the States, and I'll do the same for you in England," was unthought of; the actor or actress from England was nobody until he or she had proved to be somebody, and so when Barry Sullivan first arrived in America there were no "deputations" to receive him, and no suppers organised in his favour, as there are nowadays for every English mediocrity who crosses the Atlantic.

Remembering Edwin Forrest's request "to look him up" whenever he found himself in "his country," Sullivan tried to find the great man, but much to his discredit Forrest kept out of the way, although he was in New York at the time. But the virus of the adverse criticism Forrest was subjected to while in England doubtless rankled in his veins, and taking it as his gospel that nothing good could come from England, he refrained from patronising the "new star" whom he now counted as his rival. Later on we shall see how he repeated the rude and unprofessional conduct he was guilty of towards Macready in 1849, which, as is well known, culminated in a terrible riot. On this occasion, however, there was no bloodshed, but much chagrin to the Bowery favourite.

During the week Sullivan played Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard, Shylock, Claude Melnotte, Petruchio, and Don Cæsar. The total receipts for the six nights were 2469 dollars, of which one-third formed Sullivan's share.

His reception was most cordial, and the New York papers were full of his praise. "That the American public can recognise true genius," said the *Tribune* of November 23rd, "when it comes into their presence with only the simple, earnest demand to be weighed in the balance, is abundantly proved by the enthusiasm which greeted the efforts of Mr Barry Sullivan, who made his first appearance in this country last night in the character of Hamlet, and who was weighed in the balance and not found wanting in a single particular.

We rejoice at the great and unequivocal success of the finest actor England has sent us for many a year."

The *New York Herald* was equally laudatory; it said: "We should hail his arrival among us as a matter of no ordinary importance. He is unlike any tragedian with whom we have become familiarised in Shakespearean characters. While his text is rendered with a delicacy and elegance seldom or never witnessed off the French stage, it retains all the force of an original conception. His readings are clear, sensible, and scholarly, without being in the least pedantic. His attitudes are graceful, and his bearing and general ensemble eminently artistic. He is a 'trump card,' and will rise rapidly in public favour."

The audience were quite unanimous in their approval—caps, hats and tongues applauded him to the clouds. The success was solid, an honest verdict by an impartial public.

Manager Eddy, besides being a successful entrepreneur, was a good actor. His repertory was said to be one of the largest of any member of the profession. He was a native of Troy, New York, and was born about 1822. He became manager of the theatre on Broadway in September 1847. A part in which he is best remembered by New York playgoers was Jean in the *Ragpicker of Paris*; but he also attempted Hamlet, Iago, Tell, Damon, and even "O'Callaghan" in *His Last Legs*. Eddy and Forrest at one time were firm friends, but afterwards came to be bitterly opposed to each other. Forrest brought a law-suit against him for playing his property, *Jack Cade*; but Eddy produced in court a copy of the play with the words "presented to E. Eddy, by his friend, E. Forrest," written across the title-page in Forrest's handwriting, and so won the case. Doubtless this was one of the reasons why

Forrest failed to put in an appearance at Eddy's theatre during Sullivan's first New York engagement.

From New York Barry Sullivan journeyed to Washington, whither he had been invited by Mr Stuart, then lessee of the Washington Theatre, immediately on the news of his initial success reaching the capital. His first appearance here took place on Saturday, December 11th, as Hamlet. The prices of admission on that evening were raised to seven dollars for private boxes, one dollar for orchestra chairs, and fifty cents to *parquet.*

Miss Alice Grey, a clever young Boston actress, was the Ophelia on this occasion. The leading man of the company, Charles Fisher, was a Londoner by birth, and had often played at the Princess' Theatre in Oxford Street under Maddox's management.

The press of Washington gave Sullivan a hearty welcome. The *National Intelligencer* spoke thus :—"We run no risk in saying that *Hamlet* has never been put before an audience in a manner better calculated to have it understood, appreciated and enjoyed."

The *States*, another Washington journal, remarked that "the appearance of an actor who does not rant, who does not swagger, who does not snuff the air with his nose, but contents himself with taking nature by the hand, and going cheek by jowl with her, and her alone, should be hailed as little less than a blessing, and a little more than good luck. He enacted Hamlet as we have never seen it before. It was a truly great performance, full of vigour and originality. He takes you away altogether from the recollection that you are in a theatre, and imparts real life to every scene he engages in."

On his second night here Sullivan appeared as Richelieu, and during the remainder of the week as Beverley, Lear,

Richard the Third, Claude Melnotte and Macbeth. In noticing his Beverley, the *States* said: "The death of the Gamester as acted by Barry Sullivan last night was absolutely terrific. The pangs of remorse, the taking of the poison, the prayer for mercy, the conflict between hope and despair, the writhing of the frame and the dying agonies were so appalling and so true to nature that the audience were spell-bound and held their breath in mute horror."

Many of those who witnessed Beverley as played by Sullivan at this period acknowledged that it was the first time they comprehended the reality of acting, and could only compare it to the elder Booth's matchless performance of Mortimer in *The Iron Chest.* Beverley was a favourite character with Barry Sullivan, as indeed it has always been with the leading players of the past. Strange to say, the press, both at home and abroad, never looked upon the play favourably. It was rated obsolete, old-fashioned, commonplace, vapid, prosy, out of date, and many more disparaging epithets have been hurled at it. The subject was pronounced too exciting; the catastrophe too harrowing for the feelings of an audience; while the weakness of Beverley rendered that character too contemptible for sympathy.

All this was easily written, and may have passed current with many; but to Barry Sullivan *The Gamester* always appeared a moral lesson worthy of the pulpit, a domestic tragedy of the highest order. Simple, powerful, effective, and probable in the construction of the plot; clear, intelligible, nervous and pathetic in the dialogue; a leaf from nature's book, applicable to all times and all countries; not a record of any passing absurdity, which may command its votaries to-day and is totally forgotten to-morrow. A vice is held up to detestation in this play with all its

appalling consequences, more absorbing than any other, which has brought greater desolation to homes than human weakness, tyranny and depravity have ever produced in any other shape, or through any other agency. The fatal prevalence of gaming required such a caustic as the concluding scene of *The Gamester* presented. The very want of resolution and consistent firmness in Beverley, the readiness with which he falls into the snares of his tempter and evil genius; these points constituted the strong truth, the reality, the interest and the moral warning of the story.

Barry Sullivan's Beverley was in every respect worthy of him. It was, perhaps, his best assumption, even to the last, out of the Shakespearean range.

Leaving Washington on the last night of his engagement there, Sullivan returned to New York in order to fulfil a six nights' engagement at Burton's Theatre in Chamber Street, then managed for the lessee by John Moore and Wayne Olwine, both of whom, besides filling the posts of stage and acting managers, took leading parts in the nightly productions. Sullivan opened at this theatre on December 20th, and during his stay appeared in a round of his usual parts, ably assisted by Miss Fanny Morant and James Canoll.

New Yorkers witnessed Barry Sullivan as Beverley for the first time on Christmas eve, 1858 (Friday in his first week), and endorsed the verdict passed by his Washington critics.

He was supported on this night by James Canoll as Stukely; Delmont Grace as Lewson; Ward as Bates; H. Russell as Dawson; Whiting as Jarvis; Fanny Morant as Mrs Beverley; Annie Lonsdale as Charlotte; and Miss White as Lucy.

James Canoll was a native of Albany. After devoting

twenty-four years to his profession, of which he was a thoroughly reliable member, he retired and joined the New York police force, and through a strange irony of fate he was placed on duty outside the theatres on Broadway.

As a Christmas attraction at Burton's, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (with little Cordelia Howard as Eva) and the *Children in the Wood* were put on for the afternoon of Christmas day, and at night Barry Sullivan electrified the densely crowded audience which assembled to witness him as Richard the Third. It was customary then for all the theatres in New York to remain open on Christmas day, and even on Sundays in some of the other cities of the States. No Lord Chamberlain, nor qualms of religious conscience, interfered with theatrical managers or players in the propriety of so doing.

The lessee of this theatre, William Evans Burton, was born in London in 1804, and was intended by his father—a printer and publisher, and the author of "Biblical Researches"—for the Church. He received a classical education, and at the age of eighteen assumed direction of his father's business and published a monthly magazine. Thrown into the society of actors at an early age, and himself a popular amateur, the step to the stage was a natural consequence. Gifted with wit and an extraordinary genius for acting he had a passion for the stage, and in 1827 joined the company at the Theatre Royal, Windsor (England), under Samuel Penley, author of the *Sleeping Draught.* Burton played unimportant comedy parts in the country theatres of England for seven years. In 1834 he went to America and made his first appearance in Philadelphia. He soon became very popular, and was inimitable in such characters as Captain Cuttle in Brougham's version of *Dombey and Son,* Aminadab Sleek, Micawber, Toodles,

Paul Pry, and Tony Lumpkin. He managed theatres in Philadelphia and Baltimore until 1848, when he migrated to New York and rented Palmo's Opera House in Chambers Street, and opened it under the name of Burton's Theatre. Eight years later he leased the Metropolitan Theatre on Broadway, and renamed it Burton's "New Theatre." He amassed one million dollars by theatre management alone.

The playbill of Burton's Theatre for December 27th, 1858, announced the re-engagement of Barry Sullivan for the week, and on that evening he appeared as Alfred Evelyn in *Money* for the first time in New York, supported by Miss Fanny Morant as Clara Douglas. *Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady* formed the after-piece on this and the following evenings, with Miss Walton as the King of Spain; Miss Morant the Duchess de Torrenueva; Moore, the Marquis; and Olwine, Ruy Gomez.

After playing Don Cæsar, Damon, Lear, and Macbeth, Sullivan left New York on New Year's day, 1859, for Boston, where he made his first appearance on the following Monday as Hamlet at Kimball's theatre, called the Boston Museum. His engagement here was for twelve nights, and the performances consisted of the ten principal plays in his repertory. The local press had nothing but praise for his portrayal of all the characters he undertook. The *Boston Herald* said: "His performances are among the finest art specimens of the age." The *Transcript* declared him to be "unmistakably a man of genius." "We have seen all the great actors play Hamlet," remarked the same journal, "but Barry Sullivan excels them all." The *Courier* declared, after seeing him as Beverley, Lear, and Hamlet, "he is the most thrilling and effective actor we have seen for many a day."

Commenting on his Macbeth, which he played on the

last night of his engagement, the *Boston Gazette* said: "Barry Sullivan last evening was again honoured with a select and crowded audience. There is a pathos and a power in his rendition of Macbeth which we have never seen excelled in its general effect nor equalled in certain passages."

Having thus far won his way to the Americans' hearts, Barry Sullivan next accepted a twelve nights' engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, where he was accorded a grand reception on making his first appearance as Richelieu. The *Philadelphia Daily Argus* only echoed the opinion of impartial play-goers when it said: "Barry Sullivan has revived the days of the 'Old Chestnut Theatre.' A crowded house welcomed him. He is beyond compare the finest actor that has visited Philadelphia for many years."

The *Pennsylvanian* remarked that "his elaborate performance of Hamlet would require more space than we can devote. We shall content ourselves by saying it is unexceptionally the finest specimen of powerful, original, and classical acting we have witnessed for many years."

On the night that Sullivan first played *Hamlet* in Philadelphia, he espied his quondam friend, Edwin Forrest, in the stage box, together with two male friends. It appears to have been a favourite pastime of the "Bowery tragedian," when not playing himself, to go, in company with some boon companions, to whatever theatre was in his neighbourhood, and audibly express his approval or disapproval of the efforts of the different players engaged.

During the first two acts of *Hamlet*, Forrest kept up a running comment on the lines as spoken by Sullivan, going into feigned uncontrollable laughter at his original "business" and new readings. Sullivan was nettled at first, but his quick-wittedness soon came to his rescue, and he

bided his time to chastise the ill-mannered actor in a way he never counted on. In the second scene of the second act, when Sullivan, as Hamlet, said to Guildenstern, "I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a heron — Pshaw," Forrest threw himself back into his seat and broke out into a loud Ha! Ha! Ha! which could be heard all over the house. Polonius entering immediately on the stage, Sullivan took a few steps to the front and continuing with the text said, *pointing at Forrest* in the box, instead of at Polonius, "Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too (to Rosencrantz); *that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.*" The whole theatre shook with laughter and applause at the palpable hit, and amidst the cheering Forrest's gladiatorial form was seen hastily retreating from the box. It was a well-merited rebuke, and was approved by all who were witness of the conduct which led to it. Happily for the audience, Forrest had none of his mobsmen in the theatre that evening to repeat the disturbance which he led at the Arch Street theatre close by eleven years previously against Macready, whom Forrest dubbed in the public press a "superannuated driveller."

The latter part of Forrest's life was embittered by illness and the loss of public favour. To one of his imperious nature this last was a very heavy blow. Still he continued to act almost to the last, although he was censured for acting past his powers. His last performances in his native city (Philadelphia), and in most of the great cities of the States, were frequently given to almost empty houses, while a younger generation of players were drawing from him all his old adherents. He next turned his attention to "the provinces," but the audiences he drew

there merely flocked to see the old tragedian they had heard of in their childhood: not with the hope they would find the greatness of the past, but, as an illustrious friend of his has said, from the desire "to see a ruined tower just before it falls."

From Philadelphia Barry Sullivan filled engagements at the Apollo Theatre in Pittsburgh, Woods' Theatre in Cincinnati, and Bate's Theatre in Louisville, during March and April (1859); followed by re-engagements at Pittsburgh and Philadelphia in May and the early part of June; and before crossing into Canada, a twelve nights' engagement at the Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore.

What said the leading journals of these great cities of Sullivan's acting? In Pittsburgh the *Dispatch* said that "he stands in the foremost rank of living actors." Said the *Chronicle*: "In the constellation of great actors living and past of whom we have been delighted auditors, we remember no more brilliant star than this great artist who enchains, commands, and fascinates his audience by his grand and poetic conceptions of his characters."

The *Pittsburgh Post* declared his Richelieu was far superior to any they had ever seen. In Baltimore—where the genius of the elder Booth and his illustrious son had so often entranced an audience — Sullivan won golden opinions from the first night.

Said the *Baltimore Journal*: "It was wise and most fitting in Mr Sullivan to select Hamlet for his first appearance, for no other play could possibly afford so fine an opportunity for the display of his great histrionic ability. It stamped him at once as a true representative of his art. He more than realised the expectations we had formed of him."

On June 6th Sullivan opened a six nights' engagement

at the Lyceum Theatre in Halifax (Nova Scotia), whither he had been invited by the celebrated "Lord Dundreary," E. A. Sothern, who had recently taken on the management of this little house. The following extract from the *Halifax Express* (June 13th) will give an idea of the success Sullivan achieved here, in fact he saved poor Sothern from the debtor's prison and bankruptcy, to which bad catering and worse management had almost brought the eccentric comedian:—

"Mr Barry Sullivan's benefit on Friday night drew one of the largest and most respectable audiences that has ever been within the walls of the Lyceum. At seven o'clock it was quite impossible to obtain a seat in any part of the house. Many were obliged to stand during the whole evening. The character of Hamlet as rendered by Mr Sullivan on that evening deserved the patronage bestowed upon it. Besides his easy, pleasing, and correct style of reading and his fine voice, his personal appearance suits the character so well, that to the 'mind's eye' he actually appears to be what Hamlet really was."

Owing to there being no steamer for a few days to St Johns, New Brunswick, whither Sullivan next betook himself, his engagement in Halifax was extended for a few nights, when he appeared as Richard and Macbeth to overflowing houses.

On his way to Montreal Sullivan visited Portland (Maine), the birthplace of America's greatest poet, and played for four nights from June 20th at the "Portland Varieties," the principal theatre in that seaport town. *The Gamester*, *Richelieu*, *Merchant of Venice*, and *Hamlet* were given before packed houses. The *Portland Advertiser* remarked that "he came to their city unheralded, but the impression he made was of the most favourable character, and was an

assurance that the race of great actors has not yet died out."

At Montreal Sullivan's advent created unusual interest. He commenced a twelve nights' engagement at the Theatre Royal, whose lessee and manager was J. W. Buckland, on June 27th in *Richelieu*. The following extract from the *Herald's* notice will best describe our hero's reception in this the largest city in the Dominion. "The theatre was thronged by a numerous and fashionable audience. On making his appearance Barry Sullivan was greeted with loud and long continued applause. He held the audience spell-bound by the manner in which he rendered the passages which sparkle through Richelieu like diamonds of thought. Richelieu, one would think, again lived and breathed, for the impersonation was of that deep, impassioned nature which belongs alike to the natural man battling with the world, and the natural actor battling on the stage a successful fight, alike against adverse criticism and in the preservation of fame already nobly acquired. Barry Sullivan's acting is what might be called *visible thought*; for that which he finds in his author he places unadorned by false glitter, or distorted by fictitious acting, in all its freshness and truthfulness before his audience. His enunciation is perfect: every word is emphasised where stress should be laid; every syllable rings out, freely, audibly, and forcibly. Uniting thus all the requirements of an actor and a reader, it is no wonder that Mr Sullivan met last night with such an enthusiastic reception and recognition, and that he was called before the curtain in a tumult of applause."

The next evening he played Beverley, and on Wednesday, Hamlet for the first time here.

"Last night," said the next day's *Herald*, "the house was crowded, the applause incessant, and the rendering of the

play a histrionic triumph. The way in which Mr Sullivan rendered Hamlet was as worthy of the play as it was of his own fame. In the soliloquy—the enigma of the reader and the touchstone of the sterling actor—Barry Sullivan is unrivalled. In his tone, in his action, in his emphasis, the audience at once detected a master, having at command all the elements of a great actor. Many actors of eminence have been distinguished for certain parts of Hamlet in which they appeared to more advantage than in others, but in *every part* Barry Sullivan is equally powerful. He was overwhelmed with applause, deserved in every sense of the word. He has won his laurels nobly, and it is the wish of everyone, everywhere he has acted, that he may wear them long."

The following evening he appeared as Benedick in *Much Ado About Nothing* for the first time on the American stage, and delighted both his audience and press critics by what the latter called his extraordinary versatile powers.

He proved that he could as strikingly "awaken the pert and nimble spirit of mirth," as stir and storm the feelings in great tragic personations.

Charles Fisher and Miss Alice Grey, it should have been mentioned, accompanied Barry Sullivan on this tour, playing the principal supporting characters in all the plays given by him during the past six months.

During his second week the plays produced were *Money*, *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, *Lady of Lyons*, *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *The Merchant of Venice*.

On his way back to the States to fill an engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre in Buffalo, Sullivan played for four nights (July 13th to 16th) at the Lyceum Theatre in King Street, Toronto, then under Mr and Mrs Marlowe's management. Notwithstanding the unbearable heat of the weather the theatre was crowded on his first night, when he played

Richelieu, assisted by Miss Elise De Courcy (specially engaged) as Julie, and Simcoe Lee as De Mauprat.

The following Monday week (July 25th) Sullivan was announced on the bills of the Metropolitan Theatre in Buffalo as "the Great European Tragedian!" During the week here the programme consisted of *The Gamester*, *Hamlet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Richard the Third*, and *Macbeth*.

After a fortnight's recuperation he resumed what had now become a triumphal progress throughout the States.

On August 15th he made his first appearance before a Chicago audience at McVicker's Theatre in Madison Street. He was well supported by Miss Woodbury, and Messrs Tilton, Myers, Leighton, McVicker, and Bradley of the stock company. Packed houses was the order of the day—or rather the night—notwithstanding the unprecedented heat of the weather.

The *Chicago Times*, noticing his performance of Richard the Third, said: "In all respects it was a superb piece of acting. This character, in our judgment, is better suited to his peculiar style than any in which he has yet appeared. He left nothing to be desired."

While in Chicago Sullivan received a pressing engagement for twelve nights from Ben de Bar, the popular actor-manager of the St Louis Theatre. Here he made his début on August 29th (1859) in the character of Hamlet, supported by Miss Laura Honey as Ophelia. *King Lear* was put on for Sullivan's second night, Manager De Bar having specially engaged Mrs Virginia Cunningham, an actress of much note on the American stage, for Cordelia, while Mr Pope supported him as Edgar, and Mr Riley as Edmond: two of De Bar's leading men. On the Wednesday night, in compliance with the desire of the many who were unable to gain admission on the Monday, *Hamlet* was repeated to an overflowing house. *The Iron*

Chest, with Sullivan as Sir Edward Mortimer, was in the bills for the following evening, and on the remaining eight nights of his stay here he played Richelieu, Richard the Third, Othello (to the Iago of Pope and Desdemona of Mrs Cunningham), Shylock, and Macbeth.

The *St Louis Daily Democrat* of September 10th, in noticing his last performance, said: "Barry Sullivan's engagement has been the most successful one of the season, and he stands at this time in the estimation of our play-going public head and shoulders above any actor that has visited our city for years. He is to be succeeded on Monday night by the stilty, stalky, stagey, stentorian Mr James Anderson" [the same with whom Sullivan played small parts in his novitiate at the Cork theatre]. "Mr Anderson has fallen on unlucky days, and we fear will not realise handsomely on his engagement. He will compare very unfavourably with Barry Sullivan. The freshness, originality, and vigour of the style of the latter will entirely eclipse the ponderous front and the monotonous elocution of the former."

Before Sullivan left St Louis, De Bar booked him for twelve nights early in December at the St Charles Theatre in New Orleans, of which he was also manager.

Benedict de Bar, although of French descent, was born in London, November 5th, 1812, and began his dramatic career as a "stroller." In 1834 he went to the United States and played in the South, where he was always popular. In 1842 he was stage manager of the Bowery Theatre, New York. From 1849 to 1853 he was the proprietor of the Chatham theatre. During these years he went on a tour through the States as a comedian, and played Falstaff several hundred times. His portrait in that character adorns the American edition of Knight's Shakespeare. He took on the management of the St Charles Theatre in New Orleans in 1853, and

a year later leased the St Louis theatre also. He was a most successful manager, and some time before his death, which occurred at St Louis in 1877, he was known to be worth six hundred thousand dollars.

During the last three weeks of September, Barry Sullivan paid return visits to Pittsburgh and Washington. In the former city he was greeted by very enthusiastic audiences at the Apollo Theatre. In Washington he received an equally cordial welcome on making his reappearance. During his six nights' stay here he played Richelieu, Claude Melnotte, Falstaff (in *Henry IV.*), and Macbeth, supported by Mrs Mary Gladstane, an excellent tragic actress. *The States* (Washington's leading journal) of October 6th said:

"Barry Sullivan is a great tragedian. There may be better, but they, too, are great. We rank him among them as one of the first masters of the classic drama, whose fine delineations elevate the dignity of the stage."

Before his departure from Washington he was entertained at breakfast by fifty of the leading citizens of the capital. Amongst those who gathered round him on the occasion were the Speaker of the House of Representatives (the Honble. James Orr), the Mayor (the Honble. J. J. Berrit), General Shields, Honble. J. J. Cox of Ohio, John Mitchel (the Irish historian and politician), John Savage (the poet patriot), and Brigadier-General Thomas Francis Meagher.

On October 10th, Sullivan entered on a week's engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, this being his third engagement in Forrest's stronghold.

The stock company supporting him included Messrs Harry A. Perry, Young, Bascomb, Thayer, Bowers, Keach, Shewell, and Mrs Duffield, Mrs Perry (*née* Agnes Land), and Mrs Cowell.

During this engagement an incident occurred which showed

that the ill-feeling which Edwin Forrest had aroused among some members of the stock company against Sullivan on the previous visit had not abated. On the first evening that he played Richard the Third, Sullivan threw an amount of energy and realism into his acting that almost bewildered the actors with fright. It would be impossible to enumerate the countless beauties of his performance of Richard on some occasions. He set aside most of the old traditions of the stage, ignored the method of other players, as was his usual custom, and so marked the performance with the stamp of originality. But the concluding scene of the tragedy was invariably the most brilliant. Here his great skill as a swordsman was admired even by those who had played with the elder Kean and Booth in the same part.

Before allowing himself to be "killed" upon Bosworth battlefield, Sullivan on the occasion under notice chased Harry Perry (who played Richmond) round and round the stage; then, stumbling, he recovered himself quickly, still fighting madly, continuing even after he had lost his sword, and on receiving his death-blow, he thrust at his adversary with his empty hands, at the same time hissing and spitting through his teeth, as if Richard's indomitable spirit would be overcome by death alone.

As the curtain fell the bulk of the audience rose as one man, cheering lustily the while. When the great applause had somewhat subsided, some hissing, almost as venomous as that which Sullivan as Richard had just emitted at Richmond, was heard coming from a few of the occupants of the front seats. It soon transpired that those malcontents, said to have been some of Forrest's clique, looked upon the realism imparted by Sullivan as a personal insult to the actor who played Richmond. Those who knew Barry Sullivan were well aware that he never would lessen his own dignity by

offering such a gross insult to anyone, especially to an actor like Harry Perry, whose capable performances during that week had in a measure attoned for much of the annoyance he experienced on this tour by the indifferent support accorded him. A few weak-minded persons in the pit and gallery took up the cue of disapprobation, and their conduct delayed the rest of the audience from dispersing when the curtain fell. Loud calls, mingled with groans, were made for the tragedian. This scene was kept up for a few minutes, until the stage-manager made his appearance and stated that Barry Sullivan had retired to his dressing-room and was disrobing. Finally Sullivan made his appearance before the curtain, and was received with a general outburst of applause from the majority of those who remained in the house. He made a brief speech, in which he thanked the audience for their imperative "call," apologised for keeping them waiting, and ended by hoping to see them, one and all, on the following evening. He took no notice of the discordant note in the otherwise friendly tone of the call, and the authors of it, finding their followers gradually slinking out, thought discretion their better part, and departed quite crestfallen.

The following evening Sullivan played Macbeth before a densely-crowded house, and the enthusiasm showed that any ill-feeling there was towards him had vanished. Shortly afterwards, however, much to their discredit, a few persons opened a correspondence in the *New York Clipper* on the imagined insult to Mr Perry. This was finally ended by Barry Sullivan stating that there was no insult offered, nor any intention of offence to the gentleman in question, but that the "business" simply belonged to the part of Richard as represented by him on every stage whereon he had played it throughout the United States.

During the following fortnight (from October 17th) Sullivan played a round of his principal parts to good houses at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, where he again had for leading lady Mrs Gladstane. While here he took occasion to visit Belair, just twenty-five miles from Baltimore, where the elder Booth lived for many years in a log-cabin of his own erection. To this home in the woods Junius Booth retired when not fulfilling engagements, obtaining a needed relief in its quiet from the excitement of his life as a player. It was a source of great interest to Barry Sullivan to roam through the old farmstead where for nearly thirty years Booth constantly resorted, and where his illustrious son, Edwin, was born in November 1833.

Sullivan's next engagement was for twelve nights at the Richmond (Virginia) Theatre. Here he made his first appearance on Monday, October 31st, as Hamlet. He was supported by a good stock company, the principals of which were Edwin Adams, J. W. Collier, B. G. Rogers, J. B. Wilkes, W. H. Bailey, S. K. Chester, F. Durand, J. M. Barron, Mrs Phillips, Miss Wren, Miss White, Miss Salome, and Mrs Edwin Adams. The local press—the *Richmond Examiner*, the *News*, the *Inquirer*, the *Whig*, and the *Dispatch*—all devoted long paragraphs to extolling the merits of the new tragedian, and advising "all lovers of the legitimate drama to take advantage of the visit of the best Shakespearean actor that ever visited Richmond since the illustrious Junius Brutus Booth first trod their stage thirty-eight years previously."

The leading man of this theatre's company, Edwin Adams, was one of the most capable actors then on the American stage. His popularity in the profession was unbounded. He was open-hearted and open-handed almost to a fault, and knew no use for money except to spend it on others.

Shortly before his death, in 1877, a series of "benefits" were raised for him in several cities of the Union, the proceeds of which amounted to $7800. His wife was an excellent comedy actress, and during Barry Sullivan's stay in Richmond she played the principal part in the afterpiece each night, one of her best performances being Nan in *Good for Nothing* and Liddy Larrigan in *Family Jars.*

W. E. Sheridan, the actor, was with Edwin Adams during his last days. He says: "Ned Adams was a Mercutio in his dying days. The very presence of death itself could not curb his humour. For instance, one night, when the poor man's breath was so nearly spent that he could speak only in a faint whisper, he beckoned to me. I approached his bed cautiously, and observed that he was covered with a shepherd's plaid shawl, or rather it was thrown across his breast for the better protection against draughts. When I leaned down close enough to hear him, poor Ned whispered, 'Sherry, this is a check to proud ambition,' pointing at the same time to the checked shawl across his breast, and then he laughed at his pun as though death were not creeping over him. Adams' wife was his faithful nurse, and he promised her that if any premonitory symptoms of death warned him of his end, if any psychological influence made itself felt, he would advise her of it. It was but a short time before his death that he called 'Mary,' in a voice almost indistinct to that faithful watcher. Mrs Adams leaned over him, and with his mouth close to her ear, he said, 'The curtain will go down at eight o'clock,' and at that hour precisely he died."

The actor set down in the Richmond bills as J. B. Wilkes was none other than the hapless John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Abraham Lincoln. Wilkes Booth at this time (1859), was only twenty-two years of age, and as hand-

some an actor as ever graced the American stage. The fame of his dead father did much to advance him in the profession, and the good reports of his brother, Edwin, raised anticipation in relation to this younger aspirant, who was said to be equally highly gifted. Wilkes Booth was a violent Secessionist, and, strange to say, was the only member of his family who espoused the Southern cause. He used frequently absent himself from the theatre to express his political sentiments at public meetings. Each year it became noticeable that he grew more morose and sullen, and from a genial gentleman he changed into a soured cynic. In 1863 he finally retired from the stage and speculated in oil. His last appearances on the stage were in the Winter Garden in November 1864, when, together with his two brothers, Edwin and Junius, he played Julius Cæsar for the Shakespeare monument fund, and the following March 18th, at Ford's Theatre in Washington, when he played Pescara in Sheil's tragedy, *The Apostate*, for the late John M'Cullough's benefit, supported by Miss Alice Grey as Florinda. As is well known, it was in this theatre on April 14th, 1865, while the third act of *Our American Cousin* was being performed by Laura Keene's company, Booth shot Lincoln through the head as he was seated in his box. He then jumped from the President's box on to the stage, brandishing a dagger, and shouting "*Sic semper Tyrannis*," fled to the stage door, mounted a horse he had in waiting, and rode away. A fortnight later he was found armed to the teeth in the barn of a farmhouse in Bowling Green, a few miles from Port Royal, in Virginia, where he was shot by one of the pursuing party sent from Washington. Needless to say the terrible deed cast a gloom over the whole Continent, and was regretted by none as much as by the entire dramatic profession to which the family had given such gifted sons. Wilkes Booth fostered the idea

that Lincoln was responsible for the war between North and South. The only words the misguided man spoke after being shot in his hiding-place, were, "Tell my mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was for the best."

The characters which Wilkes Booth played in conjunction with Barry Sullivan at Richmond were Dawson in *The Gamester*, Baradas in *Richelieu*, Edmund in *King Lear*, Horatio in *Hamlet*, and Don Pedro in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Leaving Richmond, Sullivan undertook the long journey to New Orleans to fill the engagement made with Manager De Bar while in St Louis. He made his début in the "Crescent City" at the St Charles' Theatre on Monday, December 5th, to "one of the largest andiences of the season," as the *New Orleans Daily Crescent* of the following day remarked. *Hamlet* was the play selected, and commenting on his performance in the title-rôle, the *Daily Picayune* said: "We have never witnessed a superior, if indeed an equal, Shakespearean impersonation. We have no hesitation in calling Mr Sullivan's as near a faultless piece of acting as we can ever reasonably expect to see."

Richelieu was given on the second evening, and notwithstanding the great severity of the weather (the thermometer being ten degrees below zero), the house was packed from "the rere row of the upper tier to the rail of the orchestra," as the *Picayune* so accurately chronicled.

A very severe cold, contracted while travelling from Richmond, greatly interfered with Sullivan's voice during his first week's engagement here. So much so, that he offered an apology to the audience for his hoarseness after the performance of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. But the audience could easily overlook the voice trouble while witnessing his intense *acting* as Sir Giles Overreach,

especially in the last scene, where his rage and agony were vivid and lifelike almost beyond endurance. Said the *Courier*:

"Mr Sullivan struck us as understanding the proper conception of the part (Sir Giles). It was the *harpagon*, the sordid miser, who, however great his love of money, was no less sensible to the attentions of the world—to its consideration. It was not so much the miser that Florence painted or that Molière created—the miser whose only passion was the hoarding and amassing of gold for the mere pleasure of gloating over it—but it was the *ambitious* miser who sought the high consideration of the world, at the same time that he indulged his passion to amass wealth. We thought Mr Sullivan's conception quite correct, and his acting throughout well sustained. In the scene when he thinks he has successfully closed the engagement between Lovell and his daughter, his exultation was quite natural, and, for the moment, we thought we were actually in the presence of a *real* Sir Giles."

He was fairly well supported by De Bar's stock company, including Mr C. Pope, Mrs Cunningham, and Mr J. Loveday. The fortnight's repertoire consisted of *Hamlet, Richelieu, Macbeth, New Way to Pay Old Debts, The Gamester, Richard III., Othello, Merchant of Venice,* and *Don Cæsar de Bazan.*

New Orleans is *par excellence* a city of the three F's—fun, fair women, and flowers. The slightest admixture of Northern prudery is there mingled with the hilarious *abandon* of the Sunny South. It has most of the features of a capital and metropolis. Its sights are the accumulation of nearly two centuries, and of Spanish, French, and American origin. While in this gleeful city Barry Sullivan stopped at the St Charles' Hotel, and on the afternoon of Tuesday, December 13th, witnessed the prologue to as great a tragedy in real life as was ever his lot to see enacted. It is best related in his own words:

"My Shylock night will be ever memorable to me, from an occurrence that took place in the St Charles' Hotel, my temporary abode. During my short stay in the city I had made the acquaintance of a Mr Rose, a well-to-do man, a great lover of the drama, and a pleasant companion.

"On the evening in question my new-found friend had taken seats for the performance, and we were enjoying a quiet chat on the subject of the play (*The Merchant of Venice*), whilst Mrs Rose, who had just left us, had gone to her room to make some necessary changes in her toilette.

"While we were thus pleasantly occupied, a friend of Rose's, somewhat overcharged with wine, came into the bar, 'liquored up' once more, and with his irrelevant remarks soon put Shakespeare to flight. He had been to a wrestling match, had caught the spirit of the entertainment, and began challenging everybody to throw him. To my surprise, he eventually challenged Rose, a more powerful man than himself, to try a fall there and then on the spot.

"Rose, in the kindest manner possible, evaded the challenge. 'No, no,' 'not now,' 'not here,' 'some other time,' etc., etc., but all to no purpose, unless, perhaps, to make the man more insisting and determined to have his own way; indeed, he went so far as to seize Rose by the collar to compel him to wrestle, whether he liked to do so or not.

"At last, after being taunted and laid hold of several times, Rose, losing all patience, closed with his tormentor and threw him heavily. The man, whose name I forget, raised himself slowly, and, without saying a word, lurched sulkily out of the bar. I congratulated Rose on having got rid of such an insolent and importunate person, and a few minutes afterwards took my leave and strolled to the theatre.

"Half-an-hour had scarcely elapsed when, to my horror, I

heard in my dressing-room of the tragical termination to this impromptu match. Rose remained in the bar waiting till his wife should be ready, and talking with his friends. His antagonist returned, walked deliberately towards him, and, without uttering a word, took out a revolver and shot him in the back. Rose turned around quickly and advanced upon his assassin—another shot! Still he advanced, and still another shot. The next instant Rose had seized the murderer, wrenched the pistol from his grasp, and with it struck him a crushing blow upon the forehead. Again was the coward's weapon raised against himself, and with the second terrible stroke both men fell to the ground. His left hand still clutching the wretch's throat, Rose, with a dying effort, got to his knees, raised the revolver for yet another blow, when, with a convulsive quiver, his whole body seemed to collapse, and he fell dead across the face of his murderer.

"The tragedy was so suddenly, so swiftly enacted, that interference or prevention had been impossible.

"The corpse of poor Rose was borne to his rooms. While ascending the stairs the sad little procession was met by the unfortunate wife, gaily dressed to go to the theatre with the husband she had left but a short half hour before, in full and happy life, and whose cruel murder she thus suddenly and hideously realised.

"That part of the picture I will not dwell upon; it may be better imagined than described by me. The wretched man, who had taken such terrible revenge for his self-sought and well-merited defeat, never spoke again; he died three days after his victim—slain, and righteously slain, by his own murderous weapon."

Sullivan left New Orleans on the last night of his performance there, and took the steamboat to Mobile (Alabama) where he was booked for nine nights by Manager Duffield.

From Alabama he passed into Georgia, and played for one week, from January 9th, 1860, at the Athenæum Theatre in Savannah. By a special request of the frequenters of this, the only place of amusement in Savannah, Sullivan added *Henry IV.* to his repertory, and delighted them by his wonderful make-up and inimitable performance of Falstaff. To Memphis, in Tennessee, was the next move. Here, at the New Memphis Theatre, under Thomson's management, Sullivan made his first appearance on the last day of January as Hamlet. He had for leading support Miss Jeannie Stanley and Mr Whalley. During the following fortnight he played his usual round of characters at the St Louis Theatre, now under Farren's management. This was Barry Sullivan's second engagement in St Louis, and his reception, after only six months' absence, was most flattering. Said the *St Louis Bulletin* of February 21st:

"The opening of Barry Sullivan's engagement last night brought out the finest audience we have seen at this house for many weeks. Every available seat in the house was occupied, from the pit to the upper gallery. Mr Sullivan may well feel proud of the reception he met from the St Louis public, as they do not bestow such spontaneous enthusiasm on every 'star' who visits them. His Hamlet is different from Murdoch's or Booth's, yet we think the difference is an improvement. We set Barry Sullivan down as the most accomplished and artistic tragedian that ever appeared before a St Louis public."

A second engagement at Wood's Theatre in Cincinnati followed on March 5th, and three weeks later he entered on his fourth engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia. He opened here in Hamlet to a crowded house, which received him most cordially. During his twelve nights' stay he played, besides Hamlet, Beverley, Don Felix (in *The*

Wonder), Richelieu, Don Cæsar de Bazan, Shylock, Macbeth, and Damon (in *Damon and Pythias*), supported by Mrs Duffield, Mrs Cowell, Messrs Shewell, Vining, Bower, Dubois, Young, and Thayer.

"The full houses attracted by Barry Sullivan's personations are the best evidence of his just merit," said *The Morning Pennsylvanian* of March 29th. "He has performed in Philadelphia," continued the same journal, "during the last eighteen months over forty nights, and the audiences are as numerous and as fashionable now as on any of his former visits."

The Philadelphia Press (April 6th), in announcing Sullivan's farewell performance, said: "He will play the part of Damon, and also appear in the thoroughly Shakespearean character of Petruchio. He (Sullivan) is to blame, we think, in not oftener appearing in comedy. His Benedick in *Much Ado About Nothing* was enough to satisfy us that, if he pleased, he might distinguish himself in this as well as in the tragic. His Don Felix, too, has confirmed that impression."

While in Cincinnati, it should have been noted, *The Enquirer*, an influential daily journal, remarked that Sullivan's Don Cæsar de Bazan was "the best on the American stage, Wallack's *not* excepted." A high compliment indeed, for Lester Wallack was universally considered the best representative of the gay Don ever seen on any stage.

On the night of his farewell benefit in Philadelphia, he was loudly called for, and the entire house continuously cheered until he appeared before the curtain, when he addressed them as follows:

"In appearing before you this evening, I would say that I can scarcely find language suitable to express the deep gratitude I feel for the kindness with which you have received me. I came to this city a stranger, having performed but

two short engagements in Boston and New York. When I appeared before you in my first engagement in this city I had then been in America but forty days. The kindness you then evinced, the enthusiasm with which I was received, have made an impression on my heart that shall ever be cherished with grateful feelings. For a period of seventeen months I have travelled much over your beautiful country, and during that time I have been acting in my profession, or riding in railroad cars over rich mountains or through teeming valleys, and I must say that I am pretty nearly worn out. To-morrow evening closes my present engagement. I intended from the beginning to spend the coming summer in Europe, and should it please the All Wise Being, I shall return once more to the happy shores of America. Wherever I may go, in whatever part of the world I may appear, believe me, ladies and gentlemen, I shall never forget your kindness, but remember with heartfelt gratitude the good feeling extended towards me when a stranger in different parts of the great American Republic at large, and by the public of Philadelphia in particular. With these few remarks I bid you *adieu*."

On the 16th of April, Sullivan commenced a twelve nights' engagement at Howard's Athenæum in Boston, then leased by E. L. Davenport. This was his second visit to Boston, and, according to the *Evening Gazette* (April 21st), a very large audience assembled to greet him on his return. He was supported on the opening night in *Hamlet* by Miss Josephine Orton (a niece of William Cullen Bryant, and a charming actress) as Ophelia, and by Miss Mary Mitchell (Mrs J. W. Albaugh) as Queen Gertrude.

Sullivan decided on bringing his American tour to a close now, and reluctantly declined any more engagements in America until he fulfilled those that were kept open for him at home.

He made his last appearance at this theatre on the evening of Saturday, April 28th, 1860, in the character of Macbeth, and bade farewell to the many friends he made for himself in Boston, reiterating the promise he had made in Philadelphia —to keep their memory green in his heart until he renewed their acquaintance at no distant date.

That his seventeen months' tour of the United States and Canada had been a success needs no telling. He had sought and found a fortune in that El Dorado. During this short absence from England he had played three hundred and ten times at an average nightly profit to himself of about two hundred dollars: not a bad record for a young actor's first transatlantic starring tour, and that at a period when the whole continent was on the eve of its great Civil War.

Barry Sullivan and his eldest son, who had travelled with him and had all along acted as his amanuensis, took passage for England towards the end of May. On arrival in Liverpool he was cordially received by a host of friends and admirers, who showered congratulations upon him for the unexampled success which had rewarded him in America. To the generous people of that great country he was indebted for the first ray of financial success that illuminated his eventful career.

CHAPTER XVIII

Barry Sullivan back in London—At the St James's Theatre again—Welcomed by the London press—At the Standard Theatre—Visits Liverpool—Joins the Artists' Volunteer Rifle Corps—Plays at Belfast—A Ghost in check trousers and muddy boots—Returns to Liverpool—First performance of the *Isle of St Tropez*—Sullivan as Henri Desart—Provincial engagements—Preparations for a visit to Australia—Brooke fails to draw in Belfast—Sullivan engaged instead—Farewell performance in Liverpool—Departure for Melbourne.

AFTER a few months' rest, Barry Sullivan accepted one of the numerous engagements with which he was inundated. The first was from Manager F. B. Chatterton, of the St James's Theatre, who offered him a twelve nights' engagement at £45 a night. Here, on the 20th of August 1860, Sullivan renewed acquaintance with a London audience—and what a glorious audience they are: one of the most encouraging, sympathetic and generous an actor ever faced—in the character of Hamlet. He was supported on this occasion by a fairly capable company.

Considering the meagre resources of this house at the time, the tragedy was well placed on the stage, and the various parts respectably sustained. Miss Catherine Hickson was Ophelia; the veteran Tilbury was Polonius; E. Green, Claudius; Henry Sinclair, Laertes; Miss Percy, Queen Gertrude; Rayner, the Ghost; and Messrs Meagerson and Cockerill, the Grave-diggers.

During his stay here—that is, up to the 31st of August—Sullivan played on alternate nights Hamlet, Richelieu, Macbeth, and Richard III., giving three performances of each play. The press teemed with favourable notices of his performances. Said *The Times*: "The summer performances at the most western of theatres takes this week

a tragic direction, in consequence of the engagement of Mr Barry Sullivan, who has just returned from America. As on the occasion when, some years ago, he made his first appearance before the London public, he has chosen Hamlet for the inauguration of his career. All the qualities that have rendered his memory estimable in the minds of playgoers he retains to the full extent. He is a careful, correct and perspicuous declaimer, turning to good account his natural advantages of voice and figure; and he is, moreover, thoroughly versed in the routine of the part, which he has evidently studied with laudable assiduity. A numerous audience witnessed his performance of Hamlet, and greeted him with a hearty welcome."

The *Morning Herald* had a long notice of the initial performance. It said:—"Hamlet, it will be remembered, was always one of Mr Sullivan's most successful impersonations, and his performance of the part last night evinced marked progress, and showed that during his absence he has not been contenting himself with laurels already gained. His beautiful delivery, graceful carriage, and handsome person, stand him in good stead, and combine to render his delineation of the prince one of the most remarkable and finished performances of the day."

The *Era*, in its weekly report of the London stage, said:—"Barry Sullivan's reception was of a very cordial kind, and the applause that accompanied his delineation of one of the most arduous characters in the repertoire of the legitimate actor proved that his reputation had not suffered during his absence. His acting is distinguished, as before, by a perfect freedom from mere stage tradition, and he succeeds in commanding the attention of his audience by the energy as well as by the originality with which he enforces his view of the part he undertakes."

The *Athenæum*, too, was equally friendly. It said: "Mr Sullivan is decidedly one of our best Hamlets. He looks the Prince well, acts it better, and delivers himself of the text gracefully."

From the St James's Sullivan migrated immediately to the Standard Theatre, whither he had been invited to play a twenty-four nights' engagement by Manager Douglas. He opened here to an audience of three thousand on Saturday, September 2nd, as Hamlet, to the Ophelia of Miss Alice Marriott (Mrs Robert Edgar). The *Era* of the 9th gave the following notice of this engagement:—

"The Standard Theatre has been this week the scene of Barry Sullivan's successes as an exponent of the high-class dramas. He has produced a strong impression on the very critical audience here assembled, and his talents have been acknowledged in rounds of genuine applause and enthusiastic recalls."

Miss Marriott, as old playgoers remember, was second only to Charlotte Cushman in her day. She is now dimly remembered as an actress of exceptional power, and remarkably effective in male rôles.

On the remaining nights of his engagement at this popular theatre Sullivan played Beverley, Macbeth, Richard the Third, Huon (in *Love*), Alfred Evelyn, Claude Melnotte, and Charles Surface.

Leaving London after this engagement he went on a brief visit to his friends in Edinburgh, and from the Scottish capital he journeyed to Liverpool to fill a four weeks' engagement at the Royal Amphitheatre, offered him by his old friend, Manager W. R. Copeland. He was enthusiastically received on making his reappearance here in the character of Hamlet on the 22nd of October. The

Liverpool Daily Post described the scene on the first night of his engagement as follows:—

"There was a great house and a great performance last night at the Amphitheatre. We have never seen it fuller, and we never saw a performance on its boards which better deserved the hearty applause of a crowded audience. Mr Sullivan, so far from imbibing while in America any of the crude boisterousness which it is so common for audiences to be favoured with when an English actor returns from the United States, has decidedly improved; his conception is still more matured, his elocution is still more finished, and his practice of stage effect still more easy and striking than ever."

He was supported by Copeland's excellent stock company—J. C. Cowper as the Ghost, Frederick Neville as Laertes, Lunt as Claudius, William Blakeley as Osric, De Vere as Horatio, and Miss Laura Gray as Ophelia. His first week was devoted to *Hamlet*, *Richelieu*, *The Gamester*, *Money*, *Lady of Lyons*, and *Richard III.*; and the second week to *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Merchant of Venice*, *School for Scandal*, and repetitions of Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, and Beverley.

On the night of his usual benefit (Friday, November 16th), Sullivan appeared as Sir Edward Mortimer in *The Iron Chest*, and as Don Felix in *The Wonder*. In the interval between these two widely different plays he took the opportunity of thanking his patrons, and delivered the following poetical address written for him by Mr Robert Compton:—

"An actor, young, unaided, and alone,
Some ten years now by gone, almost unknown,
Unheralded, but firm resolved, became
A candidate for histrionic fame.

He sought a city that loves earnestness
Of the true ring, and cheers it to success;
If not the cradling place, at least the school
Of darlings of the drama—Liverpool.
That aspirant for honour here you view;
I found those noble priceless friends in you.

The actor cannot linger in one spot,
Ever 'mongst strangers he must cast his lot;
Though fortune's star my path ne'er failed to cheer
One of my sunniest welcomes still shone here.
Returning oft, each visit but imbued
My heart the more with love and gratitude;
And now a summons called me far away,
Which 't was my 'loving duty' to obey—
What took me o'er the sea? No other than
The extended hand of Brother Jonathan.

My full heart has not language to declare
The noble natures of our brothers there—
Divided by the broad Atlantic flood,
Yet cleaving to us by the ties of blood—
Yes! this Columbia taught me, when I sought her,
Blood that is warm, and thicker far than water,
The New World, wheresoe'er my steps might roam,
Echoed the greeting of old friends at home,
Back to that land my grateful love I send,
Britain's most natural and truest friend.

And now returned, old friends, and some new found,
With warmer welcomes still come trooping round,
Night after night, from floor to ceiling piles
One sea of faces, radiant with smiles.
Study shall occupy my nights and days,
Such love to *earn* and to *deserve* your praise
Thanks! best heart thanks! And may your own hearts be
Filled with such pleasure as you've shower'd on me.
But can I hope by words your favours to requite?
No! Impossible! Good-night, dear, dear friends, good-night."

By the following Monday, November 19th, Sullivan was back again in London to enter on another engagement of four weeks at the Standard Theatre. Here, in conjunction with Miss Marriott, he became a permanent attraction in a repertoire, consisting of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Richard III.*,

Richelieu, New Way to Pay Old Debts, Lady of Lyons, Love, The Hunchback, The Iron Chest, The Wonder, School for Scandal, and *The Merchant of Venice.* Of his performance of Macbeth the *Morning Star* said: "There were several new and very effective scenes, the most remarkable being Macbeth's burst through his castle doors just before the final catastrophe. That catastrophe we have never seen more magnificently done. The fight was perfectly overpowering; and the last fall, when the dagger, with which, having lost his sword, Macbeth tries to stab Macduff, sticks harmlessly in the ground, was unequalled for tragic impressiveness."

The same journal of December 3rd gave it as their opinion that—"His Hamlet and Richelieu must be named as among the finest exhibitions of histrionic art which the stage of our day can furnish."

Besides joining the Arundel Club during this sojourn in the metropolis, Barry Sullivan was enrolled a member of the Artists, then known as the 38th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers. He was sworn in on the 29th December 1860, his regimental number being 207 of No. 3 Company. By May of the following year he was awarded a certificate for rifle practice by Lieutenant Palmer, the Corps' Instructor.

Men of all professions thronged to be enrolled in the various volunteer corps formed in 1859, but the "Artists" was, perhaps, the most interesting of them all, owing to the fame and personality of many of its members. In its first muster roll are to be found the names of men who have distinguished themselves as painters, sculptors, musicians, and architects. Their first commander was the present Earl of Albemarle (then Lord Bury), and subsequently the post was held by H. Wyndham Phillips, the painter. At the beginning these volunteers selected their own officers, and among the first to

hold commissions were Arthur Lewis and Alfred Nicholson, the musician. On the death of Captain Phillips the command was offered to and accepted by the late Lord Leighton, R.A. Their headquarters, when Barry Sullivan was enrolled a member, were in Burlington House. Previous to this they were located in the old Argyle Rooms at the top of the Haymarket. The first uniform worn by the "Artists" consisted of a grey tunic, short baggy trousers coming a little below the knee, gaiters, and a shako surmounted by a bunch of cocks' feathers. Picturesque, no doubt, but in striking contrast to the soldierly uniform of the present day. The badge of the corps consisted of two profile heads of Mars and Minerva, surmounted by the legend "*Cum Marti Minerva.*" This motto furnished the words of the chorus of their marching song, the music of which was composed by Callcott. At the first great review, held before the Queen in Hyde Park in 1860, the late Sir John E. Millais, R.A., and Holman Hunt were amongst those who marched past. One of the chief characteristics of the corps, even to the present day, is the social position of its members.

On the termination of his London engagement, Sullivan crossed to Belfast at the earnest solicitation of Manager Scott of the Arthur Square Theatre Royal. He was booked to open his engagement of twelve nights on Monday, January 28th, 1861, but, owing to an acute attack of his old enemy, bronchitis, he was prevented from renewing acquaintance with his friends in the northern capital until two nights later. The following paragraph anent this unavoidable postponement appeared in the *Belfast Northern Whig* of the 29th:—

"Considerable disappointment was created in town yesterday by an announcement that the indisposition of Mr Barry Sullivan would prevent his appearance at the theatre last evening. The notification was made to the public at an

early part of the day, but notwithstanding this the doors of the theatre were besieged at the ordinary hour of opening by eager and anxious crowds."

On Wednesday evening, however, he was able to play, and *Hamlet* was the piece selected for the initiation of his engagement. His support, with the single exception of Miss Miles, who made a successful début as Ophelia, was execrable. No need to give the names of Manager Scott's very limited stock company, who had in almost every piece to play duplicate characters. Then the Ghost's costume on the Hamlet nights, according to a writer in the *Northern Whig*, was a sad drawback to the realisation of a visitant from the other world, for modern check trousers and muddy boots are not conventional spirit-trappings. The reduplication of the characters by the members of the company marred the performance greatly. The Ghost and Laertes were represented by one and the same individual (he in the check trousers), and a very nervous young lady with a tremulous voice did her best to swagger through the parts of Rosencrantz and Osric. "Even with these drawbacks," remarked the same journal, "the genius of Barry Sullivan soared triumphant, and few who witnessed it will forget the Hamlet of last night."

Leaving Belfast for Liverpool with the assurance of the entire press that his Hamlet "was the most perfect and intellectual rendition of the Prince of Denmark of which the modern stage could boast," Sullivan was next secured by Manager Copeland of the Royal Amphitheatre for another four weeks. He commenced this engagement on Monday, February 26th, playing Claude Melnotte. A higher compliment could scarcely be paid to him than is implied in his speedy return to this theatre, unless, indeed, it were the presence of the numerous and enthusiastic audience to welcome him on his reappearance. The following night Sullivan

appeared as Damon in *Damon and Pythias* for the first time before a Liverpool audience, and, according to the *Daily Post* critic, his Damon was superior to Edwin Forrest's representation of that difficult part, "for to more than the American actor's energy he added mind and finish."

On March 1st *The School for Scandal* was put on with Sullivan as Charles Surface, supported by W. Cooper as Sir Peter Teazle; J. C. Cowper as Joseph Surface; Neville as Sir Benjamin Backbite; Lady Sneerwell by Mrs J. Walton; and Lady Teazle by Miss Laura Gray. On the bills of this evening a new play, entitled *A Tale of the Channel Islands; or, The Isle of St Tropez*, was announced as being in preparation, and in which Barry Sullivan was to take the principal character.

Curiosity was rife to see Sullivan in a "new part," but although the play was not to be put on for another week, crowded houses flocked nightly to see him again in Hamlet, Julian St Pierre, Macbeth, Richelieu, Richard III., Damon, and Claude Melnotte, "a round of characters," as the *Era's* correspondent (March 3rd) remarked, "unequalled for display of versatility, and rarely has it fallen to one actor to achieve greatness in so wide a range."

Monday, March 11th, 1861, witnessed the first performance of Montague Williams and F. C. Burnand's play, entitled *The Isle of St Tropez.* The cast was as follows:—Henri Desart, Barry Sullivan; Antoine Launay, J. C. Cowper; Charles D'Arville, F. Neville; Dumerry, W. Blakeley; Amelie Desart, Miss Laura Gray; Estelle, Mrs Walton; Madame Launay, Miss Garland.

The best description of the piece would be a "semi-genteel melodrama." In the construction of the plot it betrayed its French origin. The heavy villainy of Antoine Launay smacked strongly of the Porte St Martin.

This play was put in the bills at the St James's Theatre, London, a week later, with Alfred Wigan as Henri Desart. In New York it was also being played about this time, and in its original form the great French actor, Lemaitré, was drawing crowded houses to witness it in Paris.

The play ran for twelve nights at the Amphitheatre, a feat of rare accomplishment then outside London. To the painfully natural picture which Sullivan presented of the principal character may be attributed the entire success of the play, as with any other Henri Desart the piece would be heavy and almost repulsive. He displayed wonderful dramatic power in his representation of the character, and his dying scene was one which long haunted the minds of those who witnessed it. His burst of vehemence at the detection of the treachery of Antoine startled the audience by its truthfulness, and wrought the excitement of the spectators to the highest pitch.

Having filled a week's engagement at Bolton under Manager Weston, Sullivan brought this, his first provincial tour since his return from America, to a close on the 10th of April 1861.

After his usual summer's rest he continued his touring, meeting with the uniform success which now fell to his lot even in towns where he had never performed previously. During September, October, and the early part of November he filled his first "star" engagements in Blackburn and in Leeds at Manager Weston's theatres. At the last named house his engagement was extended to three weeks, and on each evening sufficient accommodation could not be found for the enthusiastic audience.

November 11th, 1861 saw him in Edinburgh at the Queen's Theatre (built on the site of the old Adelphi), where he opened the winter season with a twelve nights'

engagement as Hamlet, with Miss Catherine Hickson (who had been specially engaged by Manager R. H. Wyndham) as Ophelia. The rest of the cast on this occasion was as follows:—Claudius, Mr Morton; Laertes, Charles Weston; Horatio, R. Saker; Ghost, Charles Cooke; Polonius, Fitzjames; Rosencrantz, E. Saker; Osric, R. Wyndham; First Grave-digger, Sam Johnson; Gertrude, Mrs Wyndham.

The part of the First Grave-digger on this night, it will be noticed, was in the hands of Mr Sam Johnson, latterly a leading prop of the world-renowned London Lyceum company. He had been a member of Wyndham's Edinburgh company for a year previous to this visit of Barry Sullivan, and gained much popularity as the principal "low comedian." Being an Ayrshire man he was also well fitted for such parts as Nicol Jarvie, Dumbiedikes, and Jock Howieson, which he frequently played. No character, however, appeared to "fit" him so well as the clown Grave-digger in *Hamlet*. It takes a born comedian to play a Shakespearean clown, and as such Johnson was inimitable. With the exception of Mercutio, whose very sighs wreathe themselves into jokes, Shakespeare has created few characters so full of rich humour as this grave-digger. The grave-side seems the last place in the world, or at the edge of it, for a joke, and yet here the master of tragedy puts into the mouth of the two grave-diggers the most laughable solutions to conundrums, and the most atrocious puns. Hamlet, the courtier and scholar, whose pointed instrument of sarcasm is so keen that it needs but to touch to pierce; and the grave-digger, an unschooled peasant, but one who bodes no good to the one who may be unfortunate enough to feel the blunt edge of his frank, open humour, have an encounter. Retort follows retort; pun, pun; and quibble answers to quibble—until finally Hamlet is forced to say "How absolute the knave is," and soon withdraws from the

war of words—the gentleman and scholar yields to the boor and peasant!

On the night *Macbeth* was given, November 18th, Sullivan was supported by Miss Hickson as Lady Macbeth; Charles Cooke was Macduff, and is reported to have mistaken noise for passion; Wyndham was a "sensible" Banquo, according to the same scribe; and the three witches were in the hands of Fitzjames, Sam Johnson, and Miss Nicolls, a prodigiously popular actress here for thirty years. The part of Hecate was taken by Adam Leffler, son of the well known English basso of that name, and himself gifted with a pleasant baritone. Among the solo singers in the company was Miss Agnes Markham, a clever soubrette, whose husband, John Liddell, was leader of the theatre's band and musical director for Manager Wyndham.

After playing Richelieu and Don Cæsar for his benefit on the 22nd of November (being supported in the latter by Miss Golier as Maritana and Charles Cooke as Don Jose), and taking his farewell of Edinburgh as Hamlet on the following night, Sullivan returned to the Royal Amphitheatre in Liverpool, where he inaugurated a twenty-four nights' engagement on November 25th. On the penultimate night he gave as brilliant and effective a personation of Charles Surface as the most inveterate admirer of the Kemble and Elliston dynasty ever saw. William Blakeley on this occasion essayed the part of Sir Peter Teazle for the first time, and gave a foretaste of the excellence he afterwards achieved in the portraiture of old men.

At the close of the performance Barry Sullivan addressed the house in these words:—

"To part with friends is at all times most painful. In bidding adieu to such kind and generous friends as you have ever been to me, while I am deeply anxious to express all that

gratitude and respect can suggest, I am also most desirous not to offend or tire you with any egotistical allusions to the many efforts I have made to win public esteem—efforts which you were among the first to crown with the most complete success—a success which every dramatic audience in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America has most emphatically endorsed, not only with generous and scholarly criticism, but with enthusiastic approbation and dollars. It shall be my constant care to pursue and not to deviate from the path which has secured me such high estimation. You are no doubt aware that it is my intention to visit Australia, and if the angel of peace shall have banished the demon of war now rampant in the once happy homes of our American kinsmen, it is my intention to redeem my promise there, and revisit the principal cities of that great, generous, and most hospitable people. And now, dear friends, I must crave your pardon for this somewhat lengthened expression of my feelings and intentions. A few nights will not only put miles, but leagues and an ocean between us. 'It may be for years, or it may be for ever,' but this heart must be as cold as death alone can make it when I cease to remember you with affection and gratitude. God bless and preserve you all. Farewell, dear friends, farewell!"

The proposed visit to Australia here alluded to by Barry Sullivan had been in contemplation by him ever since his return from the United States. Early in the previous year he entered into negotiations with the lessee of the Theatre Royal at Melbourne, J. Hall Wilton (the same who as Barnum's agent toured Jenny Lind and later Gustavus Brook through America). It was arranged that Sullivan was to enter on his Australian engagement by the commencement of May 1862, which would be the opening of the winter theatrical season in the Victorian capital.

While Sullivan was making preparations for his forthcoming voyage an urgent appeal came to him from the manager of the Belfast theatre, James Scott, to play a short engagement. This invitation was accompanied by the very tempting offer of half the nightly receipts, in addition to a sure fifty pounds per week.

Gustavus Brooke had been engaged by Scott for eleven nights (a week before and after Christmas), but owing to a misunderstanding about terms and the pieces to be played, coupled with the astonishing fact that Brooke failed to draw—there being only £12. 8s. 0d. in the house on his opening night, the "star" refused to play after the fourth night. An action in the County Courts followed, in which the tragedian sued the lessee for the recovery of £20, the amount agreed to be paid to Miss Avonia Jones and Richard Younge (Brook's leading support); and for £10, being half of the fourth night's receipts claimed by Brooke. The result was most unsatisfactory to "Gus," as he was awarded only £9 as his share of the receipts, while the other claim was dismissed "without prejudice."

Sullivan arrived in Belfast on Twelfth Night (1862) and commenced his engagement at the Theatre Royal the same evening, appearing before a densely crowded house as Hamlet. Brooke, who remained in Belfast until the end of January, endeavoured to retrieve his losses by giving Shakespearean Readings on a few evenings in the Music Hall, but notwithstanding that the sympathies of the public appeared to be with him over the lawsuit, he was only able to draw a paying house on the first night.

What a change had come over Brooke since he parted with Sullivan on the eve of his (Brooke's) departure for Australia seven years previously! He was now a broken man. He had lost all his former gaiety and confidence.

To quote the words of his biographer—"Gone were the freshness of youth, and the great vigour. Repeated misfortunes had only served to weaken a will against which inroads had been made from an early period by a too convivial temperament."

The following May saw the hapless fellow lodged in Warwick gaol owing to his inability to settle one of his pecuniary obligations, and that only a matter of seventy pounds.

Although professional rivals (if rivalry it could be termed) at this time in Belfast, Sullivan and Brooke were none the less the good friends of old. Both had much to relate of their varied experiences since their last meeting; Brooke all inquiries about his American friends, and Sullivan eager for information regarding the outlook of his forthcoming Australian tour. That he had "Gus's" best wishes for the success he knew awaited him it is needless to add; and so they parted, and, as it transpired, parted for ever; Brooke to fill an engagement at Glasgow and Sullivan to enter on a second week at the Belfast Royal in consequence of the unprecedented crowded houses during his first six nights, notwithstanding most inclement weather. On Sullivan's farewell night, according to the *News Letter* of January 25th, the theatre was crowded to excess, the audience flowing into the orchestra and on to the stage to witness his last performance of Beverley and Benedick.

From Belfast Barry Sullivan journeyed to Leeds, where he played a round of his usual parts, including, by special request, *The Isle of St Tropez*, for eighteen nights at the theatre in Hunslet Lane. After a brief visit to Bolton, Sullivan, on April 21st, entered on a twelve nights' engagement in Liverpool at the Royal Amphitheatre. This was his last engagement in England previous to his Australian tour, he having imme-

diately on his arrival in Liverpool secured a berth in the *City of Melbourne*, which was to sail from the Mersey on the 5th of May. These twelve "farewell performances" were attended by enormous crowds. The theatre on every night was incapable of accommodating half of the enthusiastic citizens who clamoured for admittance. To give additional interest to his farewell benefit, which took place on Friday, May 2nd, the popular comedian, John Rouse (from the London Lyceum), was specially engaged to play Lissardo to Sullivan's Don Felix in *The Wonder*. This piece was followed by the *Lady of Lyons*, in which the star as Claude was supported by Miss Ellen Wallis as Pauline. The next evening Sullivan played for the last time before his departure for Melbourne. The character selected by him for the occasion was Hamlet, and his acting was marked by great brilliancy and effectiveness. The tragedy was followed by a *pièce de circonstance*, entitled *Deerfoot*, in which John Rouse appeared as Mr Croke. At the final fall of the curtain Sullivan was again and again loudly called for, and came forward seeming much affected. The pit rose and cheered lustily, the gallery boys waved hats and handkerchiefs, to these expressions of approbation Sullivan bowed repeatedly. It was not until several minutes elapsed that anything like silence was obtained. He then said: "Ladies and gentlemen, my heart is too full to say more than that with deep sentiments of esteem and gratitude, I respectfully bid you all an affectionate farewell."

Before quitting the theatre Sullivan gave his portrait in oils to his old friend, Manager Copeland, who hung it in a prominent position in the Green Room of the Great Charlotte Street Theatre. The ceremony of presentation was followed by a supper to the entire company, who one and all wished the tragedian and his eldest son God-speed on their long voyage.

CHAPTER XIX

First appearance of Barry Sullivan in Melbourne—The "best Hamlet ever presented on the Victorian stage"—The Richelieu of Sullivan and Brooke compared—Sullivan's Richard III. a revelation to old playgoers—His Othello a standpoint for comparison—Close of his first engagement at Melbourne Royal—Sullivan and Jefferson play at Melbourne Princess' Theatre—The American comedian's estimate of Barry Sullivan—*Au revoir* to Melbourne playgoers—Sullivan's first appearance in Sydney—Requisition from Mayor and citizens—Returns to Melbourne.

On Saturday, August 9th, 1862, Barry Sullivan made his first appearance on the Melbourne stage at the Theatre Royal in Bourke Street—"the Drury Lane of the Antipodes," as it was called. He chose Hamlet as the character in which to make his Australian début, and was supported by the following members of Wilton's stock company:—Miss Gougenheim as Ophelia; Henry Neil Warner as the Ghost; Henry Edwards as Laertes; Mrs Poole, the Queen; I. Gardner, Polonius; Harry Jackson, the First Grave-digger; and Mr Hope, Horatio.

The theatre was crowded from floor to ceiling—the receipts on that night amounted to £330—and on Sullivan making his appearance he was greeted with an unmistakably hearty welcome. It was such a welcome as is awarded only to an actor whose merits are of that genuine kind and of that rare quality that no doubt interposes itself to modify the belief in his generally admitted excellence. For though there may have been conflicting opinions as to the particular direction of Sullivan's genius, and though even his most ardent admirers might dispute among themselves as to the point whereon his skill was concentrated, the belief was common to all of them that in the prime qualities of a

great actor he more than fulfilled the most fastidious requirements. And the representative audience which assembled on that evening to welcome him to the Australian stage were not guided in the expression of their greetings solely by what they had heard of his fame. There were many in that closely-packed assembly who had personal knowledge of his claims to their support, and they spoke from their hearts when they bade him welcome, for they knew he would do honour to the great name of him whose works he was an exponent. The Melbourne papers were unanimous in their praise of his performance, and *Hamlet* was repeated each night until the 16th of August, when *Richelieu*, with Sullivan of course in the name part, was put in the bills. Noticing the week's performance of Hamlet, the *Herald* said:

"We fearlessly pronounce it to be the best that has been submitted to the Australian public, and in our opinion the most perfect that this generation has witnessed. He carefully eschews the demonstrative style, and as carefully avoids the Charybdis of unnecessary detail. His scene with the Queen, and the acting throughout the last act were patterns of artistic delineation, and his soliloquies were delivered with an easy earnestness which in an equal degree avoids the colloquial and the pompous."

As Richelieu, Sullivan was supported by Warner as De Mauprat, Hooper as Baradas, Jackson as De Beringhen, Mrs Jackson as François, Miss Milne as Marion de L'Orme, and Miss Goughenheim as Julie de Mortimer.

The critic of the *Melbourne Age*, in the course of an article on Lytton's play and the representation of it, said: "The Richelieu of Barry Sullivan differs in many respects from the representation of the same character to which Melbourne theatre-goers are accustomed. Those who prefer the delineation of the Cardinal by G. V. Brooke would take

exception to the quieter portraiture of Barry Sullivan, which is shown even in the more strongly marked scenes."

The real basis of the difference was that Brooke played the Cardinal a decade younger than Barry Sullivan depicted him. With the one he was the man not past the prime of life, somewhat weakened and whitened with the cares of state, but still with physique equal to the most powerful demonstration required by the action of the drama. Sullivan depicted him as the old man ; weak in frame, worn-out with the workings of a wearing ambition and never-slumbering suspicion, sustained alone by the soul within ; the man "old, childless, friendless, broken, forsaken by all but the indomitable heart of Armand Richelieu !" Although Brooke's comparatively youthful conception was in this respect more historically correct, Barry Sullivan's was more *en rapport* with the intentions of the author. Passing over the internal evidence of the passage just quoted, there is again the attempt to wield the sword with which he "at Rochelle did hand-to-hand engage the stalwart Englisher, and shore him to the waist — a toy, a feather" ; then (following the author's stage directions) the Cardinal tries to wield it, and lets it fall, continuing, "You see a child could slay Richelieu now."

On the following Thursday, August 21st, Barry Sullivan made his first appearance as Richard III. before a Melbourne audience, and, as was to be expected, the performance created widespread interest, as graphic accounts of his masterly delineation of Gloster, both on the English and American stage, had reached the colony some years previously. He was ably supported by Henry Neil Warner as Richmond, Miss Gougenheim as Lady Anne, Mrs Charles Poole as Elizabeth, and Mr Hope as Buckingham.

Sullivan's Richard was a revelation to even the oldest playgoer. The audience were electrified with the amount of realism he threw into the character. The press gave long and elaborate accounts of his great scenes, and one and all awarded him the crown for an unrivalled representation of a most arduous part.

An eye-witness, describing the effect produced by Barry Sullivan on his Melbourne audience when, in the third scene of the last act of *Richard III.*, he exclaimed :

> " Perish the thought ! No, never be it said
> That fate itself could awe the soul of Richard ;
> Hence, babbling dreams : you threaten here in vain ;
> Conscience avaunt, Richard's himself again !—
> Hark ! the shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,
> My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray "—

said it baffled description ; a wave of intense excitement ran through the entire theatre, many of the audience rising to their feet carried away by the realism of the scene before them, and remaining almost breathless in that position until the close of the ensuing fight between Richard and Richmond.

Playing each night with increasing favour, Sullivan appeared during the next fortnight as Beverley, Macbeth, Othello, Iago, Claude Melnotte and Don Cæsar de Bazan to good houses.

The *Melbourne Age*, noticing his first performance of Othello, said : — " Barry Sullivan's Othello must, in the minds of those who witnessed his performance, remain as a standpoint for comparison, and it will be a difficult task for future actors to satisfy them. The touching farewell to his stern profession was, perhaps, the pinnacle of his success, and the fiction of dramatic representation was forgotten in its powerful reality."

Wednesday, August 27th, was set apart by the lessee of the Theatre Royal as a special gala night, in order that the leading Irish-Australian citizens might attend in a body to accord Barry Sullivan a typical Irish welcome, which is so well expressed in the Irish words "*Cead Mille Failthe.*" The performance on this evening consisted of *The Lady of Lyons* and *A Match for a King,* with Sullivan and Miss Gougenheim in the principal parts. The following notables were present: the Hon. John O'Shanassy, Colonial Chief Secretary; the Hon. W. C. Haines, Minister of Finance; the Hon. R. D. Ireland, Attorney General; and several members of the Legislature. The *Herald* declared that "it was more than 'a hundred thousand welcomes,' for the house was filled in every part with friends and patrons. The attendance in the dress-circle included many members of the Ministry, and of both Houses of the Legislature, and, indeed, the *élite* of the city." Upon the fall of the curtain Sullivan delivered an appropriate little speech, in which he returned thanks for the large meed of support and encouragement which had been accorded him by the Melbourne public.

Two nights later Sullivan took a "farewell benefit," it being the last night of his four weeks' engagement. The performance consisted of *The Merchant of Venice,* followed by *A Match for a King,* the *bénéficiare,* of course, taking the parts of Shylock and Don Cæsar. For the following evening, much to everyone's surprise, he was announced to appear at the Princess's Theatre, close by, as Evelyn in a performance of *Money.* He had, during the previous week, accepted an engagement from Manager Dind, of the Royal Victoria Theatre in Sydney, and had made his arrangements for this six hundred mile journey, but at the last moment he was induced to remain a week longer in Melbourne, and accept a pressing engagement for seven nights at the Princess's from Manager

James Simmonds, the popular lessee of this pretty theatre. There was at the time a very good stock company engaged here, supporting the American comedian, Joseph Jefferson, who had been playing at this house during the past three months. The following notice was on the play-bill announcing the engagement of Barry Sullivan :—

ROYAL PRINCESS' THEATRE, MELBOURNE.

Last Week of the Season.

GRAND DRAMATIC FESTIVAL.

James Simmonds begs respectfully to inform the patrons of the Drama that, in order that they may have an opportunity of witnessing the impersonations of the World Renowned Actor,

Mr Barry Sullivan,

supported by the Australian Star Company, he has engaged him for seven nights only, and he will appear in conjunction with Mr Joseph Jefferson in Bulwer's grand Comedy of *Money*.

The cast on the first night was: Barry Sullivan, Alfred Evelyn; Joseph Jefferson, Graves; J. C. Lambert, Sir John Vesey; R. Stewart, Stout; Robert Heir, Sir Frederick; J. Ireland, Glossmore: H. R. Harwood, the Old Member; F. Fitzgerald, Dudley Smooth; A. Gladstone, Sharp; Miss Rosa Dunn, Clara Douglas; Miss Dolly Greene, Georgina Vesey; and Mrs A. Phillips, Lady Franklin.

The following notice in *The Argus* (Monday, September 8th) speaks volumes for the popularity Sullivan had won for himself in Melbourne during his few week's sojourn there: "The Princess's Theatre was in a state of siege from six to eight o'clock on Saturday evening. Before the first hour had expired every available seat was occupied, and hundreds of persons, unable to procure that accommodation, planted themselves in any position from which a view of the stage could be obtained, and remained standing the whole evening.

Numbers were turned away from the doors, because it was found impossible to crowd more people into the theatre, the lower part of which was densely packed; while a row of spectators, six deep, fringed the outer portion of the dress-circle. The announcement that Barry Sullivan was to appear in comedy sufficed to bring together one of the largest audiences ever collected within the walls of this building, and the expectations formed with respect to the quality of the entertainment provided were fully realised. Each character was judiciously allotted and genially played, and the performance had all the smoothness, the rapid flow, the ease and finish of a comedy presented on the French stage."

Joseph Jefferson, as will be noticed from the cast above, was the Graves, and, as the same critic remarked, his performance was quaintly original, and not farcical, as Graves is too often presented. With all his eccentricities of manner and attire, he did not suffer the audience to lose sight of the fact that the character he sustained was that of a gentleman.

The relations between Barry Sullivan and the genial American comedian were very pleasant. "Barry Sullivan was an *intellectual* actor." So wrote Mr Jefferson to the writer of these pages within a month after the cable had flashed the news of the tragedian's death to him. In that terse verdict he paid the highest compliment that words could express, for, as he also remarked *en passant*, "Great actors suggest, they cannot imitate; and I consider the highest branch of acting to be intellectual and poetic, and Barry Sullivan was no imitator."

Sullivan and Jefferson also played together in *Much Ado about Nothing* on September 10th and 11th. The following is a copy of the "bill" of the evening:—

ROYAL PRINCESS' THEATRE, MELBOURNE.

GRAND DRAMATIC FESTIVAL.

Mr Barry Sullivan and Mr Joseph Jefferson,
Supported by the Company.

Thursday and Friday, September 10th and 11th.

Shakespeare's celebrated Comedy in five acts of

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Benedick, ...	Mr Barry Sullivan.
Dogberry, ...	Mr Joseph Jefferson.
Claudio, ...	Mr Robert Heir.
Antonio, ...	Mr J. C. Lambert.
Verges, ...	Mr R. Stewart.
Don Pedro, ...	Mr Fitzgerald.
Don John, ...	Mr Ireland.
Leonato, ...	Mr Harwood.
Beatrice, ...	Mrs Robert Heir.
Hero, , ...	Miss Rosa Dunn.
Ursula, ...	Miss Sheppard.
Margaret, ...	Miss M. Dunn.

A farce called *Sketches in India; or, Stage-Struck* followed, in which Joseph Jefferson as Tom Tape, and Mrs Phillips as Lady Scraggs, kept the audience on the broad grin for over half an hour.

On Saturday (the 13th) Sullivan said *au revoir* to his Melbourne friends. He made his last appearance in conjunction with Jefferson in Sheridan's evergreen comedy, *The School for Scandal.* Here was the cast:—Barry Sullivan, Charles Surface; Joseph Jefferson, Crabtree; Lambert, Sir Peter Teazle; R. Heir, Joseph Surface; and Mrs Heir, Lady Teazle.

Sullivan was immensely pleased with Melbourne and its people. It has long since ceased to be the far-off *terra incognita* it was in the early sixties when he first visited it. Space is now practically annihilated, and this splendid country, more than thirteen thousand miles from home, may be said to be at our very doors. Marvellous changes, of

course, have taken place in our great southern colony since those days, the old colony has passed away, and the young Nation is rapidly and definitely shaping itself. And this great advance is not confined to commerce and kindred industries. Socially it has taken its stand alongside its older and more refined European sister capitals. And in matters theatrical it is fast building a reputation for itself and will no doubt ere long vie with London and New York.

The 1862 spring season at the Royal Victoria Theatre in Sydney opened on Monday, September 29th, and on that evening Barry Sullivan made his début there in the character of Cardinal Richelieu. He was supported on the occasion by the following members of Manager Dind's company:—De Mauprat by Neil Warner; Baradas by Hooper; De Beringhen by M'Gowan; Gaston by Hope; King Louis by Chapman; and Julie de Mortimer by Mrs Hill.

Three nights later he appeared as Hamlet. The cast of characters on the night of Sullivan's first performance of *Hamlet* in Sydney was as follows:—The Ghost, Neil Warner; Laertes, Appleton; Horatio, Hope; Polonius, J. J. Welsh; Queen Gertrude, Mrs Charles Poole; Ophelia, Mrs Hill.

Richard the Third was played for the first time here on the following Saturday, when Sullivan was supported by Warner as Richmond; Hope as Buckingham; Mrs Poole as Queen Elizabeth; Mrs Hill as Lady Anne; and Mrs Crosby as the Duchess of York.

"In witnessing this (Richard) and the other characters which Barry Sullivan has played since his arrival in Sydney," said the *Empire*, "we cannot help being struck with the individuality with which he invests the personages he represents; and this not only in manner, voice, gesture, and peculiarity of temperament—so difficult to preserve throughout a long play—but also in the perfection of his 'make-up.'

And we could not help comparing the intellectual brow, the large dreamy eyes, and gentlemanly cast of feature of the scholar prince with the lowering forehead, the compressed mouth, the spiteful, nervous contractions of the features, and the fiendish twinkle of the villainously small eyes of 'Crook-backed Dick.'"

Richard the Third gave way to *Hamlet* on the following Tuesday by the special request of the Governor of the Colony, Sir John Young (afterwards Lord Lisgar), who, together with Lady Young and a distinguished party, visited the theatre in state.

The next evening Sullivan appeared for the first time here as *The Stranger* to the Mrs Haller of Mrs Charles Poole. *Richelieu* was repeated on the next evening, and on Friday, October 10th, the tragedian had his first Sydney "benefit," when he appeared as Benedick, assisted by Mrs Charles Poole, a fascinating representative of the fair Beatrice, while Mrs Hill as Hero, Warner as Leonatus, and Appleton as Claudio divided the honours of the serious characters.

On October 14th the entire theatre was set apart by the management for a committee of the Irish residents in Sydney, who expressed a wish to attend in a body in order to give the tragedian an Irish welcome, such as none but those having Celtic blood in their veins can give to one whom they love and esteem. *The Lady of Lyons* was the principal piece of the evening, with Mrs Hill as Pauline and Sullivan as Claude Melnotte. Needless to say there was a very crowded attendance, and loud were the plaudits which frequently greeted the hero of the evening.

Great disappointment was expressed both by the press and the theatre-going public when it was announced that the following six nights would bring Sullivan's engagement in Sydney to a close. He had been originally engaged for four

weeks only by Manager Dind, but at the end of that time hundreds had not witnessed any of his celebrated rôles, and many were anxious to renew acquaintance again and again with their favourite character as represented by him. The result was that the daily and weekly press teemed with correspondence urging on the management of the Royal Victoria Theatre the desirability of inducing the tragedian to postpone his return to Melbourne. The whole thing culminated in a requisition, signed by the Mayor of Sydney and four hundred citizens, being addressed to him.

To this flattering request Barry Sullivan sent the following reply:—

"Royal Hotel, Sydney, N.S.W.
October 25, 1862.

"Gentlemen,

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the requisition with which you have been pleased to honour me, and to assure you that it affords me the highest gratification to accede to your request, endorsed as it is with the names of so many distinguished and influential gentlemen.

"Tendering you my best thanks for this mark of your high appreciation,

"I remain, Gentlemen,
"Your very obedient servant,
"(Signed) Barry Sullivan."

On Saturday, October 25th, Sullivan played Othello for the first time here. This was to have been his last night in Sydney, but, as will have been seen by his reply to the requisition, he was willing to please his patrons by remaining a few weeks longer, and accordingly on that evening the following notice was posted at the theatre doors:—

"The lessee has much pleasure in announcing that he has

arranged with Mr Barry Sullivan to delay his departure from Sydney for three weeks, and to meet the general wish of a large body of the lovers of the drama, who have asked him to remain, has re-engaged Mr Sullivan in order to enable the patrons of the Royal Victoria Theatre to witness this eminent artist in some of his great impersonations, which have won for him the highest encomiums in all parts of the world."

The enthusiasm caused by this announcement was very great. Many people travelled from far inland towns to see the tragedian. Night after night a rush, which well-nigh proved disastrous to many, was made to secure places at the theatre, which proved on every occasion too small to accommodate the vast crowds. A special body of police had to be placed on duty at the ticket-office and doors to save life and preserve some kind of order. Sullivan was highly delighted at the enthusiasm he created, the courtesy he received, and the ample reward his exertions gained.

On the opening night of his re-engagement (October 27th) he appeared as Charles Surface. During the eighteen nights he played a round of all his favourite parts, adding to those he had already given King Lear, Macbeth, Young Rapid, Hotspur, Julian St Pierre, Alfred Evelyn and Don Cæsar de Bazan.

On November 1st he introduced to the Sydney stage the four-act drama *Henri Desart, or the Isle of St Tropez*, taking the part of Henri Desart himself. It was well received by the audience, and the press had no fault to find with the performance.

This prolonged engagement of seven weeks by no means exhausted Barry Sullivan's popularity in Sydney, for when at the conclusion of his last performance (*Richelieu*, on November 17th) he was called before the curtain, there was a universal demand asking him to prolong his stay.

For this mark of esteem he returned the enthusiastic audience his hearty thanks, and expressed his regret at being unable to further comply with their wishes, but said that should circumstances permit he would glady revisit their beautiful city and renew their acquaintance with unbounded satisfaction.

Leaving Sydney, Sullivan took a few weeks' holiday tour, visiting Maitland, Bathurst and Brisbane, returning to Melbourne early in the month of January 1863 greatly improved in health.

CHAPTER XX

Barry Sullivan becomes lessee and manager of the Melbourne Theatre Royal —The "Iron Pot" and other rivals—Sullivan's inaugural address—His stock company—The plays produced—Sullivan as Falstaff—The Keans visit Melbourne—A warm reception followed by empty benches—Why the Keans failed—Sullivan engages Charles Dillon—*Julius Cæsar* for three weeks—Sullivan engages Joseph Jefferson—Close of first season—Sullivan's address to his audience—He invites Brooke to visit Australia again—Grand revival of *King John*—The Brooke controversy—Sullivan's reply to Manager Coppin's fictions—He unveils a statue to Shakespeare in Melbourne—Brooke leaves England for Australia—Lost with the ill-fated "London"—Sullivan retires from management—Return visit to Sydney—He plays Shaun the Post—A month of Shakespearean revivals—Returns to Melbourne—He erects a monument on a friend's grave—Home again.

On his return to Melbourne, Barry Sullivan entered into negotiations with Ambrose Kyte, the proprietor of the Theatre Royal, for a lease of that house, which he duly obtained. On coming into possession of the Bourke Street Theatre, which was valued at thirty-six thousand pounds, Sullivan lost no time in having the interior thoroughly re-fitted and tastefully decorated, and in a very short time had engaged an excellent stock company.

Barry Sullivan had all the requisites for a theatre manager. He was master of all his own duties, and all his subordinates' duties as well; and he knew from practical experience the working of the intricate machinery which keeps such a concern in motion.

The history of the Melbourne Theatre Royal is one of strange vicissitudes. It was first erected by a wealthy carrier named John Black, who opened it on July 16th, 1855, as a rival to the Queen's Theatre, which, until April of that year, was the only theatre Melbourne could

boast of. In that month Manager George Coppin and Gustavus Brooke erected at the corner of Stephen and Lonsdale Streets what they called the Olympic Theatre, but the natives dubbed it the "Iron Pot," owing to its peculiar shape and the material of which it was constructed. So many attractions were afforded to local playgoers by the managers of the Royal and the Olympic—G. H. Rogers and Mrs Poole being the favourites at the former, and G. V. Brooke, Mr and Mrs Heir, and Mrs Waller at the latter—that the Queen's soon became deserted, and eventually was turned into a carriage factory. Black's first "star" at the Royal was the celebrated Lola Montez, who came from the United States accompanied by a troupe of twelve dancing girls, appearing in *The Eton Boy*, *Follies of a Night*, and *Lola in Bavaria*. In June 1856 Coppin and Brooke took on the management of the Royal (Black having retired a bankrupt), and engaged the first English Opera Company that ever visited the colony, consisting of Madame Anna Bishop, Madame Caradini, Mrs Fiddes, Miss Julia Harland, and Messrs Laglaize, Howson and Walter Sherwin. Later G. V. Brooke appeared in a series of Shakespearean impersonations, and established a reputation in Melbourne which to this day is fresh in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. In October 1857 the theatre, which during one season had been given over to an equestrian show, came into the possession of the famous "wizard" Anderson, already mentioned in connection with the stage in Scotland. The next dramatic season was opened in August 1858, when Miss Ellen Mortyn, an actress of rare ability, played a long engagement. In January 1859 G. V. Brooke took over the entire management of the theatre, having parted with Coppin, but by August of the same year the speculation ended in his financial ruin to the amount of

one thousand three hundred pounds. The Lyster Opera Company then followed for a brief season, and under the management of J. H. Wilton (who was in office when Barry Sullivan first came to Melbourne) the leading theatre kept its doors open on and off for a few seasons until Barry Sullivan came on the scene early in 1863, and became sole lessee and manager.

His lesseeship lasted for three years, and he proved to be the most successful actor-manager in the annals of the Melbourne stage.

By March 7th, 1863, Sullivan had all in readiness, aud the reopening was announced for that evening as follows :—

THEATRE ROYAL, MELBOURNE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, BARRY SULLIVAN.

The public are respectfully informed that the above magnificent Temple of the Drama will reopen under the above management this evening. During the recess the following important alterations and improvements have been effected, viz.:—The entrance to the dress circle has been entirely renovated, newly carpeted, and additional lights and new chandeliers introduced. The dress circle seats have been enlarged, and a greater intermediate space allowed to each occupant, making them, combined with their luxurious getting-up, all that the most fastidious can desire. The lady patrons of the dress circle are also informed that the cloak room, with its attendants, also the two new retiring rooms, elegantly furnished, are placed at their services entirely free of charge. The stall seats have been re-stuffed and improved. The stage footlights are so arranged, and the new orchestra formed, as to give additional comfort to the numerous patrons of this delightful part of the house. The upper circle seats have been rearranged, raised and backed, which with the additional lighting and the ventilation introduced, will make the upper circle perfect for seeing, hearing, and comfort. The pit has been entirely cleaned, and will maintain its pre-eminent position in the public estimation. The gallery also has received improvements which it is hoped will give additional comfort and convenience to its patrons.

Mr Barry Sullivan will reappear, supported by the mos talented members of the profession, including the acknowledged Star company of Australia, viz.:—

Mr Robert Heir.	Mr Andrews.
Mr J. C. Lambert.	Mr Ford.
Mr Charles Young.	Mr Hogan.
Mr Fitzgerald.	Mr Collingwood.
Mr Harwood.	Mr Macready.
Mr Chapman.	Mr Marsh.
Mr Ireland.	Mr Gladstone.
Mr Burford.	Mr Mason.
Mr Morrison.	Mr Cull,
Mr Hope.	etc., etc., etc.

Mrs Robert Heir.	Miss Milne.
Miss Rosa Dunn.	Miss Corcoran.
Mrs Fitzgerald.	Miss Fagan.
Mrs Alfred Phillips.	Miss Higgins.
Miss Tilly Earle.	Miss Murray,
Mrs Chapman.	etc., etc., etc.

Conductor d'Orchestre, ...	Mons. Strebinger.
Leader, ...	Mr King.
Principal Scenic Artist, ...	Mr W. Pitt.
Machinist, ...	Mr Scott.
Property Maker, ...	Mr Trotter.
Costumière, ...	Mr Jager.

The following prices of admission have been determined on, and the manager confidently trusts the public will support him in his endeavour to present the highest intellectual amusement at the lowest possible charges, viz.:—

Gallery, 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Upper Circle, 2s.; Stalls, 3s.; Dress Circle, 5s.

Half-price to Dress Circle at 9.30 P.M. No fees allowed to any servant of the establishment.

Doors open at half-past seven each evening, performance commences at eight o'clock precisely.

The inaugural performance consisted of *The School for Scandal*, and concluded with the farce, *My Wife's Second Floor*. The cast of characters in Sheridan's comedy was set down as follows:—

Sir Peter Teazle, ...	Mr J. C. Lambert.
Sir Oliver Surface, ...	Mr H. R. Harwood.
Sir Benjamin Backbite, ...	Mr Charles Young.
Joseph Surface, ...	Mr Robert Heir.
Charles Surface, ...	Mr Barry Sullivan.
Crabtree, ...	Mr Chapman.

Careless,	Mr Ireland.
Sir Harry Bumper,	Mr Hope.
Snake,	Mr Gladstone.
Trip,	Mr Morrison.
Sir Toby,	Mr Macready.
Moses,	Mr Andrews.
Rowley,	Mr Cull.
Lady Teazle,	Mrs Robert Heir.
Mrs Candour,	Mrs Alfred Phillips.
Lady Sneerwell,	Mrs Chapman.
Maria,	Miss Rosa Dunn.

Unqualified success attended Barry Sullivan from this first night, and never once deserted him until he laid down the reins of management three years later.

The following article from the *Melbourne Age* will give an idea of the popularity he enjoyed both as an actor and manager :—"It is not too much to say that the performance of the *School for Scandal* at the Theatre Royal on Saturday evening equalled, if it did not surpass, any that Melbourne audiences have ever had an opportnnity of seeing. The comedy was a triumphant success from the opening to the concluding scene, and was played throughout with a fluency and briskness which kept the sparkling wit and sharp repartee of the author always on the surface, and thus enchained the unflagging attention of the audience. An excellent critic once wrote, 'we like a playhouse in proportion to the number of happy human faces it contains'; and judged by this standard, the manager of the Theatre Royal in his first effort succeeded to admiration.

"The Charles Surface of Barry Sullivan is brilliant, graceful, and easy *à merveille*. There is neither swagger nor assumption, but the recklessness of the young spendthrift is so redeemed by the splendid manner of it, that the sympathies of the audience blind them to the weakness of his logic when contrasting justice and generosity."

A revival of some of Shakespeare's tragedies, occasionally interspersed with Lytton's, Knowles', and Sheridan's masterpieces, were given with uniform success during the remainder of this year.

The Lady of Lyons was revived on the 25th April when Sullivan appeared for the first time in Melbourne as Claude Melnotte. The Melbourne correspondent of the London *Era* writing to that journal a month later said: "This everywhere favourite play has been less frequently performed in Melbourne than its popularity would seem to justify; but the truth is, till now we never had "*the* Claude." G. V. Brooke essayed it on several occasions with some success, but there was a harshness about his representation that rendered it cold and apathetic. It is no deterioration from the merits of the actor that it was so, as the same remark applied even stronger to the performance of Macready. I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing Barry Sullivan's Claude Melnotte the most perfect I ever witnessed, more especially in the last three acts. I am borne out in this assertion by the declared opinion of the leading journals here and the crowded and enthusiastic audiences."

The plays produced by Sullivan during the month of May were—*The Wonder*; *London Assurance* (with Miss Quinn an accomplished débutant as Lady Gay Spanker); *The Iron Chest* (with the Manager as Mortimer); *The Stranger* and *Richard the Third*. "The great event of the month, indeed of the year," wrote the *Era's* correspondent, "was the production of *Richard the Third* in a manner hitherto unattempted in this distant land. It was known in certain privileged circles that Barry Sullivan was bent upon producing a Shakespearean revival in the style adopted by Charles Kean at the London Princess's Theatre some years ago, and some anxiety was felt by his friends as to the result.

Its first production as a spectacular tragedy was in America by Kean, about twenty years ago, but it failed from the great expense attending it. It was also among the earliest of Kean's revivals in London, and then again was soon withdrawn."

With these facts before him it was considered an act of some temerity on the part of Barry Sullivan to attempt it, but attempt it he did, and, as the event proved, most successfully. He had twenty new scenes painted especially for it, and supernumeraries without number were engaged to make the battle scene as complete as possible. Full military bands, accompanied by the measured tread of armed men, were heard gradually approaching from the distance, crossing and again receding as if on the march to the battle-field. The last scene gave a truthful but sad picture of a battle-field, with some score of dead soldiers lying about in all the confusion such a scene of carnage might be supposed to represent.

It may be of interest to give the cast during this revival. Richard, Barry Sullivan; King Henry VI., J. C. Lambert; Prince Edward, Miss Tilly Earle; Richmond, R. Heir; Buckingham, Fitzgerald; Lord Stanley, H. Harwood; Catesby, Hope; Lord Mayor of London, Charles Young; Queen Elizabeth, Mrs R. Heir; Lady Anne, Miss Rosa Dunn; Duchess of York, Mrs Chapman.

Richard III. was performed for eleven consecutive nights. On the last night of its representation (June 3rd) the performance was under vice-regal patronage, his Excellency Sir Henry Barkly, K.C.B. and Lady Barkly and suite being present in full state.

The next Shakespearean revival, which attracted great attention and on which Sullivan spared no expense, was the first part of *Henry IV.* It was produced on the 15th

September, with Barry Sullivan as Falstaff; Fitzgerald as Prince Hal; Heir as Hotspur; Ireland as the King; Charles Young as Bardolph; Mrs Phillips as Mistress Quickly; and Mrs Heir as Lady Percy.

The success that attended this revival was in no respect behind that which characterised the previous Shakesperean productions. From the first night crowded houses flocked to see the production of a play which had never been seen on the Melbourne stage, and the enthusiasm its performance evoked must have been eminently consoling to those, who, even in those days, had acquired a habit of bewailing a decadence of the drama.

From Hamlet to Falstaff is assuredly a long distance, but Barry Sullivan showed that it could be bridged with apparent ease, and that the same power which enabled him to present so striking a picture of the moody Dane, rendered him not less successful in portraying the singularly exceptional attributes of the fat Knight of Eastcheap. The wit, the humour, the poltroonery, the good-fellowship, the worldly wisdom, the large capacity for sack, the small capacity for exertion, with all the other qualities which make up this wonderful creation, were brought into the most prominent relief, and invested severally with their distinctive impressiveness. The transition was complete, and the form, slight, lithe and mercureal, was at all points the obese, slow-minded but quick-witted boon companion of the madcap prince. Nor was this transformation due alone to the mechanical accompaniments of "make up" and the appropriate surroundings of costumes. These were always carefully considered, aud their disposal regulated with an artistic reference to effect, but of themselves they could not have achieved the result which appeared. He studied the character with that analytical investigation of

its essentials which marked all his other characters, and the details were filled in with a delicacy of exactness that the most enthusiastic student of Shakespeare could desire.

Early in October, Mr and Mrs Charles Kean arrived in Melbourne, and under the auspices of George Coppin entered on an engagement at the recently-built Haymarket Theatre. On their opening night they were welcomed with great warmth by many old Londoners, who remembered young Charles Kean and Ellen Tree in the springtime of their lives. But time had told upon them both, and there was a feeling of disappointment among the audience that, with all their kindness, they could not shake off or conceal. The truth was, the veterans had tarried too long on the mimic stage. After their first night the audience began to fall away, and then a lack of enthusiasm, amounting almost to coldness, set in. Then the play-goers of Melbourne were not slow to observe that this "special engagement" of the Keans at "enormous cost" was entered into solely as an opposition to Barry Sullivan, whose unprecedented success was a sore thorn in the rival manager's side. The following paragraph from the Castlemaine *Mount Alexander Mail* will show how public opinion ran at the time:—

"The advent of Mr and Mrs Charles Kean has been spoken of lately by the Melbourne Press in such a manner as to lead one to believe that it was quite a Victorian red letter day when they arrived. Whatever might have been their position at home, and however much a portion of the Press has heralded their advent, it is now quite clear the whole affair is a mistake. Even the *Melbourne Argus* 'damns them with faint praise.' *Punch* was right when he pictured the race for the championship with Barry Sullivan leading. The experience of the Keans in Melbourne is that, if there was no other luminary in the metropolis, they might shine as great lights,

which, no doubt, they are. But with an actor of great eminence at the Theatre Royal, with superior scenery, a first-class company, and a theatre better adapted for display than the Haymarket, it is no wonder that the appearance of the 'great stars' at the Haymarket has not drawn the crowded houses that were anticipated, and the public are quite prepared for a temporary cessation of a rivalry that does not promise to crown the late arrivals with such laurels as the artful dodger Coppin anticipated."

The temporary cessation alluded to in the above extract had reference to this notice, issued on the 15th October: "Mr Charles Kean will not perform again at the Haymarket until Monday next, in consequence of continued hoarseness."

That the rivalry created quite a stir may be gathered from the subjoined leader, which appeared in the *Melbourne Masonic Journal* of October 31st, 1863:—

"One of the most extraordinary articles that has ever been written for a newspaper appeared in the *Melbourne Argus* of Friday last. It commenced: 'Why have the Keans not yet received in Melbourne the recognition to which they have an indisputable right?' If our contemporary confined itself to the consideration of that question, we would not presume to offer any remarks on the article; but as the writer has gone so far beyond the bounds of criticism as to class all who differ in opinion with him on the merits of Charles Kean as an actor, as persons possessing 'a perverseness of taste which is contemptible,' and afflicted with 'a softening of the brain,' we feel justified in referring to that article, and wish to investigate the cause of the non-attendance of the Melbourne people at the Haymarket Theatre.

"Before we consider the question, we must record our protest against the assertion that the success or non-success of Mr Kean can in anyway affect our social position in the

home country. The *Argus* says: 'No one thing could so disgrace us in the eyes of Europe; few mistakes, we will venture to say, so injure our merely material prospects as that Mr and Mrs Charles Kean should be able to say when they leave us, as they certainly could say if they left us now, that in Melbourne only, of all places in which they have acted, have the public praise and support been meagerly awarded to them. No one fact could go so far to justify the evil reports of our enemies in Europe as that this thing should be said of us, and with truth.'

"Was the writer in his senses when he penned those lines? Does he think for a moment that a British merchant will, before he sends his consignments to Victoria, inquire whether the consignee has been an admirer of Charles Kean's acting or not? Will the British public forget the tons of gold which we have sent from Victoria, or will they consider our display at the last Exhibition was a failure because we choose to judge for ourselves, and do not bow in hero worship before this *protégé* of the *Argus*? This question has been considered by the *Argus* in so commanding a tone that one can almost imagine the writer to quote: 'I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no dog bark.' Why such a style should be adopted we know not. Mr Kean made many attempts to establish himself on the London stage, and as often failed, yet we never heard that the *Times* ventured to state that the citizens of London would be characterised as devoid of taste because they did not receive him with acclaim; on the contrary, the leading journals all proclaimed his unfitness for the position to which he *then* aspired. If he has succeeded, it may be because an acquired taste has been created. Perhaps if Mr Kean were to reside in Australia for several years he might obtain a number of admirers. But to return to the consideration of the question put by the *Argus*

—Why have not the Keans succeeded? In the first place, Victorians expected a 'Grand Shakespearean Festival.' They have had plenty of melodramatic actors of first-rate ability (although such are sneered at by our contemporary), and did not want any more importations in that line, and Mr Kean has only appeared twice in a Shakespearean character, his most frequent appearance being in *Louis XI.* and *The Wife's Secret.* 'Monstrous! But one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack.' Secondly, when a Shakespearean play is performed at the Haymarket Theatre, it is not placed upon the stage to illustrate the poem of the immortal bard, but to exhibit Mr Charles Kean. We refer particularly to the play of *Henry VIII.* which was curtailed of the fourth and fifth acts. Why? Because Mr Charles Kean does not appear in them.

"Thirdly, because the prices charged for admission to all parts of Coppin's house are exorbitant; they would be too high if charged at the doors of a first-rate theatre, in which a first-rate company performed.

"Fourthly, the people of Melbourne are accustomed to visit the theatre, not to *see an actor,* but to witness a play; and we do not think that there are many who would prefer to pay a high price to see a melodrama, mounted with little or no regard to scenic effect, and depending solely on the individual exertions of one actor.

"Fifthly, because the citizens of Melbourne are no strangers to first-class acting, for they have had a Brooke resident among them, and they still remember his Othello; neither do they forget that within a short distance from the Haymarket they can enjoy the representation of a Barry Sullivan as Hamlet or as Shylock, assisted by artists of first-rate talent—where they can witness a play put upon the stage under the guidance of the best and most careful manager of

the day, where their minds may be instructed by a judicious reading of some of the best dramas."

This rivalry between the "stars" and the "managers" was amusingly set forth in the subjoined verses contributed by a well known writer to the *Melbourne Weekly Herald*, over the signature of "Peter Perfume":—

THE RIVALS,

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF A TRAGIC CONTEST; AND WHICH IS DEDICATED TO THE HISTRIONIC PROFESSION GENERALLY.

"Self love is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.—HENRY V., *Act* 2, *Scene* 4.

I.

Don BARRINI SULLIVANEZ!
Stoutly dost thou bear thy part,
Combatting thy classic rival
In the histrionic mart.
Smartly dost thou wage the battle,
Fully bent upon, I ween,
Swift and sure annihilation
Of thy foe—Don CARLOS KEAN.

II.

Shades of evening closing o'er ye,
Nightly is the tilt renewed,
And with nightly nerve and vigour
Is each combatant imbued.
Promptly as the curtain rises,
And the prompter opes the book,
Do ye strive by declamation
Each the other's goose to cook!

III.

Glittering lights and martial music
Help to animate the scene.
Now 'tis "Bravo, SULLIVANEZ!"
Now, "Bravo, Don CARLOS KEAN!"
Deftly do ye tug and tussle
For the much desired prize,
Wooing plaudits from the circle,
Tapping tears from ladies' eyes.

IV.

Thou, no doubt, Don SULLIVANEZ,
Long hast played a brilliant game,
Winning universal homage—
Till the brave Don CARLOS came.
Thou hadst won the tragic laurels,
Royally against all odds;
Wringing praise from every mortal,
Forcing incense from "the Gods."

V.

Much they lauded thy performance,
Paying ready tribute too,
Till at length, with fickle peptics,
Sought they out for something new.
Then that caitiff Don COPPINI,
On thy 'shutting up' intent,
Tempting baits of gold and flimsies
To the famed Don CARLOS sent.

VI.

Leaving home to cross the ocean,
With his all-accomplished wife,
Leaving peace and fame behind him,
Risking limb and risking life,
Came Don CARLOS at his bidding,
Tempted by the gilded bait,
And the coming of the foeman
Seemed as though 'twould seal thy fate.

VII.

Thou so long had'st been accustomed
To the homage of the crowd,
Any symptom of encroachment
Could not be by thee allowed.
Pondering on this innovation
In thy Royal chamber green,
"There," quoth thou,—"see, there's my gauntlet,
Take it up, Don CARLOS KEAN!"

VIII.

Then thou girded on thine armour,
And Don CARLOS did the same;
Making desperate preparations
In the coming fight for fame.
Crowds of 'useful men' and 'supers'
Into both thy ranks were press'd;
Rather awkward in their movements,
Natheless superbly drest.

IX.

Then ye pasted on the hoardings,
  Posting bills of mammoth size,
Only legible to mortals
  Gifted with a giant's eyes.
Thus ye both proclaimed the combat—
  Fierce and bitter feud—between
Don Barrini Sullivanez
  And the brave Don Carlos Kean.

X.

Flocks the anxious public nightly
  To the scenes of both your feats;
Crowding, crushing, scrambling, rushing,
  To obtain the foremost seats.
Look they on with admiration
  At each well appointed stage,
Wondering much to learn the object
  Of this suicidal rage.

XI.

Don Barrini Sullivanez!
  Thou, perhaps, art "world-renowned,"
And before the dazzling foot-lights,
  Few such potent chiefs are found.
Thou canst move the mob to laughing,
  With thy wit and ready smile;
Thou canst turn their joy to weeping,
  Chuckling inwardly the while.

XII.

Not a whit the less Don Carlos
  Wields his influence o'er the crowd,
And perhaps his force and vigor,
  E'en by thee will be allowed;
Wherefore, then, prolong the contest?
  Why protract this useless war?
Let the battle be a drawn one,
  Then, no doubt, ye *both* will "draw."

But despite the booming of the *Argus* the Keans did not "draw," and after a few weeks' stay they quitted Australia for a tour through the United States, leaving Mr George Coppin a wiser, if not a poorer, manager.

Had the Keans accepted the liberal offer first made by

Barry Sullivan to them early in the year, there was no doubt at the time but that they would have received a better hearing and better support at the Theatre Royal than that offered by the Haymarket manager. But false pride evidently prompted them to take no heed of an offer of engagement from the "young man" who had in years gone by played small parts in their repertoire. "Time, at last, makes all things even!"—even theatrical "stars."

While Charles Kean was playing *Louis XI.* to empty benches at the Melbourne Haymarket, Barry Sullivan engaged Charles Dillon (who was on a visit to Australia at the time) to support him for two weeks in a round of Shakespearean plays, the most popular proving to be *Othello*, in which they alternated the parts of the Moor and Iago on several occasions. Noticing one of these performances, the *Argus* of October 20th said:—

"There was another bumper house at the Theatre Royal last evening to witness the performance of *Othello* with Barry Sullivan and Charles Dillon in the two principal characters. Charles Dillon's impersonation of the Moor was unequal—good in points, but ineffective in the lengthened declamatory passages. Barry Sullivan's Iago was an unqualified success; the sardonic humour, the revengeful malignity, the affected bluntness, and the cunning but winning address of the subtle Venetian, were all portrayed in the spirit of the author. It is scarcely too much to say that Sullivan's Iago was a better performance than when he played it at the Royal during his first short engagement here. The audience were unanimous in awarding the loudest applause to Iago's more prominent scenes, and their approval was justly bestowed."

Sullivan's next revival was *Julius Cæsar*, the getting up of which cost him three thousand pounds. In it he played Brutus, and thus added another character to his already long

list. After a run of three weeks, *Julius Cæsar* was withdrawn to give way to *King Lear*, produced on the 28th November.

Joseph Jefferson paid a return visit to Melbourne this month, and was engaged by Barry Sullivan to play at the Royal for two weeks previous to his departure for America. Jefferson drew crowded audiences, especially on the nights he appeared as Asa Trenchard in *Our American Cousin.*

Sullivan brought his first managerial season to a close on the 9th December 1863. The performance that evening consisted of *The Lady of Lyons* and *The Spectre Bridegroom.* The *Argus'* report of the scene in the theatre that night was as follows:—"The most remarkable and most successful season the Theatre Royal has yet known was brought to a brilliant close on Saturday evening, which was made the occasion of a complimentary benefit to the admirable actor who has during the greater part of the present year been the lessee and manager. There was an immense house, the dress circle being full of fashionable company, the stalls crowded, the upper boxes and gallery giving an excellent account of themselves, and the pit a perfect jam of several hundreds, of whom no inconsiderable portion must have been able to see but little of the performance."

Sullivan came before the curtain at the close of the performance and addressed the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen,—My constant reappearance before you this evening will probably recal to the minds of many present the story of the old Frenchman; and I almost fancy I hear some of you exclaim: 'By gar, here's Monsieur Tonson come again.' Notwithstanding which, 'were I as tedious as a King,' as Dogberry says, 'I could find in my heart to bestow it all on your Worships,' rather than incur the charge of neglect, or indeed ingratitude, by omitting the expression of those

thanks which are so justly your due. There is an old saw that 'no man is aware of the extent of his own wit until he has knocked his shins against it.' In me you behold a living example of its verity, for let an actor say what he pleases, or effect what ease of manner he can, it is always a nervous proceeding to address an audience, but most particularly so when, as in the present instance, he becomes the mark for nearly four thousand pairs of eyes to shoot their glances at. It is a nervous thing to address you in set terms, or, as a legal friend would say, 'with malice prepense,' and I never remember appearing before you under feelings of greater apprehension, for if the merit of my address should be in proportion to the success of the season it is intended to toll into the past, it ought to be the very best managerial speech that ever was made; but I am sadly afraid it will prove the worst, for, like the Irishman who declared, 'Indeed and upon my conscience, I never tried to chuck myself up heads that I didn't come down tails,' so I am never so fearful of a failure as when I am most anxious to achieve success. However, escaping from the Lake of Como and the glorious battleground of beautiful Italy, I appear before you in my double capacity of actor and manager, to tender you my heartfelt thanks for the great patronage you have bestowed upon my arduous undertaking. This evening will terminate my first managerial campaign, extending over ten months—a campaign fought through great depression, great excitement, great misrepresentation, and greatly conflicting interests; but, thanks to your high appreciation and knowledge of things dramatic, we have won the victory. Our colours are unfaded and our coffers are full. This is undoubtedly the Drury Lane of Australia, and I have succeeded in placing in it the very best dramatic company in the country, the very best scenic artists, and a

band of the very best musicians; I have produced the very best plays and comedies, in the very best style; and I am proud and grateful to acknowledge having received from you in return the very best reward—crowded houses and thunders of applause. I hope and trust the arrangements I have made for my next campaign will merit a continuance of your favours. Fear not my diligence—success is not new to me—no amount of it can increase my vanity or make me in the least light-headed; but, on the contrary, more determined than ever to struggle to deserve it. Ladies and gentlemen, I am closing the theatre this evening, not from any lack of patronage, but to give fairplay to all concerned in producing the grand pantomime, which I am preparing for your Christmas amusement. By the January mail I expect two great artists from England; and no matter what expense I may incur in catering for your amusement, I promise you the prices shall not be raised. I will no longer intrude upon your patience, but, hoping you will accord me due amnesty for the past, and an unanimous vote of confidence for the future, I most respectfully wish you all good-night."

This ended a "season" remarkable in Melbourne for its length—ten months and a week—remarkable, too, for its unprecedented success, dramatically and financially, against opposition of the strongest character; and remarkable also for the novelty and splendour of the entertainment produced. Much curiosity was excited as to who the "great artists from England" were; but only Barry Sullivan's intimates knew that one was his old friend Gustavus Brooke, to whom he had both written and cabled a most tempting offer of engagement. Sullivan had also engaged Miss Cleveland and Mr Vincent, both very popular then in London and the provinces. With them Brooke was to have sailed from Liverpool in the steamer *Blanche Moore* in

October, but the hapless tragedian had some idea that Charles Kean was drawing good audiences at the Antipodes, and thought it better to defer his going out until Kean was out of the country.

Barry Sullivan was greatly disappointed at the undecided answer which Brooke sent him. It left him in a very unpleasant position, as he did not know when to expect him or if he would ever arrive. Little did he know the sad change that had come over his comrade since they parted, or the straitened circumstances he was just then reduced to, else he would have undertaken the long journey to make the good-hearted fellow shun his so-called friends, who were responsible for the pitiable condition in which he appeared nightly before audiences who one moment would cheer him to the echo and the next hoot him off the stage.

The 1863 pantomime at the Melbourne Royal, which commenced on Christmas Eve, was withdrawn after a run of five weeks to make room for Sullivan's revival of Shakespeare's *King John*. When this tragedy was announced, the general expectation in Melbourne was that the actor-manager would undertake the rôle of the King, but had he done so those who had heard of his success in England as Falconbridge would have asked who was to play that important part.

The *Era's* correspondent in his letter of February 25th (1864) said: "We have no actor in the colony capable of giving the character due effect, consequently perforce it devolved upon the manager, and never had the chivalrous prototype of Hotspur a better representative."

The principal characters in this revival (which was played during the last three weeks of February 1864) were distributed as follows:—King John, R. Heir; King Philip of France, Mr Ireland; Louis, the Dauphin, Miss Rose Edouin; Philip Falconbridge, Barry Sullivan; Hubert,

Fitzgerald; Cardinal Pandulph, H. Harwood; First citizen of Angiers, Lambert; Prince Arthur, Miss Julia Edouin; Lady Constance, Mrs Heir (*née* Fanny Cathcart).

During the month of January Barry Sullivan had been confined to his residence with a severe illness and much anxiety was felt by his friends that he might not be able to appear on the re-opening night of 1864 dramatic season. But he always boasted, at home and abroad, of never having disappointed his audience, and when he stepped on the stage in the first scene of *King John* and spoke his opening line—"Your faithful subject, I," the reception he met with (wrote the *Era's* representative) "was one of those events in an actor's life the recollection of which is ineffaceable; the prolonged and renewed cheering proving the high and deserved estimation in which he was held." Here, as at home, Sullivan's acting as Falconbridge was universally conceded to be inimitable. The light gay banter in the earlier scenes being fully equalled by the noble presence and gallant bearing of the brave devoted soldier in the camp. His very walk across the stage, to repeat his taunt to the Duke of Austria—"Hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs"—was performed in a manner that none could excel and few equal.

Sullivan had some excellent scenery painted for this tragedy, one scene in particular met with great praise. This was the Towers and Walls of Angiers, a splendid set for the opening act. As an instance of the attention paid to details, the Heralds who summon the town to surrender were *bonâ fide* trumpeters, not "supers" sent on with pieces of wood to their mouths, while a performer in the orchestra sent forth a shrill blast.

After a very successful run *King John* was withdrawn in favour of Otway's tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, in which

Sullivan appeared as the bold, reckless, but honest-hearted conspirator, Pierre. Before the close of the month *Katharine and Petruchio*, and Sheridan Knowles' play, *Love*, were put on, followed each evening by *Ticket of Leave*, *Rose of Amiens*, and *Out on the Sly*, as after-pieces.

That emotional play, *Leah*, was given for the first time in Melbourne on the 27th of February, the occasion being Miss Cleveland's and Mr Vincent's début at the Royal. Simultaneously with their arrival from England Mr and Mrs Charles Kean returned to the Melbourne Haymarket from Sydney, where they had been playing *Much Ado About Nothing* to empty benches at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, supported by Mr J. F. Cathcart and the stock company that played with Sullivan there in the autumn of 1862.

An animated and somewhat rancorous correspondence appeared in the Melbourne press towards the end of February, on what was called the "Brooke controversy." Barry Sullivan had, as already mentioned, put a notice in the bills of his theatre announcing the engagement of G. V. Brooke. This gave umbrage to the persons connected with the Haymarket Theatre, and they went so far as to state in the press their disbelief of the fact of the engagement, or of the intended visit of the colonial favourite. These letters were replied to by several personal friends of Brooke's, who stated themselves to be perfectly satisfied as to the truth of the announcement made by the manager of the Royal. At length, according to the London *Era's* Melbourne correspondent, a speech was made by Manager George Coppin at some convivial gathering, in the course of which allusion was made to the vexed matter. This drew the following characteristic letter from Barry Sullivan:—

"To the Editor of the *Herald*.

"Sir,—I must request sufficient space in your next issue to

rebuke Mr George Coppin for the gross impertinence and deliberate falsehood reported in your journal of this morning, as having been uttered by him at some dinner party yesterday. Your reporter lays the following to his charge, namely, 'Mr Coppin said he did not credit the announcement of Mr Sullivan, that Mr Brooke would shortly appear at the "Royal." It would be remembered that a similar announcement was made last year about Mr Kean.'

"Now, sir, with regard to the first portion of the above sentence, I emphatically repeat that Mr Brooke is engaged to make his first appearance, on his return to these colonies, under my management at the "Royal," and, as I have never been guilty of a false announcement, I consider Mr Coppin guilty of a gross impertinence in suggesting the above doubt. With regard to the second portion of the same sentence, Mr Coppin utters a deliberate falsehood in saying 'a similar announcement was made last year about Mr Kean.' No such announcement was ever made by me; the announcement was as follows:—'A cash offer had been sent to Mr and Mrs Kean which, if they really intended visiting the colonies, would, no doubt, secure their services for the "Royal."' The public can test the accuracy of my statement by referring to the advertisement. In conclusion, I beg to inform Mr George Coppin that when theatricals in Melbourne become so degraded as to require false announcements and dodging to uphold them, I will immediately resign the helm to his more practised and able hands.

"Apologising for this intrusion,

"I am, Sir,

"Yours truly,

"(Signed) BARRY SULLIVAN,

"Sole Lessee and Manager of

"The Theatre Royal.

"Melbourne, 23rd February 1864."

Suffice it to say that everyone accepted Sullivan's statement, and quietude soon settled down among the defenders of the rival managers.

On the 23rd April 1864, the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birthday, Barry Sullivan was selected by the citizens of Melbourne to unveil a statue of the Bard of Avon, which had been erected in front of the magnificent Public Library. Prefaced by a well-delivered speech, the tragedian performed what was to him a very pleasing ceremony, in the presence of an immense crowd.

That Barry Sullivan should have been selected for this interesting function in preference to Charles Kean, who was in the city at the time, goes to prove how popular our hero was, and how his endeavours to uphold the Shakespearean drama were appreciated by the cultured citizens who so fittingly honoured the immortal bard in a land he never dreamt of.

G. V. Brooke promised to be with Sullivan by the coming Christmas, but he loitered at home, dragging out a precarious existence, flitting here and there in the endeavour to get engagements.

Manager Coppin arrived in England in the autumn of 1865 with the Keans. He lost no time in corresponding with Brooke, whom he found playing at the Leicester Theatre. Yielding to the earnest solicitations of his wife, Brooke accepted Coppin's offer of an engagement for two years, and promised to follow the Australian manager by an early ship to Melbourne. The vessel he selected was the ill-fated iron screw ship *London*, in which he embarked at Plymouth on January 5th, 1866.

There was a curious incident *à propos* of this voyage. Going down the English Channel at the same time as the *London* was another large vessel, the *John Douthey*.

On it there was a family of ten persons, who, becoming alarmed at an approaching storm, got their berths transferred to the *London* as soon as the latter put into Plymouth for shelter, thinking it was a safer ship. Of course, like the rest of the unfortunate passengers, they were all drowned, and the *John Douthey* weathered the storm and arrived safe in Melbourne after a fearful passage.

On its arrival in Melbourne Harbour, Barry Sullivan, accompanied by his eldest son, hired a boat and rowed out to meet her, thinking he was on board, but the friend he sought was not there! Poor Brooke! When last seen on the ill-fated ship he was leaning with grave composure on one of the doors of the companion-ladder, his chin resting on both hands, his arms on the top of the door, which he gently swayed to and fro as he calmly watched the occupants of the last boat pull away. Nothing in life became him like the leaving of it. Having used the last resources of his great strength in getting the women and children into the boats, he refused to make any attempt to burden with his weight the already overcrowded boats. On being asked to accompany them he waved a farewell, and before the sound of his voice died away, no trace of the *London* or of the remnants of her living freight was to be seen.

Let not his faults be remembered—

> "He sleeps serene and safe
> From tempest or from billow,
> Where the storms that high above him chafe
> Scarce rock his peaceful pillow."

What grave can cast such grace around any dead, what so sublime a sepulchre can be for all that life leaves mortal, as the sea?

When the sad intelligence of Brooke's fate reached Australia, it threw a deep gloom over the entire country;

Barry Sullivan could not realise the truth of the awful message that was flashed to him ; he felt as if he had lost a part of himself, so great and genuine was his regard for him.

Sullivan's lease of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, expired on the 16th of February 1866. On that evening he relinquished the management and made his last appearance as an actor-manager in Australia. The play selected for this farewell performance was *The Lady of Lyons*. Sullivan was Claude Melnotte, Fitzgerald was Beauseant, and Mrs Robert Heir was Pauline.

After the performance Sullivan made a graceful speech, thanked the audience for their uniform kindness and appreciation of his efforts to keep alive a taste for the higher form of amusement during his three and a half years' stay in their city, and promised to pay them a return visit during the coming month of May on his way back to England. A presentation of a handsome silver dinner service, with a testimonial, was then made to the retiring manager on the stage by the workmen employed in the theatre "as a mark of their appreciation of Barry Sullivan's uniform kindness to them during his term of management." In returning thanks for the gift, he paid a high compliment to all who had served under him, for the zeal and ability which they had always displayed in the discharge of their respective duties.

Whatever little difference of opinion may have existed between the local critics and playgoers of Barry Sullivan's merits as an actor, none existed as to his qualifications as a theatre manager.

Here, as at home in England, Barry Sullivan was oftener to be found in his study after the fatigues of the day's rehearsal and the night's performance, rather than in the company of convivial friends. He had a passion for books ; not to put them on shelves to look at, but to devour them.

Of the old dramatists he was an enthusiastic admirer, but of Shakespeare he was a living concordance.

In art, as in literature, he had robust prejudices and generous impulses. What was to his taste he loved ardently, what was not he just as ardently detested. He was not a man to suppress his abhorrences, hence his fascinating personality.

Part of his marvellous power was his being able to hold himself aloof from society, from the society especially of the "boon companions" of his profession. The want of this capacity for solitude was one of the chief sources of Brooke's weakness. There is much wisdom in what Lord Clarendon, the historian, wrote over his room while engaged on the work which has secured him fame—"*Bene vixit qui bene latuit*" —"Well has he lived who has hidden himself from the world."

After being entertained at a public banquet on February 17th, 1866, at St George's Hall, Melbourne, by the members of the Victoria Parliament, Barry Sullivan journeyed to Sydney, and entered on a month's engagement at the Prince of Wales' Opera House on the 26th of the same month. He was accompanied thither by some members of his former stock company, including Mrs Heir, and Messrs Fitzgerald, Welsh, and Ireland.

Dion Boucicault's *chef-d'œuvre*, *Arrah-na-Pogue; or, the Wicklow Wedding*, had just been introduced to the Australian stage. On Sullivan's arrival in Sydney it was put in the bills at the Opera House, and by way of a change after his one thousand nights of "legitimate" parts in Melbourne, Sullivan undertook the rôle of Shaun, the Wicklow carman, to the Arrah of Mrs Heir on his opening night. They were supported in their unusual parts by Fitzgerald as The O'Grady, Ireland as The M'Coul, and Mrs Greville as Fanny Power.

Sullivan fairly astonished his friends by the natural humour he infused into Boucicault's creation. For six nights he played the warm-hearted Irish boy, introducing with splendid effect the ballad "The Wearing of the Green."

Boucicault, however, had to give way to Shakespeare, and with the arrival of Robert Heir and H. Harwood from Melbourne, Barry Sullivan inaugurated a Shakespearean revival, commencing with *Hamlet* in the first week of March, and ending with *Richard the Third* on the penultimate day of the following month.

At the close of the season in Sydney, Sullivan returned to Melbourne to play a farewell engagement at the Theatre Royal, and to bid a last adieu to the many friends he had made there.

Before leaving Melbourne he expressed a wish to raise a monument over the grave of an old and valued friend, Edward Whitty, a well-known Liverpool journalist, who, after a short residence in Australia, fell a victim to consumption. Neither tablet nor tomb marked his last resting-place in the cemetery at Kew, outside Melbourne. This neglect Barry Sullivan sought to remedy by erecting, at a cost of one hundred guineas, a handsome white marble obelisk, twelve feet high, which bears the following inscription :—

> "This obelisk, sacred to the memory of Edward, eldest son of J. Whitty, Esqr., of Liverpool, England, was erected by his friend, Barry Sullivan."

Feeling the need of some rest, Sullivan determined to recuperate his health by setting out on a pleasure tour through New Zealand, Queensland, Western Australia, and India, previous to his departure for England. He resolutely declined the innumerable offers of professional engagements he received during these few months, much to the local theatre managers' and playgoers' disappointment.

After a most enjoyable tour Sullivan took steamer from Colombo to Southampton, and arrived home full of health and ambition early in September 1866, after an absence of four years and a half—years of unremitting labour, which yielded him an abundant harvest of golden guineas.

CHAPTER XXI

Barry Sullivan at Drury Lane again—He plays Falconbridge to Phelps' King John—The *Athenæum* enraptured with his acting—Sullivan's advice to Charles Warner—Jefferson tells a story—Sullivan engaged by H. J. Byron—Arthur Williams' verdict on the "great man"—Sullivan plays Othello in Belfast—The blasted heath—Sullivan re-engaged at Drury Lane—Another starring tour—Chatterton re-engages him for thirty nights at Drury Lane—Sullivan's Richard III.—A memorable night at old Drury—A famous stage-door keeper—Accident to Sullivan in Liverpool—He plays in Bristol for first time—He becomes lessee and manager of the Holborn Theatre—The plays produced by Sullivan—*Punch's* advice to London playgoers—*The School for Scandal* played for seven weeks—*Plain English*—Revival of *The Gamester* and *Love's Sacrifice*—Sullivan relinquishes management—Mathew's benefit.

When Barry Sullivan returned to London from Australia he found Manager F. Balsir Chatterton installed as sole lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, *vice* Dion Boucicault and Edmund Falconer (the author of *The Peep o' Day*), who retired from the management bankrupt.

Chatterton lost no time in communicating with Sullivan, and succeeded in securing his services for the opening night of his 1866-67 winter season. He had bills all over London informing the public that "the world-famous actor, Barry Sullivan, would make his first appearance in London, since his return from Australia, on Saturday evening, September 22nd, as Falconbridge in Shakespeare's play, *King John*."

In consequence of the numerous offers from provincial managers which came pouring in on Sullivan, he would only engage himself to Chatterton for three weeks. The terms agreed upon were sixty pounds a night, he to play three nights during each week.

Chatterton had gathered together an excellent stock company for the season, fully in keeping with the traditions of

the historic house. It included—Mrs Herman Vezin, Mrs H. Vandenhoff, Mrs G. Hodson, Miss Adelaide Golier, Miss Florence Bennett, Miss A. Garland, Miss L. Wilmot, Miss Seymour, Miss Lydia Thompson, Miss Hudspeth, Miss E. Bodenham, Miss J. Adams, Miss Le Thiere, Miss L. Hastings, Miss R. Lytton, Samuel Phelps, Thomas Swinbourne, the brothers Henry and Charles Webb, Henry Sinclair, Tom Mead, F. Barnsby, J. Robins, C. Seyton, E. Clifton, G. Spencer, C. Harcourt, Percy Roselle, H. Barrett, James Johnstone, Charles Warner, J. Fitzjames, W. M'Intyre, and F. Morton. Edward Stirling was stage manager, and J. H. Tully the musical director.

The principal characters in *King John* on the opening night were cast as follows:—

King John,	Samuel Phelps.
Falconbridge,	Barry Sullivan.
Hubert,	Thomas Swinbourne.
Prince Arthur,	Master Percy Roselle.
Lady Constance,	Mrs Herman Vezin.

The tragedy was followed by *The Comedy of Errors* compressed into one act, with the brothers Webb as the two Dromios.

The first noticeable object which presented itself to the thousands congregated at the doors was the old military guard of honour which had not done duty for some years, owing to some disputes with the former lessees. During the recess, Chatterton had the grand old house handsomely redecorated and furnished in the Louis Quatorze style.

A densely-crowded house greeted Barry Sullivan with shouts of welcome and demonstrations of joy. His marvellous acting roused the audience to the highest pitch of admiration. His success will perhaps be better realised by these two extracts—

The dramatic critic of the *Morning Post* said: "Without

instituting any unnecessary or invidious comparisons, it must be truly said that a more intelligent or thoroughly genial performer of the gallant and humorous Falconbridge it would be difficult to find on the English stage."

John Heraud, in the *Athenæum*, unbended himself to say that: "The new Falconbridge was safe with his audience from his very first utterance." "Barry Sullivan's conception of the character," said this conscientious critic, "is nearer to that of Charles Kemble than of any other actor within the memory of contemporaries. There is an abundance, but not a superabundance, of spirit in it; the utmost freedom without vulgarity, a graceful ease, and not a braggart swagger. The 'bastard Falconbridge' is a phrase which seems to have suggested to some actors that he to whom it was applied was a fellow cast upon the world—a common soldier, with barrack and camp ways and speech and license; without education, save such as he had picked up in hostelries, and with no more reflection than such as he might catch by finding his own face, after a deep draught, at the bottom of a tankard. Barry Sullivan's Falconbridge is a *true gentleman and a soldier*. He becomes his rank; and his freedom in the King's presence just indicates the pleasant license he allows himself by right of his Royal blood, of which he is so proud. The capital scene in which he taunts the Duke of Austria was replete with this spirit. The sarcasm was winged with the wit of a brave gentleman, not made potent by the resonant delivery of a truculent guardsman. It was all the better winged, and all the more effectually pointed, because delicacy was mingled with force; and we never saw an audience more hilarious, or a pit more joyously carried away by it. Barry Sullivan's success was not confined to the comedy or melodramatic element of the character. There were other portions in which his display of feeling was given

with a quiet but telling effect, no jot of which was lost with the critical part of his audience, who were closely scanning his speech, action, bearing, and expression. His by-play was equally good; that is, *his* part in the drama was never forgotten. His very bow to King John was of a real Sir Richard to a substantial King; and when he (Sullivan) bent over the body of the dying monarch, there was earnestness of significance in the action, as if the gallant knight felt a respectful sorrow for the condition of his uncle. Old Drury, in short, may be congratulated on its acquisition of Mr Barry Sullivan."

The following Saturday, *Macbeth* was put in the bills for one week, when Sullivan and Phelps alternated the part of the guilty Thane, supported by Miss Amy Sedgwick as Lady Macbeth. During the last week of his engagement Sullivan played Richard the Third, Hamlet and Charles Surface, the latter to the Sir Peter Teazle of Samuel Phelps and the Lady Teazle of Mrs Herman Vezin.

Among the excellent stock company Barry Sullivan found gathered together at Drury Lane, none interested him more than a young actor of about twenty years named Charles Warner, who was allotted minor parts only by the management, although he showed unusual ability. Sullivan called him aside one morning after rehearsal and said, "My lad, you speak blank verse as very few can speak it; study hard, play Shakespeare, and you will become a great actor." That he followed the tragedian's advice and studied hard, all who have had the pleasure of witnessing Mr Warner's splendid successes at the Adelphi and other London theatres during the last twenty years need not be told; but, according to his own confession, he is sorry he did not persevere in his first resolve, and further follow Sullivan's advice to "play Shakespeare."

Joseph Jefferson, the American comedian, tells of an amusing accident, or rather series of accidents, which occurred on one of the nights that *Macbeth* was played this season. Accompanied by Tom Robertson (the author of *Caste*), he went into Drury Lane late one night to see *Macbeth*. They arrived at the theatre just at the opening of the fourth act, and ensconced themselves in a private box. It seems (says Jefferson) matters had gone wrong during the whole of the play, and when mishaps do occur in the earlier scenes of a drama, particularly a Shakespearean one, they are apt to continue to the end. The cave scene opened with the three witches at their ghastly work about the cauldron. Phelps, as Macbeth, came upon the stage with the usual martial stride, and the weird sisters summoned their phantom confederates to appear. At last one of the apparitions slowly rose to the surface, only to disappear suddenly without giving Macbeth warning or receiving any. There was a crash, but nobody was hurt. Next came the passing by of the six ghostly Kings, the first one of whom lost his crown, and in stopping to recover it was run down by the other five monarchs, who came so rapidly upon the heels of their leader that the several dynasties were all in a heap, creating a spiritual revolution that fairly convulsed the audience. In the last scene the outer wall of the castle unfortunately gave way before it was besieged, and tumbled the King of Scotland into the middle of the stage, where, with uplifted claymore and in a sitting posture, he presented a sight of harmless indignation that would have revenged Macduff (Barry Sullivan) for the murder of his entire family.

The scene behind, when the curtain fell, between old Phelps and the stage-manager and the unfortunate supers is best left to the imagination.

The first provincial engagement accepted by Barry Sullivan after playing at Drury Lane was with the genial author of *Our Boys*, Henry J. Byron, who had just taken on the management of the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, in succession to William Copeland, who had recently retired, and who died the following May. Sullivan opened here on October 15th, appearing as Hamlet before "one of the most crowded houses that ever gladdened a manager's eyes," to quote the words of the *Daily Post*. The same cordial greeting was accorded him as of old, each auditor vieing with the other in the warmth of their welcoming cheers. Old Liverpool playgoers may wish to call to mind the names of those who then acted in conjunction with Sullivan.

The cast was as follows:—Hamlet, Barry Sullivan; Claudius, Frederick Cooke; Polonius, C. Marshall; Horatio, B. de Solla; First Grave-digger, W. Worboys; Ghost, James Brade; First Actor, C. Appleby; Laertes, Henry Fletcher; Queen Gertrude, Mrs Walton; Ophelia, Miss Hill.

Much Ado About Nothing, *Richelieu*, *Merchant of Venice* (with Miss Annie Ness as Portia), *The Stranger*, *Lady of Lyons*, *The Wife*, *Macbeth*, *Richard the Third*, *Henry IV.*, *Hamlet*, and *Don Cæsar de Bazan* formed Sullivan's repertoire during his three weeks' engagement.

On November 5th he reappeared in Manchester (at the Queen's Theatre) after an absence of seven years.

After a fortnight's stay here he visited Bradford for six nights. At the Royal Alexandra Theatre here, Mr Arthur Williams, the popular London comedian of our day, supported the tragedian in the following parts:—Dogberry, Launcelot Gobbo, Roderigo, De Beringhein (*Richelieu*), First Witch (*Macbeth*), and First Grave-digger (*Hamlet*). The verdict of this comedian on the "great man" is worth recording—"I always found him very affable and

nice to anyone who knew their business and were perfect, but fearfully 'down' on anybody imperfect and slovenly."

Crossing to Ireland Barry Sullivan began a three weeks' engagement at the Belfast Theatre Royal on St Stephen's night with the *Lady of Lyons*.

The scene in the old theatre in Arthur Street when "Barry"—as his Irish audiences had begun to call him—stepped on the stage that night baffles description. According to the *Northern Whig*, cheering and the waving of handkerchiefs and hats was the order of the night. Sullivan was supported by Miss Ellen Wallis as Pauline, and J. Beveridge as Beauseant. The Belfast theatre was now under the management of J. F. Warden, who, previous to making the northern capital his home, had been leading actor at the Queen's Theatre in Dublin for a few years.

On the last night of the year (1866) Warden played Richmond to Sullivan's Richard the Third, and proved himself to be a very capable swordsman as well as actor, a *rara avis* dearly prized by our hero.

On the nights that Sullivan played Richelieu, Miss Jenny Bellair (afterwards Mrs J. F. Warden) gave great satisfaction to the "star" by her intelligent portrayal of the boy, François, who is to know "no such word as fail."

"A better Richelieu never walked our stage," was the candid opinion expressed by the *Ulster Observer*. "Look, gait, manner, voice, attitude—every minutiæ on which the slightest effect depended—every touch and shade which the portrait needed were given with an accuracy which was too precise not to have been given at the expense of inconceivable labour, but which was so natural and so well-timed that the idea of effort was completely banished from the spectator's mind."

Much curiosity was evinced by Belfast playgoers to see

Barry Sullivan play Othello, as one and all retained a vivid remembrance of their idol, G. V. Brooke, in the part. Accordingly on the evening of January 7th, 1867, the Arthur Street theatre was crowded to its utmost limits; expectation shone on every face; excitement rose to its zenith; everyone awaited the result of what was regarded as a trial of genius. Sullivan's self-possession was, as usual, undisturbed. Some even noticed a greater firmness than usual in his tread, and that his voice was more clear and decisive. As the tragedy advanced his power was gradually felt, and the impression which he made upon his audience has never been equalled in that city.

During the next three months he visited Paisley, Aberdeen, and Glasgow, renewing acquaintance with many old friends in his journeyings through Scotland. At the Paisley Theatre Royal his engagement followed that of Walter Montgomery—the most promising and most unfortunate of actors. Hamlet was Montgomery's trump-card, and, naturally, Sullivan's impersonation of the prince was judged by the standard the former had put before them. The *Paisley Gazette*, acting as chief spokesman for the local playgoers, said: "Walter Montgomery's portraiture was an artistic production, abounding in fine touches of light and shade; too ideal perhaps. It was left to Barry Sullivan to give us an impersonation which the most fastidious could not take exception to."

Neither the supernumeraries nor the scenery—or rather what did duty for scenery—at this theatre impressed Sullivan with the up-to-date notions of the manager. A story is told that on the morning of a *Macbeth* night Sullivan at rehearsal was doubtful about the character of the scenery he was likely to be treated to. Accordingly he demanded of the scene painter to let him see the "Heath"

scene. The "cloth" was duly lowerd on to the stage from the "flies," and as the tragedian inspected it in the broad daylight the mildest thing that could be said about it was, that it was very faded. Time the destroyer had almost obliterated all the paint from the canvas. "What is that, Sir?" demanded Sullivan of the Hawes Craven of the town. "That's the 'Blasted Heath,' Sir." "Blasted Heath do you call it," roared Sullivan. "I call it a blasted insult, Sir; I'll have none of it."

A cordial reception greeted him next week at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, where he had the good fortune to be supported by such an accomplished actress as Miss Leclercq.

After a few months' rest during the summer, Barry Sullivan returned to London to enter on a six weeks' engagement at Drury Lane, still under Chatterton's management. Here he was again associated with Samuel Phelps and Mrs Herman Vezin.

His opening night was October 22nd, when he played Macbeth to the Lady Macbeth of Mrs Vezin, and the Macduff of John Ryder, his old time comrade in Edinburgh. During the first week Sullivan and Phelps played Macbeth on alternate nights. On the following Monday the *Lady of Lyons* was revived, with Mrs Herman Vezin as Pauline, John Ryder as Damas, and Sullivan as Claude Melnotte. The *Standard* (October 29th) thus reported Sullivan's performance:—

"An unusually large audience assembled at Drury Lane last night to assist at another revival of Lord Lytton's famous *Lady of Lyons*. There was very much to win general acceptance in Mr Sullivan's personation of the young and gallant, although most singularly erring, lover of the proud but womanly Lyons beauty. He throughout looked and maintained the character, and distinctly revived in the minds of his audience the various phases of fortune and of feeling

through which he was supposed to have been passing. The performance was, indeed, one of those unmistakable successes which occasionally come to gladden the hearts of theatrical managers."

Considering that Charles Fechter was playing the same character at the Lyceum simultaneously with Barry Sullivan, it is easy to know which player was the most popular with Londoners, when we read that "unusually large audiences" crowded Drury Lane.

At the close of this engagement Sullivan once more set out on a "starring" tour, opening at the Royal Amphitheatre in Leeds on the 1st of December, and a fortnight later at Weston's theatre in Bolton. The opening days of 1868 saw him back again in Belfast at Warden's theatre, supported by the versatile manager and Messrs Swanton and Beveridge, Mrs Stanton, Miss Sarah Thorne, and Miss Grace Montford, in *Richard the Third*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *The Wife*, etc.

After Barry Sullivan left Drury Lane, Manager Chatterton found that Samuel Phelps was not drawing a good paying house, and as that tragedian was only engaged to play on alternate nights, the actor engaged to play "second heavies" in the stock company barely drew sufficient money to pay the band. Ruin seemed inevitable to the manager; in fact he openly declared that "Shakespeare spelt ruin." At this crisis Chatterton sent Barry Sullivan an offer of seventy-five pounds a night for an engagement of five weeks, the stipulation being that he should play his Colley Cibber version of *Richard the Third* on his first night and on every alternate night during the first two weeks.

Doubtless Sullivan found this handsome offer sufficiently tempting for him to bring his provincial tour to an abrupt end, for by the 8th of February he was back again in London at his chambers in Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park.

The 18th of February 1868 was the date fixed for his reappearance on the stage of Drury Lane as the crookbacked King. It was felt by many critics and playgoers that this character, so widely different from Hamlet, would greatly test his powers, and they were naturally on the tip-toe of expectation. Chatterton and his satellites took unusual interest in the revival; rehearsals were frequent, and new scenery and properties were got ready for the occasion.

For a few hours before the opening of the theatre on the first night the doors were besieged by eager throngs who blocked the thoroughfare. A very short time sufficed to fill the enormous building, until the old walls almost bulged. The pit that night was a memorable spectacle; seldom had that tribunal been so highly charged with anxiety, impatience, and enthusiasm. Excitement and expectation could be read in every face; the "new Richard" was the theme of every tongue, and the speculations concerning his success were warmly discussed by the old playgoers, who remembered the elder Kean in the part.

As Barry Sullivan entered on the stage in the second scene speaking Gloster's introductory speech—

> "Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer by this son of York."

the whole audience rose and greeted him with deafening cheers, then in a few moments the house was hushed and the play proceeded. Sullivan's beautiful, bell-like voice fell like music on the ears of his hearers as he delivered the famous opening soliloquy, which is nearly forty lines in length. A round of applause burst forth when he had finished it, and it appeared to be agreed by all present that a great actor stood before them. His scene with Lady Anne was conceded to be one of the best ever seen on that stage. This is one of the best scenes in the whole tragedy for a performer to show

how much of an actor he is. The contrast between the hatred and contempt for Richard which Lady Anne expresses when she first comes in, and the mildness and suavity to which she is reduced just before making her exit, is violent, but we are led up to it so slowly, so gradually, and so artfully, that all the versatility of the actor is required to paint the vivid course of Gloster's subtle logic. This was one of Sullivan's strongest scenes. He awoke interest from the very first words, "Sweet saint, be not so hard for charity," with which the interview commences. The honeyed hypocrisy of that address was the key-note of all the lies and cunning, the grim humour and the simulated repentance that were to come after.

The hold thus obtained over the audience was repeated in the answers to Lady Anne when she reminds him that the soul of King Henry is in Heaven—

> "Was I not kind to send him thither, then?
> He was much fitter for that place than earth."

The dark and lurid humour which a bad man feels when anticipating the success of his own depravity, was also finely indicated in Sullivan's enunciation of Richard's sentence, meant to be self-descriptive—

> "The self same name but one of softer nature."

Another remarkable scene was that in the third act between Gloster and Lady Anne, after she had become his wife. In this scene Barry Sullivan seated himself in a chair, and a portion of Lady Anne's appeal to him was made kneeling. This deepened the effect; it gave a stronger colour to the brutality of Richard, but not stronger than was warranted by the version of the play he used. Sullivan was also particularly happy in his rendering of the interview with Buckingham and the Aldermen who come to

offer Gloster the crown. He was true to the profound hypocrisy of the character. The interview over and the Aldermen departed, then came the moment when hypocrisy was to be thrown off and the man, left alone, could enjoy the luxury of being natural. Most actors in interpreting this moment take the prayer-book which Richard is supposed to have been reading and hurl it aloft with exultation. Sullivan gave a different rendering, and one which appears to be better, because more in consonance with the contempt in which Richard held the good and pure. He took the prayer-book, looked at it for a moment, and then dashed it contemptuously upon the ground. No action could better express the disdain of a strong, cunning, and cruel nature, that despises the virtue it has been simulating, and despises the prayer-book as one of the aids in the dissimulation.

But Sullivan's most impressive scene was that of the usurper's dream. It was admittedly a most careful and powerful study. He made the whole of this scene in accordance with the horrors of nightmare, when the sufferer, during the dream which appals him, utters low and inarticulate moans until, as the illusion reaches its climax, he finds vent in a shriek and starts up awake, but not fully relieved from the terrible thraldom.

The whole of this fearful scene was universally admitted to be intensely impressive. At the close of the dream he started up and tottering forward fell face downward on the stage and lay there for some moments, vividly illustrating Richard's inability to recover himself sufficiently to face the dawning light. The death scene, too, where, crawling on one knee he fought to the last, was one of the most startlingly picturesque treatments ever seen on the London stage.

Mrs Herman Vezin was Lady Anne; Henry Sinclair, Richmond; and James M'Intyre, Buckingham, on this

eventful night. The excitement the whole performance created was intense, and when the curtain fell deafening cheers rang through the house for several minutes. Let us take a glance at the press criticisms. The accomplished dramatic critic of *The Times*, John Oxenford, said:

"The revival of Colley Cibber's version of Shakespeare's *Richard the Third* attracted a very numerous audience, as might indeed have been expected in the case of a play of which the young of the present generation have heard their fathers talk very much, but which they themselves have had few opportunities of seeing. With Garrick, Cooke, and Edmund Kean, the name of Gloster became successively associated. Barry Sullivan, by his performance of Gloster, has advanced greatly with the London public. The very fact that without making an apparent effort he renders every word perfectly audible and delivers his dialogue with faultless elocution, is of itself worthy of high consideration. That he is sufficiently insinuating in the first scene with Lady Anne, and that he rendered prominent the artfulness of Richard's character cannot be doubted. Whenever boldness and determination are to be displayed he is eminently satisfactory. The last scenes are unquestionably the most striking, and it is not too much to say that from the appearance of Richard with his army at the end of the fourth act, to the fall of the curtain, the house was kept in a state of excitement rarely produced by the revival of an old play. The unflinching resolution of the King; his recovery after the effects of the dream; the desperate courage of his last movements; and lastly, the single combat, capitally fought, show a masculine spirit in Barry Sullivan, and a mastery over the great points in the part in all of which he could not be surpassed. He has carefully embodied all the traditions that have been connected with Richard the Third

since the days of Edmund Kean, and wields them as easily as if they resulted from the inspiration of the moment."

During the nights that Sullivan played Richard, Drury Lane was crowded from floor to ceiling, and Chatterton's only regret was that the big theatre was not larger and that the season was drawing to an early close. After eight performances of *Richard III.* the programme was altered to the *Merchant of Venice*, in which Sullivan and Samuel Phelps alternated the part of Shylock for four nights. In that they were supported by Mrs Herman Vezin as Portia; Miss Hudspeth as Nerissa; Miss Stuart as Jessica; and Edmund Phelps, Sinclair, M'Intyre, Barrett and Harcourt in the chief male characters. Of Sullivan's Shylock the *Era* said: "Although less known in this part to the London public than Phelps, the vivid portraiture of the relentless Jew as presented by Barry Sullivan *must* command *equal* admiration. It was throughout a performance of undeniable ex cellence."

Next followed *The Wonder* and *The School for Scandal*, with Sullivan as Don Felix in the former, and Charles Surface in the latter. Don Felix is a rôle in which almost all our great actors have at different times shown themselves. Sullivan pleased the most fastidious by an excellent impersonation of the gay, gallant, amorous and jealous Spaniard. His bearing was brave and soldierly, and the shades of apprehension, mistrust, and rage, through which the mind of this befooled and hoodwinked, if dearly loved cavalier, passed, were delicately and discriminatingly marked.

He was now an established favourite in the metropolis; the only capable tragedian the London stage could boast, Fechter or Phelps not excepted.

Chatterton announced the close of his dramatic season for March 21st (as Mapelson's Italian Opera Company required

the house), and the 13th was set aside for a benefit performance for Barry Sullivan. On this occasion he appeared as Hamlet for the first time on Drury's stage. The *Era* reports that a crowded and fashionable audience assembled, and that his performance created a *furore*.

The stage entrance of Drury Lane Theatre was guarded at this period by a noted character named Stride. He was of a particularly severe aspect and demeanour. Next to beadles and toll-takers there was no class of persons so capable of inspiring awe as the old-time stage-door keepers—those antitheses to turnkeys, whose business it was to sit in a lodge, reversing the ordinary duty of a gaoler, and occasionally occupied in keeping creditors from going in, instead of debtors from coming out.

Stride—the supers called him Jemmy—was a fine specimen of his class, and he kept the hall of Old Drury, whose fortunes Balsir Chatterton governed. He had been in that situation for very many years, and outlived half a dozen lessees. He was a walking—or rather sitting encyclopædia of all things theatrical. He recollected every year in which any play had been produced, how long it ran, what time it took to get it up, and who acted in it. And yet, with all this, it was said that he once admitted never to have seen a play in his life; nor did he enjoy a very clear idea of what a dramatic representation was like, being only conscious that the performers wore dresses different to what they came or went in, from having seen some of them occasionally come down to speak to acquaintances inside his wicket.

His own costume was of such an old-world pattern and cut that it should be seen to be realised. To borrow a phrase from Mark Twain, it must have been designed by a tailor in *delirium tremens*. But it was for his hat that

he became noted to many. His hat, a tall silk one, given him by some generous friend, always glistened like a steel helmet. No one ever saw it spotted by rain nor speckled with dust; everyone else's hat, be it only an hour old, seemed dull and gloomy in the presence of Stride's incomparable "tile." The story went that a private detective once received instructions to discover the reason, but could trace the mystery no further than a certain shop where every morning one hat would be left in exchange for another of the exact same shape and glossiness. There was a force in his speech, and a roughness in his manner that frightened the timid out of their wits by the awful "Sir," or "Madam" with which he answered all inquiries. Indeed, to form a picture of him, exaggerated but characteristic, imagine Dr Johnson if he had taken to drinking, come to distress, and then provided by Garrick with the situation.

Easter Monday 1868 (April 14th) found Barry Sullivan in Liverpool, where he opened a three weeks' engagement at the Royal Amphitheatre, now managed by Miss M. E. Copeland. His late remarkable success as Richard the Third induced him to put it in the bill for his first night in preference to *Hamlet*, which heretofore was his usual opening piece. He was supported by J. Brade as Richmond; J. Lunt as King Henry; Adam Leffler as Tressell; F. Sheppard as Buckingham; Miss Beatrice Shirley as Queen Elizabeth; Miss M. Cooper as Lady Anne; and Mrs Garland as the Duchess of York. The repertoire for the eighteen nights consisted of *The Stranger*, *The Wonder*, *Richelieu*, *Hamlet*, *The Gamester*, *The Wife*, *Othello*, *The Lady of Lyons*, *The School for Scandal*, and six performances of *Richard the Third*.

On the evenings that he appeared as Don Felix in Centlivere's comedy, Sullivan had the assistance of that

excellent actress Miss Kate Saville, who, by her charming and spirited performance, lent additional interest to the character of Donna Violante. On the *School for Scandal* nights he was equally fortunate in having two such excellent comedians as David Fisher (the elder) and Joseph Eldred, both members of Miss Copeland's new stock company, for the parts of Sir Peter Teazle and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

"It is not every actor, nor three or four actors, that can crowd the Amphitheatre every night for three weeks," said the *Liverpool Post*. "It is only Barry Sullivan who could attract an audience like that which assembled last night (April 30th) within the huge house in Great Charlotte Street. Not only was every seat in the vast building occupied, but where chairs were available they were brought into requisition; and where their use was impossible people had to be content with standing and being crushed—not merely in the pit and gallery, but in the boxes. Surely a scene like this is worth seeing of itself independent of the entertainment. Empty benches, consequent on bad theatrical catering [a hard rub at poor H. J. Byron's management], have too long been the rule; and, as superficial commentators have drawn the startling deduction that the stage has declined, we are glad to witness so powerful an argument in favour of an opinion we have long expressed, that good plays and good actors will always draw large audiences."

Barry Sullivan's share of the receipts for the three weeks, it may be mentioned, amounted to £1000.

After his usual summer's rest he commenced another starring tour on October 1st, opening this time at the Halifax theatre, followed by a visit to Bolton. The 11th of this month saw him back again at the Liverpool Amphi-

theatre for another three weeks' engagement. After his usual round of tragic characters during the first two weeks, Sullivan stepped out of his repertory of serious parts and gave a representation of Sir John Falstaff (*King Henry IV.*, Part 1) to a delighted audience on the 26th. Two nights later an accident happened to him which brought this engagement to an abrupt termination. The play this evening was *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, in which Sullivan as usual played the reckless Don to the Maritana of Miss Kate Saville. During the last scene the audience noticed, at the part where Don Cæsar rushes on to confront the King, that Sullivan's foot slipped, with the result that he appeared to suffer great pain during the remainder of the performance. It transpired that one of the narrow "slopes," chiefly noticeable by the public at pantomime time, had not been properly closed. In rushing on the stage he trod on the unsupported "slope," which was covered by a carpet. Of course the trap gave way, and he fell forward; fortunately he caught hold of a chair for support, else his leg would have been broken. His right ankle, however, was found to be seriously sprained, and a medical gentleman, Dr Lythe, who was in the theatre, volunteered his services. It was expected that, beyond a little pain, no serious inconvenience would arise from the accident. However, on the following morning, the pain becoming worse, Surgeon Bickersteth and Dr Lythe were summoned, and they decided it would be dangerous for Sullivan to attempt to appear at the theatre for several nights. To their advice he reluctantly had to yield. *Richard the Third* was set down for the following night, and, not to disappoint the large audience which had assembled, the management sent on Mr Brade (Sullivan's understudy here) to play Gloster. During the day Mr Leslie (Miss Copeland's director) telegraphed to Dublin for T. C.

King, who duly arrived and played Richelieu, Julien St Pierre, and Macbeth on the remaining three nights of this week.

Under Surgeon Bickersteth's skilful care Barry Sullivan was able to be up and about in a week, and so far recovered that he journeyed to Bristol and made his début in the city of his schoolboy days as Hamlet, on November 9th, to a crowded house at the new Theatre Royal.

This, his first engagement in Bristol, was confined to one week, and during the six nights he played Hamlet, Richelieu, Richard the Third, Benedick, the Stranger, and Don Felix. What a flood of recollections must have crowded in on him when he called to mind with what eagerness he used to wait outside the old theatre thirty-four years previously to see Macready in the very same parts!

Old Bristol playgoers had repeatedly witnessed the elder Kean's Richard and Macready's Richelieu: and they now pronounced Sullivan's subtle personations perfect.

Prior to returning to Liverpool to satisfy those of his patrons who were deprived of witnessing some of his impersonations last month owing to his accident, Sullivan played for six nights at the Bath Theatre Royal. The company that supported him here included such well-known members of the profession as Miss S. Thorne and Messrs Charles Coghlan and Edward Terry.

Owing to the Liverpool Amphitheatre being let for the Gladstone-Grenfell meetings, Manager H. Leslie reopened the commodious old Theatre Royal in Williamson Square for Sullivan on December 2nd, and here for twelve nights he played Richard the Third, Beverley, Macbeth, Falstaff, Alfred Evelyn, Hamlet and Othello. It was twenty-two years since he last trod this stage, a stage from which the genius of George Frederick Cooke, Junius Booth, and

Edmund Kean shone in all its lustre. Sullivan opened in *Richard the Third*, and, as the *Daily Post* remarked, a more appropriate character could not have been selected. "In Barry Sullivan's rendering," said that Journal, "we have the glories of the past revived. A character that often becomes something like a mountebank in the hands of even 'respectable actors' is elevated to the pedestal which it maintained for years on the English stage."

A week later we find Sullivan at the Belfast theatre, in accordance with the arrangement made with Manager Warden to give a round of the "legitimate" to the Northmen during the Christmas holidays, as they preferred to sit out the inanities of pantomime later on in the dog days.

Possibly within the recollection of the oldest playgoer in Belfast, no more crowded or brilliant audience was ever previously attracted within the walls of their theatre than that which assembled on the evening of January 8th, 1869. Even the presence of Charles Dickens, who was giving his farewell "Readings" in the Ulster Hall, had not the slightest effect on the attendance at the Arthur Street theatre, the occasion being Sullivan's "benefit" and last night but one in Belfast for several months to come. The performance this evening consisted of *Richelieu* and *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, with Miss Kate Saville as Julie and Maritana.

Though Barry Sullivan had now reached the highest point in his profession, and had gained more wealth than he had ever dreamt of possessing, still his ambition was to own and manage a theatre in London on the same lines as he had done in Melbourne. That it was a hazardous undertaking he was well aware, but nothing daunted him once he had set his mind on any project. He was not many days in London after his return from Ireland before he chose the Holborn Theatre, which to him appeared a most desirable house. It

was a comparatively new theatre, built on the site of the present First Avenue Hotel. It was originally opened in October 1866 by Sefton Parry, who produced the sporting drama, *The Flying Scud*, with George Belmore as the jockey, Nat Gosling. This proved a success, but it was a solitary one. Parry retired with a light purse in 1868, and the house was then leased by Miss Fanny Josephs, who in turn willingly handed the managerial reins to Barry Sullivan. He embarked on the perilous waters of theatre management on May 1st, 1869, with a capable company. It consisted of Mrs Herman Vezin, Mrs Charles Horsman, Miss Jane Rignold, Miss Louisa Thorne, Miss Amy Fawsitt, Miss Maude Howard, Miss R. Power, Miss Marlborough, Messrs George Honey, W. H. Stephens, A. Bernard, Charles Coghlan, J. C. Cowper, Lin Rayne, E. Dyas, J. Bains, W. Arthur, Charles Horsman, David Evans, T. Carlton, E. Cotte.

Barry Sullivan inaugurated his first season on Saturday, May 1st, with Lytton's comedy, *Money*. Money! the mainspring of so many human actions in every-day life, and the *raison d'être* of so much that we see around us!

The cast of characters was as follows :—

Alfred Evelyn,	Barry Sullivan.
Captain Dudley Smooth,	J. C. Cowper.
Sir Frederick Blount,	Charles Coghlan.
Mr Graves,	George Honey.
Lord Glossmore,	Lin Rayne.
Sir John Vesey,	W. H. Stephens.
Mr Stout,	A. Bernard.
Georgina Vesey,	Miss Louisa Thorne.
Lady Franklin,	Mrs Charles Horsman.
Clara Douglas,	Mrs Herman Vezin.

The little theatre in Holborn looked its very best on this opening night, and the audience which filled it from floor to roof were most enthusiastic in their reception of the new manager and his company. Great praise was bestowed on

the business manager (Mr Thomas Amory Sullivan) for the taste displayed by him in the auditorium.

No need to quote any of the press criticisms on Barry Sullivan's Alfred Evelyn. All were unanimous in their praise for his natural and careful portrayal of the part. Of Mrs Vezin's Clara Douglas, the remark of the *Morning Post*, that "she played it as she plays all her characters, with abundant fervour and eloquent earnestness," echoes all the other notices of her performance. The acting, too, of that inimitable comedian, George Honey, as the lugubrious Graves, and of Coghlan, Rayne, Stephens, and Cowper, came in for universal commendation; while the mere mention of the fact that the comedy was played to good houses every night until June 20th—a run of seven weeks—was a tolerably clear proof of the success of the new management so far.

Sullivan's personal popularity in London was great, and the public were not slow to recognise the good and laudable principles upon which he conducted his theatre. Even *Punch*, that mirthful observer of men and things, could not pass by unnoticed the new order of affairs dramatic in the heart of the metropolis. In his issue of May 15th, we find him soliloquising thus:—

"You will certainly have your money's worth if you go to the Holborn Theatre and see *Money*, which all who are glad to have the opportunity of again enjoying a play by one of our old masters in comedy, Lord Lytton, more commonly known as Bulwer, must heartily wish it may pay the new lessee, Mr Barry Sullivan, to have reproduced. In *Money*, as it may now be seen on the Holborn boards, there is good acting, *sterling good acting*, and the attention given to it by the house proves that the taste for excellent substantial English fare, when well served up, is not yet spoilt by indulgence in those more highly seasoned relishes in which the flavours and spices

of French cookery are sometimes rather too predominant. The intervals between the acts are judiciously short, and the piece is handsomely placed upon the stage. So in your theatrical programme do not omit to include a *Money*-box."

Carrying out his declared policy of producing only dramas of the highest class, Barry Sullivan's next attraction was Sheridan's *chef-d'œuvre, The School for Scandal.* This he placed before his patrons on Saturday, June 19th, with "a luxuriousness of scenery, a splendour of dress, a general efficiency of cast, and a completeness of detail," as the *Standard* said, which fully justified the very flattering reception accorded it.

The characters in it were distributed as follows:—

Charles Surface,	Barry Sullivan.
Sir Peter Teazle,	W. H. Stephens.
Joseph Surface,	J. C. Cowper.
Sir Benjamin Backbite,	Charles Coghlan.
Crabtree,	George Honey.
Moses,	A. Bernard,
Careless,	Lin Rayne.
Mrs Candour,	Mrs Horsman.
Lady Sneerwell,	Miss Louisa Thorne.
Maria,	Miss Jane Rignold.
Lady Teazle,	Mrs Herman Vezin.

Of Barry Sullivan's portraiture of Charles Surface, the dramatic critic of the *Standard* (Desmond Ryan) said it would be hard to conceive a more finished high comedy impersonation.

The *Era* drew special attention to the costuming of the piece, remarking that "the dresses and the general getting up of the comedy could not be improved upon; indeed the brilliancy of the costumes was something uncommon."

The *Athenæum*, too, was of opinion that the comedy was played with more regard to costume and decoration than had been exhibited in any performance in London. Sullivan's

Charles Surface, it said, "rose from above the level of modern performances of comedy; it is bright, impetuous, and devil-may-care; its animal spirits accounting for and redeeming a little over-boisterousness with which it might be reproached."

Charles Surface was always a favourite character with Barry Sullivan. His impersonation suggested more of the moral soundness which Sheridan intended his favourite to get credit for, and, at the same time, more of that strength either in good or ill which would be likely to make the gay profligate formidable in the opinions of persons to whom a mere rattlebrain would not have seemed particularly dangerous. Not that there was anything "preachy" or scowling in his impersonation. On the contrary, it was full of the gayest humour, and illustrated very forcibly the capacity he had for excelling in comedy.

Sheridan's comedy was repeated nightly for seven weeks until the end of July, when Sullivan closed the theatre for two months in order to give his company a rest and to effect some improvements in the auditorium.

The fact that Barry Sullivan had been able to attract audiences beyond the usual limits of the "season" to witness performances of *The School for Scandal* and *Money* gives an interest to his management. His stock company was not an overpowerful one, nor did he try to counterbalance any defect in that quarter by the common expedient of lavish upholstery or extravagant scene painting. During the recess he occupied himself with the improvements of his theatre. The entrance from Holborn was enlarged. The orchestra was reconstructed on a principle entirely new. The musicians, instead of extending from one side of the proscenium to the other, were confined to a semi-circle round their conductor, who sat facing them instead of having his back

turned upon the auditory. This allowed the "stalls" on each side to come closer to the stage, in a curvilinear direction. A "Royal box" was also constructed, and throughout the auditorium increased care had been taken that visitors to all parts should be comfortably seated.

At all times attractive, the little theatre bore a more than usually bright appearance when it reopened for the winter season on Saturday, 25th September 1869.

It was with no little surprise that Sullivan's patrons found that he had relinquished his original intention of producing only standard plays. It may have been due to this change of policy that the audience on the reopening night proved somewhat stern. The *pièce de résistance* was a three-act comedy entitled *Plain English,* being an "adaptation" by Thomas Morton of M. Théodore Barrière's *Les Parisiens de la Décadence,* in which M. Brindeau had achieved some success at the St James's Theatre the previous year.

The characters in the English version were cast as follows :—

Frank Blunt,	Barry Sullivan.
Timothy Martin,	George Honey.
Sir Frederick Fitzeasy,	J. C. Cowper.
Mr Brassy Harrell, M.P.,	W. Stephens.
Henry Rutland,	T. Carlton.
Balaam Gagg,	David Evans.
Reginald Harrell,	Lin Rayne.
St Leger de Main,	Charles Horsman.
Owen,	E. Dyas.
Cheek,	W. Arthur.
Constance Harrell,	Miss Jane Rignold.
Perdita,	Miss Maud Howard.
Mrs Harrell,	Mrs Herman Vezin.

The action of the play was too long, and on its first production the antics of two "comic" men-servants went very near damning it. Sullivan made the most of the young sculptor, Blunt, who by his "Plain English" unmasks the

villany of the retired pawnbroker, Timothy Martin, and rescues his adopted child, Perdita, from an unhappy marriage.

As was to be expected, news of the "English Version" of M. Barrière's play was soon noised in the French capital. *L'International* of October 7th had the following comment:—"La pièce est sauvée par le talent que déploient M. Barry Sullivan. M. Sullivan y est admirable de verve et d'ironie fine et mordante. M. Sullivan possède un de ces talents souples et élastiques qui se plient à toutes les circonstances. Il est aussi à l'aise sous la cotte de maille de Macbeth que sous la redingote de Desgenais. Ce n'est pas sa faute s'il ne parvient pas à rendre sympathique le personnage de Blunt."

After the first few performances Sullivan had the comedy pruned and the action made closer, but it achieved only a *succès d'estime*. After being in the bills for eighteen nights it was replaced by Edward Moore's tragedy, *The Gamester*, on October 16th. The characters in it were distributed as follows:—

Beverley,	Barry Sullivan.
Stukely,	J. C. Cowper.
Dawson,	C. Horsman.
Jarvis,	W. H. Stephens.
Lewson,	Lin Rayne.
Bates,	J. Lunt.
Charlotte,	Miss Jane Rignold.
Lucy,	Miss Maude Howard.
Mrs Beverley,	Mrs Herman Vezin.

This play is, of its kind, a work of consummate art, and in spite of some drawbacks always moved unsophisticated audiences when adequately acted. By nearly ruining his Gamester before the first act of five has begun the author increased the difficulty of his task, and it is impossible not to admire the variety of situation which he has introduced, after imposing upon himself a condition which seemed to render

variety almost impossible. The scene between Stukely and Beverley, where the former persuades the latter to dispose of his wife's jewels; the cheerful abandonment of the jewels by the devoted wife; the dishonourable proposals of Stukely to Mrs Beverley, and her rejection of his suit; the despair of the utterly ruined Beverley in the gaming house and in the street, and the last scene with the suicide, form so many distinct situations that present themselves so strongly marked to the spectator, and imprint themselves on his memory. Then the characters, in spite of the tendency of the dialogue to destroy individuality, are, under the circumstances, very clearly brought out. Feminine devotion, ever trusting and believing, where there are no grounds either for trust or belief, was never more forcibly depicted by any dramatist than in the character of Mrs Beverley. Of thorough-paced villains of the Iago type, Stukely is an excellent specimen, the cynical passages put into his mouth rising far above the general level of the discourse. Though far from being a tragedy of the first order of merit, it has held possession of the stage for more than a century, and the part of Beverley has been played by almost every tragedian of his day.

The history of the play is curious in itself. It met with little success on its first production at Drury Lane, although Garrick performed the part of Beverley, and Mrs Pritchard that of Mrs Beverley. It is recorded that the general cry against it was, that "the distress was too deep to be borne." It was the acting of Mrs Siddons and John Kemble, who both appeared in this play at Drury Lane in November 1783, which first brought it into prominent notice. From that period it gradually rose to be a "stock" play, and a favourite of actors and managers.

The *Times* critic (John Oxenford), noticing Barry Sullivan's revival of it at the Holborn Theatre, said: "His impersonation

of Beverley is one of the most powerful performances now to be seen in London. The wild look, the staggering gait, the disordered attire, the inconsequent gestures of Barry Sullivan are in the highest degree impressive. His acting in the last scene—the slow death—is elaborated with wonderful minuteness and force, and we can fairly affirm that we do not often see a more striking tableau than that which terminates the tale of the *Gamester* at the Holborn Theatre."

On November 13th *The Lady of Lyons* replaced the *Gamester*, which had been played for twenty-four nights. On the first night of the revival of Bulwer's play our reigning King and Queen honoured the Holborn with their presence, and on leaving the theatre expressed to Barry Sullivan the great pleasure they had derived from the performance.

The *Times* had the following notice of the performance: —"The revival of *The Lady of Lyons* on Saturday night furnishes one instance more of the judgment and spirit of enterprise that distinguishes Mr Barry Sullivan's management of the Holborn Theatre. He makes it a principle to give no sign of carelessness. His programme is seldom varied, and whenever a change occurs we may be perfectly certain that it is not for the mere sake of change, but that a permanent success is intended. *The Lady of Lyons* has clearly been selected, not merely because it is a popular play, but also because it is well suited to the company."

"There was a buoyancy in the performance of Mr Sullivan as Claude Melnotte," wrote John Oxenford in the next day's *Times*, "which exactly expresses the sanguine aspiring temper of the youth, and which makes the part peculiarly his own. It would be hard to point out a piece where the accessories are more beautiful or less obtrusive."

The old farce, *The Lottery Ticket*, with George Honey as

Wormwood, concluded the performance every evening during the four weeks' run of *The Lady of Lyons.*

The next revival Barry Sullivan had in store for his patrons was George Lovell's five-act romantic play, *Love's Sacrifice.* It was put in the bills on December 11th, with the following cast:—Mathew Elmore, Barry Sullivan; Paul Lafont, J. C. Cowper; Eugene de l'Orme, Lin Rayne; Jean Rusé, George Honey; St Lo, Charles Horsman; Hermine de l'Orme, Miss Rignold; Manon, Mrs Horsman; Jenny, Miss Amy Fawsitt; and Margaret Elmore, Mrs Herman Vezin.

The vitality of this play, which was written for and originally acted by John Vandenhoff, is due not merely to the fact that it provides two excellent parts for any leading actor and actress qualified for their assumption, but to the reason that it also affords an interesting story, clearly told in forcible language.

Sullivan played the part of Elmore as if it had been written expressly for him. He looked the part to the life, and in his passionate repentance for past errors, forcibly appealed to the sympathies of the audience. Most powerfully and impressively did he bring out the strong points of the part; notably the representation of the amazement and alarm which Elmore is betrayed into exhibiting when Eugene first speaks of his father's death, and the revelation of his own remorse and misery which he gives in the description of the feelings of a supposed murderer.

During the Christmas season the programme at the Holborn failed to attract paying houses, and as Sullivan's managerial venture had, so far, resulted in a loss of close on eight thousand pounds, he, with characteristic prudence, decided to relinquish the idea of further catering for the patrons of the drama in that quarter of the metropolis. Accordingly it was announced to the company that the last performance of *Love's*

Sacrifice would be given on Saturday, January 16th, 1870, and that after that evening the theatre would be closed.

That Barry Sullivan should have sustained such a loss after only eight months' tenancy of this theatre is not to be wondered at, having regard to the heavy expense he incurred in refitting and decorating the house, the liberality with which he put each play on the stage and the all-round good players he engaged, and the good salaries he paid them. If confirmation of the statement that he spared no expense on the proper presentation of his revivals be needed, it is only necessary to quote the following comment by F. G. Tomlins, one of the most accomplished Shakespearean scholars on the London Press, in the *Weekly Times* of December 19th, 1869 :—

"Mr Sullivan's long experience and knowledge of the stage and its requirements give him great advantages, which he bestows in the most effective manner in the production of each revival. His taste and forethought are visible in every scene, and he places his pieces on the stage with a completeness in reference to every detail that is seldom seen, even in these days of elaboration. He does not seek after mere show, but aims at correctness, combined with a needful display, in accordance with the requirements of the play as regards time and place."

In many respects the plays presented by Sullivan were as well sustained as the existing condition of the London stage would allow. Applause and patronage were not wanting, but the latter did not take sufficiently substantial forms during the last season. In plain terms, the expenses were in excess of the receipts. The position of his theatre—midway between Eastern and Western London—greatly interfered with its success, not only in regard to the class of entertain-

ment he submitted to the public, but also with reference to the productions of previous managers.

A few years later Horace Wigan, a well-known actor, became the lessee and renamed it the Mirror Theatre, and later the Duke's Theatre. Many were its managers from year to year, but one and all retired with light purses, until July 4th, 1880, when the doomed house was burned to the ground, and was never rebuilt as a theatre.

Previous to retiring from the Holborn Theatre, Barry Sullivan, with his usual kindness, gave his assistance to a London committee which had charge of a "benefit" for Charles James Mathews. The benefit consisted of a morning performance of Sheridan's comedy, *The Critic*, at Covent Garden Theatre, on January 4th, 1870. The cast included most of the leading members of the profession then in London—

Dangle,	Alfred Wigan.
Sneer,	Barry Sullivan.
Puff, Plagiary,	Charles J. Mathews.
Under Prompter,	C. Mathews, jr.
Lord Burleigh,	J. B. Buckstone.
Governor of Tilbury Fort,	Frank Mathews.
Earl of Leicester,	John S. Clarke.
Sir Walter Raleigh,	Lionel Brough.
Beef Eater,	J. L. Toole.
Whiskerandos,	Henry Compton.
First Niece,	Mrs Keeley.
Second ditto,	Mrs Frank Mathews.
Tilburnia,	Mrs Charles Mathews.
Confidante.	Mrs Chippendale.

CHAPTER XXII

Sullivan again on tour—Osmond Tearle's reminiscences of him—Beerbohm Tree's and Richard Mansfield's tributes—Sullivan's début in Birmingham—His first performance in Dublin—Close of 1870 spring tour—The autumn and winter engagements—Sullivan invited to act in Paris—His Julien St Pierre—Death of Macready—Sullivan receives an offer of re-engagement in America—A farewell provincial tour—Edward Compton's recollections of Sullivan—Presentations to Sullivan—Banquet at Alexandra Palace—Lord Dunraven's tribute—Sullivan departs for New York.

Bidding adieu to his London friends Barry Sullivan immediately set out on a provincial tour extending over four months, during which period he visited Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Dublin, and Belfast.

In its report of his opening night at the Amphitheatre in Liverpool (February 5th, 1870), the *Daily Post* said: "Merely regarded as a scene of enthusiasm, his reception must live long in the memories of all who beheld it; followed as it was by, we do not hesitate to say, the finest representation of Hamlet seen on any stage for many years. The recollection of it can never be effaced."

His chief support on this occasion was James Fernandez as the Ghost; Sydney Davis, Polonius; J. Christie, The King; Fred Irish, the First Grave-digger; H. Tennison, Horatio; T. Shepherd, Laertes; Mrs Rudd, the Queen; and Miss Kate Saville, Ophelia.

One of the junior members of the stock company here this season was Osmond Tearle, then not quite eighteen years of age, but already giving evidence of considerable talent. This sterling actor, by his own laudable endeavours to keep alive a love for the Shakespearean drama in the great towns of

the United Kingdom, may now be looked upon as the last lineal descendant of the old traditional actors. His reminiscences of Barry Sullivan, as narrated to the writer of this memoir, will, no doubt, be read with interest, as they throw a side light on the character of the "great man," as he was dubbed by actors on the provincial circuit.

"In 1867, when I was only fifteen," relates Mr Tearle, "I went to see Barry Sullivan act in Liverpool. I simply worshipped him; and many and many a time I made one of the immense crowd that waited for hours outside the doors of the old Amphitheatre to see their favourite. I saw him play most of his favourite parts, and, amongst others, one I never again saw him play—the part of Master Walter in *The Hunchback*. But it lives in my memory as undoubtedly the best Master Walter I ever saw. I was then burning to go upon the stage, and so wrote to him for advice, enclosing a stamped envelope for a reply. I duly received my envelope back with these words written on the fold of it: 'I never advise anyone to go upon the stage.' When eventually I went upon the stage* in 1869 I endeavoured to obtain an engagement at the Amphitheatre, and in the spring of 1870 succeeded. One of the first 'stars' to visit us was Barry Sullivan. My feelings at meeting the famous actor I cannot describe. I was nervous enough at the idea, but was made doubly so by the remarks I heard made as to his bad temper and his rooted objection to young actors; which latter was made the most of by my fellow players. My first 'part' with him was Horatio, which I got through in such a manner as to be complimented by him. I need not say how proud I was. That he was truly pleased was shown in a marked

* George Osmond Tearle was born at Plymouth in March 1852, and entered the theatrical profession March 26th, 1869, at the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, appearing as Guildenstern to the Hamlet of Miss Adelaide Ross. He died on the 7th September 1901.

manner a day or two after. One of the company, Mr Lunt, a very old friend of Sullivan's, was taken ill; the piece to be played that night was *The Stranger*, in which I was cast for Count Wintersen, and Mr Lunt for Baron Steinfort. At rehearsal news came of Lunt's inability to attend, and the question arose who could play his part that night. What was my surprise to hear Barry Sullivan suggest that it should be given to me. Flattered, but frightened, I undertook to do it, and succeeded. He thanked me, and complimented me, and during his three weeks' engagement I played many parts of the like calibre. I met him often afterwards and never had anything but the pleasantest meetings. He took a particular interest in me, and in the following year, when we met again, he asked me if I would like to play "leading business," to which I of course replied "most certainly.' "Well," said he, "I must see what can be done." Upon his recommendation I was immediately engaged as "leading actor" at the old Theatre Royal in Aberdeen, where he formerly had been manager. I played with him afterwards in Belfast in 1874 when he was on his annual tour. That was my last meeting with him professionally. I met him once after that in London. I had just then made my first appearance before a London audience at the Gaiety Theatre. He stopped me as we met in Wellington Street, and congratulated me upon my successful début, and complimented me upon my performance in the play *Rose Michel.* I never saw him again! All my associations with him were more than pleasant, and I always looked forward with eager delight to his engagements. His strictness and discipline at rehearsals taught me more in the few times I met him than years of work. He it was who first fired me with ambition for the Shakespearean drama."

Mr Beerbohm Tree, the successful actor-manager, also

bears testimony, if any such were needed, to Sullivan's courtesy and kindness during his early stage career. Likewise Mr Richard Mansfield, a sterling actor better known and appreciated by American audiences than by Londoners, relates how he often met Barry Sullivan during his stay in London. His estimate of him is that "he was of a whole-souled, kindly, genial and benevolent nature; simple and unaffected; he neither strutted nor strode, and seemed to possess no desire to impress the beholders with the powers of his genius or by the oddity of his manners and attire." "I never, I regret to say," said Mr Mansfield, "saw him act *upon* the stage, and I am glad to say I never saw him act *off the stage*. We often strolled home together late o' nights, and we had many arguments and discussions amidst the fading cabbages and the waking daylight in Covent Garden."

To return to Sullivan's Liverpool engagement. A great desire was expressed to see him as Mathew Elmore, a part John Vandenhoff and Brooke had often played here. Accordingly, on February 14th, 1870, *Love's Sacrifice* was put in the bills for the first time.

There was an idea at the base of Barry Sullivan's rendering of the hero in this play which distinguished it from all others. Mathew Elmore must be played with a distinct contrast between the earlier and later scenes. Like his predecessors, Sullivan clearly established this contrast; but he did so on a different principle. The Vandenhoff and Brooke idea was to represent Elmore as a man of lordly mien, sustaining himself unbent by his terrible ever-present load. When the crash came, and the crime of his early life was brought home to him by the malignant Lafont, the contrast established was between the abjectness of the stricken criminal and the majestic demeanour of the same man in the earlier acts. Barry Sullivan's reading was different and

entirely original. His Mathew Elmore was, in the early acts, a man who, in spite of wealth, family happiness and universal esteem, is constantly depressed by the blood-guiltiness from which he could not escape, and of which he was constantly reminded by the unconscious children of his victim. The images that are ever present to his mind are revealed in the passionate speech into which he is betrayed when young Eugene probes the dull wound which only needs tenting to madden him with anguish. In this scene was concentrated the contrast which Barry Sullivan established between the two phases of Elmore's character. It was not so much a contrast between a splendid man and a crushed one, as between a man oppressed with melancholy and a man almost maddened with different operations of the same great anguish. The audience were wonderfully struck, as well they might be, with the scene, which first fully revealed to them this finely divided conception.

He was supported on this occasion by Miss Kate Saville as Margaret, Mr Fernandez as Lafont, Mr Tennison as Eugene, Mr Irish as Jean Rusé, and Mr Christie as the Friar.

The ovations which greeted Sullivan in Liverpool each night during this three weeks' engagement were peculiarly gratifying to him after the unrequited labour and financial loss which resulted from his attempt to revive a taste for the poetic drama in London.

No less cordial reception awaited him in Manchester, where, on March 7th, at the Prince's Theatre, he commenced a twelve nights' engagement by appearing as Hamlet. His support on that evening consisted of Miss Fanny Brough as Ophelia, Mr Leitch as Horatio, Mr Raymond as Claudius, Mr Wainwright as the Ghost, Mr

Rae as Polonius, and Mr C. Leclercq as the First Gravedigger.

On March 21st Sullivan made his first appearance before a Birmingham audience at the Theatre Royal. He chose for his début in his native city his favourite character, Hamlet.

The following week he paid a return visit to Bristol, after an absence of eighteen months, and during his engagement at the Park Row Theatre the crowded audiences and the enthusiastic cheers and calls after each performance testified to the pride the playgoers of the historic city took in the now world-famous actor.

At the close of his Bristol engagement Barry Sullivan crossed to the Irish capital, whither he had been invited by John Harris, the popular lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal in Hawkins Street. Notwithstanding that Sullivan had so frequently played in Cork and Belfast during the preceding sixteen years, he had not as yet appeared before a Dublin audience, although he had on several occasions visited the city *en route* to and from England and Scotland.

The favourable judgment of a Dublin audience was, from the earliest times, considered a safe passport for an actor to the London stage. Aware of their critical faculty, Barry Sullivan looked forward with great pleasure to this his first engagement in the Irish metropolis. The management of the theatre heralded his coming by the following announcement in the *Freeman's Journal* of April 11th, 1870: —"Mr Harris has the honour to announce the engagement for twelve nights only of the celebrated tragedian Barry Sullivan, who will make his first appearance in Dublin on Monday, the 18th April."

A great and representative audience filled the splendid old theatre on that Easter Monday night, and the reception he

received, as he entered on the historic stage in the character of Hamlet, was most enthusiastic and thoroughly Irish. He was supported on this memorable occasion by Frank Huntly as Claudius; Manley as Horatio; Farrell as Laertes; C. W. Granby as Polonius; Sam Johnson, the First Grave-digger; Mrs Saville as Gertrude; and Miss Faucit Saville as Ophelia; all tried members of John Harris' splendid stock company, unequalled by any out of London.

The Dublin press, without a solitary exception, was unanimous in his praise.

It may not be without interest to note, in passing, that Sullivan's immediate predecessors in Hamlet at this theatre were G. V. Brooke, D. E. Bandmann, William Creswick, Charles Fechter, and Moreton Tavarez: all considered excellent exponents of Shakespearean tragedy. Sullivan was judged by the standard these tragedians had set up in the Irish capital, and, as old playgoers know, he was not found wanting.

From Dublin Sullivan proceeded to Belfast, where, after playing for twelve nights, he brought his four months' tour—the forerunner of many successful ones—to a close on the 14th May.

An autumn and winter tour was commenced on the 12th September at the Cork Theatre Royal. Manager Harris, who opened this theatre for the occasion, brought the principal members of his Dublin company here to support him.

After a week's performance at the Limerick theatre he returned to Bristol, where, during the first week of October, he played a round of his Shakespearean parts at the Park Row Theatre with Manager J. H. Chute's stock company. Another fortnight's engagement at the Birmingham Theatre Royal followed immediately, and by the 27th of this month he was back again in Liverpool, where for three weeks he occupied the Amphitheatre. During this engagement he played Lear,

a character he had not included in his repertoire for some time. The interest attached to this revival was marred by the inefficiency of an inadequate stock company, as well as an utter absence of the proper scenic aids.

Sullivan's Lear, though at times very tottering and tremulous, was more robust and less sentimental than Phelps' or Vandenhoff's; but when the curse ebbed away into weakness and pathos, as the old man sank sideways in helplessness from his knees till he lay prostrate, there was splendid reality in the simultaneous access of physical weakness and fatherly pathos.

A return visit to Belfast for twelve nights, and to Dublin for a similar period during the month of December, brought Sullivan's 1870 engagements to a close.

While Barry Sullivan's private life gave great pleasure to his friends, his public career continued to afford infinite satisfaction to the public. During the next four years he visited all the principal cities and towns in the United Kingdom over and over again, repeating his famous impersonations to the usual crowds of enthusiastic audiences. His praise was in all men's mouths; his tragic representations were now conceded to be, without doubt, the most impressive exhibitions of human passion that the modern stage had shown. The most successful of these impersonations were Richard the Third, Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, and Beverley; while in comedy his Benedick and Charles Surface were universally admitted to be inimitable.

A brief inventory of the theatres visited by Sullivan during the period just named will not be without some interest to the local playgoers.

September 1871, at the Park Row Theatre in Bristol; October, Theatre Royal, Dublin; November, Amphitheatre, Liverpool, and Newcastle-on-Tyne (first visit); December,

Leeds Amphitheatre, and Belfast Royal for three weeks at Christmas and New Year.

In January 1872 he visited Scotland and played at the Greenock theatre, followed by engagements during the next month at Aberdeen, Dundee and Glasgow. Return visits to Newcastle, Sunderland, Sheffield, and Bristol, occupied March, while April was taken up with return engagements at the Amphitheatre (Liverpool), Birmingham, and Nottingham, and in May the winter and spring tours were brought to a successful close by a fortnight's engagement at Manchester and Nottingham.

In June Sullivan received a tempting offer from the management of the Salle Ventadour, Paris, to play a round of Shakespearean characters there during July and August, but he refused the offer, as he knew that nothing could induce the Parisians to sit out Shakespeare during the dog days. It will be remembered that Macready and Helen Faucit visited Paris in 1840 to undertake a similar engagement, and that failure was the result.

In the first week of September 1872, Sullivan commenced his autumn and winter tour by a three weeks' engagement at the Dublin Theatre Royal under the management of John Harris. A correspondent of the *Era*, writing to that journal, gave the following description of the scene witnessed every night at the Hawkins Street theatre during Sullivan's stay in Dublin:—

"It is an amusing study to stand under the colonnades of the 'Royal' between seven and eight in the evening and watch the crowd of fashionables emerging from carriages and hurrying eagerly forward to their seats, which will be filled to repletion in less than half an hour. Twenty minutes from the opening of the doors usually suffice for literally cramming the house from pit to roof-tree; and with 3500 of an audi-

ence within the walls—more especially during the warm weather with which we were visited last week—the comfort of playgoers in any part of the house was a matter to be ranked in the list of impossible things; and yet the people delightedly sat out the discomforts incidental to the crush, and seem never tired of bestowing the most vociferous ovations on one whom they now acknowledge as the most gifted actor of the age."

The *Irish Times* corroborated this by saying that "The fact of announcing 'a crowded house' has now become stereotyped since Barry Sullivan's visits to Dublin. No matter what the play, the result is still the same—audiences overflowing and enthusiastic."

Eighteen nights, with an average audience of three thousand at each performance, represents a number of persons which more than constitutes the entire population of many towns in England! It must have been to Barry Sullivan, as it would be to any actor, a source of pride to feel that such success had resulted from no adventitious aid, but had been accomplished by the most legitimate means—the simple effort of indomitable perseverance and intense study in the truest and best school of art. "Of all the actors of the day," said the *Freeman's Journal* in a review of his performances during this engagement, "Barry Sullivan may be said to be the only one that possesses the real genius which assures success in every effort. During the last eighteen nights his most extraordinary histrionic abilities have been equally proved in tragedy and comedy, and in a wide range of parts, from Macbeth to Benedick, he has shown a versatility which it would be impossible to excel."

By October 24th, Sullivan was back again in Liverpool after playing in Cork for a fortnight. His return to the Amphitheatre was the signal for a nightly concourse such

as his engagements alone could attract. It says much for the healthy dramatic instincts of provincial audiences in those days that, notwithstanding all the new burlesques and comic operas with which the stage was then flooded, they flocked with insatiable eagerness to witness the works of our great dramatist with the most cherished traditions of the theatre, and that Barry Sullivan's short sojourns in the great centres of population gave unalloyed pleasure to thousands to whom Shakespeare had been a sealed book.

After his Shakespearean parts none seemed to give greater pleasure to his audiences at this period than his impersonations of Claude Melnotte, and Julien St Pierre in Sheridan Knowles' drama *The Wife*. When he assumed the part of Melnotte, he appeared to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. Sullivan was now over fifty, but as he lived a bright and cheerful life, time could not age his youthful heart; for as year succeeded year, there was no apparent diminution of the buoyancy, the love-rapture, or the juvenile distinction of the love-sick youth. In his Julien St Pierre, a rôle he had revived this season, we pass to a very different type of character. It was pronounced by many to be one of his finest impersonations. The swashbuckler manner of the bravo, the deeply pathetic repentance of the profligate, the strange sweet awe, inspired in him by his unknown sister's gentle womanhood, the fierce determination of his encounter with the Duke who led him away from innocence, and used him to ruin a good woman's fame; the brave passion of his effort to save the woman he has been employed to destroy, and the peaceful yet agonised recognition of his sister as death closes the wanderer's eyes—these were all efforts of the highest order; and in each Barry Sullivan accomplished a triumph of art, not less by the cleverness of the details than by the strength of his conception of the character.

A perfect antithesis of this interesting character is Don Felix in the old English comedy *The Wonder*, a favourite piece with Sullivan, and one which invariably found a place in the playbills on his "benefit" nights. Here we had the volatility and effervescent sparkle of light comedy. His lively portrait of the jealous Don always provoked the heartiest laughter.

His 1872 engagements closed with return visits to Sheffield and Newcastle in the month of November, and to Glasgow, Greenock, and Belfast in December. In the second week of January 1873, Sullivan was back again at the Glasgow Theatre Royal, and the next five months were occupied by fulfilling engagements in Liverpool, Sheffield, Birmingham, Newcastle, and Bristol.

The funeral of Macready, who died on the 27th of April this year, brought Sullivan to London. Among the large assembly which gathered at Kensal Green Cemetery to assist at the last rites were many members of the theatrical profession who had known and respected their dead brother; but few of them offered a more heartfelt prayer, or shed a truer tear of regret for him than Barry Sullivan, on whose shoulders had fallen the histrionic mantle he relinquished just twenty years previously.

On the 15th September this year, Barry Sullivan made his first appearance on the Brighton stage, and on the 6th of the following month he entered on a four weeks' engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. "Such a seething mass of human beings as assembled at the 'Royal' last night to welcome Barry Sullivan in the character of Hamlet," said the *Irish Times*, "we have never previously witnessed."

Dublin playgoers were simply amazed at his splendid impersonation of King Lear, which he played for the first time before them on October 22nd. "It was the very triumph of

genius," said the *Irish Times*, "and did the actor's reputation rest alone on his brilliant effort of last night, it would have amply warranted his being placed in the foremost rank of those distinguished actors who have raised the British stage to its present high altitude."

Sullivan had for support on this occasion Miss Golier as Cordelia, C. W. Granby as Kent, and J. F. Cathcart (late of Charles Kean's company) as Edgar.

November and December were occupied by return visits to Birmingham and Liverpool, where the reputation of the old Amphitheatre came to be bound up with Sullivan's fame.

The first weeks of January 1874 found him at Warden's theatre in Belfast, where, on January 12th, he played Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's famous comedy for the first time in Ireland. This, as is well known, is a most arduous, ungracious and difficult part, taxing the utmost energies, physical and mental, of an actor to do it justice. It is ungracious: for to portray a greedy, grasping, ambitious and heartlessly oppressive tyrant, even if he be baffled in the end, is not an agreeable task. As it was played by Sullivan, however, it made a powerful impression on the audience, especially in the last act.

À propos of Sullivan's frequent visits to the Belfast theatre, and the dread he was held in by members of the "stock" who knew their parts "indifferent well," men who could seldom remember anything correctly for a few hours, the following anecdote is related, which, if not strictly veracious, is at least *ben trovato*:—During one of Charles Dillon's engagements, when playing *Macbeth*, he arrived at the scene in the last act when he should repeat the well-known line—

"The devil dye thee black, thou cream-faced loon"

no officer appeared before him. Rushing to the wing, Dillon called out, "Why don't you come on, sir?" "I'm waiting

for my cue, sir," replied the actor. "You've got it, sir," said Dillon. "No, I've not—not the one Barry Sullivan always gives me."

"What is that?"

"Come on, you d—— idiot!"

Engagements in Aberdeen at the Opera House, the Amphitheatre in Liverpool, and the Royal in Bristol and Nottingham, occupied Sullivan until the end of April, when he retired to his Brighton home to enjoy a well-earned rest after an eight months' tour, representing two hundred performances of thirteen different characters, before not less than four hundred and sixty thousand people!

No wonder then that his fame at home should induce many theatre managers in the United States to send him tempting offers, but not until July of this year did he finally decide to recross the Atlantic and renew acquaintance with the citizens of the great Republic, whose friendship and applause he had won sixteen years ago.

He accepted an offer of 50,000 dollars for one hundred performances in twelve cities of the United States, made by Messrs Jarrett and Palmer, the lessees and managers of Booth's magnificent theatre in New York, at which house Barry Sullivan arranged to open his American tour on the 30th of August of the following year.

News of his intended visit to America soon got noised abroad, and the announcement of his forthcoming nine months' "farewell performances" set managers and playgoers throughout the United Kingdom in a fever of excitement.

On August 31st, 1874, he commenced what proved to be a series of triumphal visits at the Queen's Theatre, Manchester.

The civic authorities of Cottonopolis, fearing serious consequences, issued special regulations, signed by the Mayor, for

the regulation of all traffic about the theatre during Sullivan's fortnight's engagement. This precaution was necessary, for those who remember the seething mass which blocked Bridge Street and John Dalton Street say it was a scene unparalleled in the annals of the city. During October he fulfilled engagements in Preston, Barrow, Wigan, Rochdale, Oldham, Birmingham, Leeds and Brighton. On the 9th of November he opened in Dublin a three weeks' engagement at the Hawkins Street theatre, now under the management of the brothers John and Michael Gunn, who became lessees in April of this year, Manager John Harris having died in March. According to the *Mail*, the immense theatre was nightly filled to excess, and numbers were unable to gain admission. On the occasion of his last performance, November 28th, a most enthusiastic crowd, mainly composed of Trinity College students, waited outside the theatre until midnight, when they escorted Sullivan with a torchlight procession to the Shelbourne Hotel in Stephen's Green.

In Cork he was entertained at a public banquet by the Mayor, who on behalf of the citizens presented him with a richly chased silver vase in the Louis Quatorze style on a beautifully wrought Shrewsbury salver. The presentation took place on the stage after the last act of *Hamlet* on December 11th.

The following week Limerick followed the example of her sister city Cork, in paying honour to Sullivan on his approaching departure for America, and presented the tragedian with an address and testimonial.

While these pleasing proceedings were taking place in the South, the playgoers of Belfast were busying themselves to give their favourite a reception and a send-off second to none. The scene at the theatre on the evening of Sullivan's "farewell benefit" is best described in the words of the

Ulster Examiner of January 16th, 1875:—"Most of those who frequent the theatre know that the hour of opening is seven o'clock. Last night the doors were opened before six, but in justification of this unusual breach of the rules, the acting manager says he would have suffered personal violence at the hands of those seeking admittance had he not thrown the doors open to them at such an early hour. Long before five o'clock a large number of persons assembled in the vicinity of the theatre waiting patiently for admission."

The play on this memorable night was *Richelieu*, with Sullivan as the Cardinal; Miss Rose Coghlan as Julia de Mortimer; and J. F. Cathcart as Baradas. At the close of the performance the stage was taken possession of by the Committee formed for the presentation of the address and testimonial on behalf of the people of Belfast. They included the lessee of the theatre, the Mayor of Belfast, and a number of leading citizens.

The next evening he played Hamlet for his last appearance in Belfast, and on Monday took steamer for Greenock, where he played for four nights. The following week he filled an engagement in Aberdeen at Her Majesty's Opera House.

There were still many in the Granite City who remembered Barry Sullivan as the careful, conscientious, and painstaking young manager of the old theatre in Marischal Street, and not a few of these gathered together on the occasion of this visit to present him with an address and a handsome silver cup as a token of their regard. The presentation took place in the Imperial Hotel on the 5th February.

During his stay in Aberdeen news came of the destruction by fire of the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh, so his engagement there had to be cancelled. On February 15th, he entered on a fortnight's engagement in Glasgow, and seldom

if ever have the walls of the Theatre Royal enclosed a larger or more enthusiastic audience than that which greeted his reappearance.

From February 24th to March 6th Sullivan played at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"His popularity is national" (said the *Chronicle*), "but in no town in England is he so warmly received as in Newcastle."

Our accomplished comedian, Mr Edward Compton, was at that time a member of the Newcastle stock company, and supported Barry Sullivan during this engagement as the Ghost in *Hamlet*, Buckingham (*Richard the Third*), Lewson (*The Gamester*), and De Mauprat (*Richelieu*). Mr Compton always speaks in high terms of Barry Sullivan. "He was always most courteous and kind to me," says the son of two of the most popular players of their day—Henry Compton and Miss Emmeline Montague. "I found Barry Sullivan to be an enthusiastic worker" (continues Mr Compton), "full of fire and go and perseverance, and a model of self-denial in his daily life in order that he might keep faith (in every sense of the word) with the public at night."

Edward Compton at the time had been only eighteen months on the stage, having made his début in September 1873 at the New Theatre Royal, Bristol, in the character of Long Ned in a drama entitled *Old London*. That he must have studied hard, and had, besides, a hereditary as well as a natural adaptability for his profession, is evident from the fact that he was intrusted with such important parts as Buckingham and De Mauprat to so exacting a Richard and Richelieu as Barry Sullivan, who lost no time in expressing his pleasure at the painstaking conscientious efforts of his young friend.

A visit to Sheffield for one week preceded a twelve nights' engagement in Birmingham at the close of March. As was

to be expected, a perfect ovation awaited the tragedian in his native city. The people of Birmingham were not to be outdone in a testimonial to Barry Sullivan. The articles presented consisted of a salver, tankard, and beakers, in *repoussé* work of silver and gold. Round the salver were represented the seasons; and the tankard bore designs illustrating tragedy, comedy, music, and dancing.

The presentation was made on the stage of the Theatre Royal on March 24th by Alderman Hawkes, J.P., on behalf of the citizens who subscribed. The salver bore the inscription: "Presented to Barry Sullivan as a mark of the appreciation of his genius as an actor and respect as a fellow-townsman." The Alderman, in making the presentation, said: "Mr Barry Sullivan, I have been deputed by many of your friends, admirers of your genius as an actor and who respect you as a fellow-townsman, and I ask you to permit me to add my name to theirs, to offer for acceptance this testimonial. Sir, I have the greatest possible pleasure in performing this duty, both for my love of the 'actor's art' and for my admiration of the position you enjoy on the English stage. We stand on the boards of a theatre famous for fostering the British drama. I have sat in the front 'many a time and oft,' spell-bound by the mighty power of Edmund Kean, of Vandenhoff, of Charles Kemble, and of Macready, mighty actors who have passed away, and I rejoice to say, sir, that it is owing to you that the glorious traditions of your immortal predecessors have been so well sustained. It is you that has caused the present position of the drama to be what it is. We can boast now that the works of Shakespeare crowd the best theatres in this realm. Mr Sullivan, the proud position that you have by fair means only won, places you in the responsibility of a famous public man. We, your townsmen, are interested in every pro-

fessional enterprise that you undertake, and in your journeyings in America you have not only to sustain your great name as a tragedian, but to vindicate and justify our solicitude and our choice to-night. We have no doubt of the result, and that the consummate art that has delighted this audience to-night will win enthusiastic recognition in the Western Continent, and if, whilst caressed by their admiration, our name should be whispered to you, we ask you to cast your eye upon this poor gift, in the hope that it may recall to your mind these historic boards."

Barry Sullivan, in response to this eulogistic address, said: "It would be impossible for me just after leaving the stage, when my mind for the last three and a half hours, I hope, has been thoroughly imbued with the grand language of Shakespeare, now to gather sufficient language of my own to express the feelings of my heart, and to return such thanks as are due to you all for your great kindness this evening. But if I fail in finding words to express the feelings of my heart—feelings of pride and gratitude for the honour you have conferred upon me which now cause a glow in my bosom—I am sure you will not blame me, but accept my simple assurance that with my whole heart I thank you. Believe me, wherever I go, I shall not forget my kind friends in Birmingham; but I may remark I am only going to see old friends, for I have already been through America, and I am simply making a return visit and keeping a promise. Be assured, whatever may be my fate, I shall always look back with pride and pleasure to Birmingham. I shall never forget this night, and I am sure it will act as a talisman to me to hurry back to my old friends. I accept your gift with pride and gratitude. It will always nerve me in the future to follow and uphold what I count to be the intellectual drama. I thank you, sir, and bid you all respectfully farewell."

The reception accorded to Sullivan at the Amphitheatre in Liverpool the week following this Birmingham engagement "was almost overwhelming," reports the *Post* of April 3rd. Each evening, and especially on his Richard, Hamlet, and Beverley nights, the theatre presented all the excitement incidental to a "Boxing-night," with this exception, that on the appearance of the tragedian all turmoil was hushed, such a spell did he exercise over the vast audience, one and all of whom hung upon his every whisper.

The great feature of this tour, which was brought to a close here, was the number of presentations of which he was the recipient, testifying to the esteem in which he was held. Each town and city vied with the other, and as might have been expected, Liverpool, where Sullivan first "won his spurs," was not a whit behind in doing him honour. The gift of the citizens took the form of a splendid service of gold plate, valued at £500. It was presented to him on the stage of the Amphitheatre on April 10th, preceded and followed by eloquent speeches. The chairman of the Testimonial Committee here was the late Lord Chief Justice of England, then Mr Charles Russell, Q.C.

Sullivan had now made all arrangements to leave for New York on the 29th of July. Meanwhile his friends in London were not inactive. It was soon noised abroad that he was to be entertained at a public banquet in the Alexandra Palace. Private intimation of this intention was circulated, and the potent name of Barry Sullivan crowded the building on the evening of July 14th, 1875. The majority of those present were members of the Savage Club, of which Sullivan was a member since the previous winter, and all belonged to the working ranks of art, literature, and the drama. In the chair was the Earl of Dunraven. Lord William Lennox, also associated with literature and the drama, claimed kindred

on the occasion. The toast of the evening, "Our Guest," was proposed by the Earl of Dunraven. "Their guest," he said, "had for a great number of years unceasingly pursued his profession, but had never forgotten his obligations to the public nor broken faith with his managers. Having developed his talents he had at length become a worthy successor of the great actors who had gone before him. In one respect he stood decidedly alone, no living actor having done more to familiarise the public with the great productions of Shakespeare. At a time when social problems were perpetually cropping up, he had helped to solve one by educating his fellow-creatures. It was a pity that the provinces, or the Colonies, or the United States almost exclusively enjoyed his talents, but he trusted that on the completion of the tour he was now about to undertake, London would have the pleasure of seeing him once again."

The Chairman then performed the ceremony of the evening, which consisted in the presentation of an illuminated address from the assembled company. The reading of it was intrusted to Mr Charles Millward, Secretary of the Savage Club. It was as follows:—

"To Barry Sullivan, Esq. Dear Sir; We, the undersigned old friends and admirers, being informed of your intention to visit the United States, claim the privilege of bidding you God speed. The deservedly high estimation in which you are held as an actor justifies us in predicting for you a pleasant, useful, and profitable tour; and the social and personal qualities which endear you to a host of friends connected with literature and art in this country, cannot fail to win for you a similar enviable place in the hearts of the generous and enlightened people whom you are about to visit. Wishing you a pleasant and prosperous tour, and a safe and speedy return, we are, dear Sir, your old and sincere

friends." This address bore the signatures of the Earl of Dunraven, Andrew Halliday, Charles Millward, James Albery, E. L. Blanchard, F. B. Chatterton, William Creswick, John S. Clarke, Ed. Falconer, Joseph Hatton, George Honey, Howard Paul, Edward Askew Sothern, Charles Wyndham, John Billington, Benjamin Webster, and many other well-known actors and literary celebrities. When Barry Sullivan rose to respond he was much affected by the warm greeting he received, and his usual cool, collected manner almost deserted him as he replied:

"My Lords and Gentlemen, Believe me, I never was happier in my life; I never felt more delight, and never felt more grateful; yet I never felt more unequal to any task than I do to acknowledge your kindness and the great honour you have this evening conferred upon me. I assure you it is quite impossible for me to express the feelings of my heart. I will, therefore, not attempt to make a speech—to bore you with mere words. I beg of you to accept the simple assurance that I am deeply sensible of the honour you have done me, and that I will ever study to retain the good opinion which your presence here this evening shows you now have of me. I beg of you to accept the simple assurance that with my whole heart and soul I thank you."

A cheer from labourers in kindred fields of art is eminently gratifying to a fellow-toiler who has progressed to some special point of eminence. Honour done to one member of the profession sheds reflected rays upon all. Barry Sullivan felt this, and looked it as he returned thanks for the long-continued applause which rang through the Alexandra Palace on that memorable July evening.

Ten days later he was entertained at a public banquet in the Royal Hotel, Liverpool, and in response to a numerously-signed requisition he consented to give three more perfor-

mances before he embarked for New York. Accordingly on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, July the 26th, 27th and 28th, he appeared at the Amphitheatre as Claude Melnotte, Beverley, and Hamlet, supported by Miss Louise Hibbert and J. F. Cathcart, both of whom were to accompany him on his American tour. The next day he embarked in the White Star steamer *Germanic* from the Mersey, accompanied by the two artists already mentioned and his eldest son, Thomas Amory, who was now the tragedian's sole business manager.

After a voyage of eight days—the fastest then on record—the *Germanic* reached New York on the morning of Saturday, August 7th, 1875, and in a very short time Barry Sullivan was safely domiciled at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. On Monday morning the newspapers, from one end of the United States to the other, chronicled his arrival; the New York journals rivalling each other in columns of biographical sketches and details of the star's forthcoming season at Booth's Theatre. A reception committee, consisting of Judge Daly, Whitelaw Reid, William J. Florence, the comedian ("handsome Billy"), John Brougham ("genial John," the best "O'Grady" in Boucicault's play ever seen on the stage), the Hon. Algernon Sullivan, Eugene Kelly (the banker), the Hon. Oakley Hall, Colonel Cavanagh, the Hon. S. S. Cox, Richard O'Gorman, and several other well-known Irish Americans, met at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to formally welcome Sullivan and to present him with an address.

The reception speech was made by the Hon S. S. Cox. The address was as follows:—

"Your return to this city, after many years absence, is a matter of pleasure to hosts of old friends who remember your professional triumph, and of interest to many whose expectations have been kindled by the reminiscences of those who

have witnessed your performances. We beg to offer a cordial welcome to you, and to hope that it will be agreeable to you to name some evening when in a social hour we can assure you of our personal esteem and congratulate you upon your eminent rank among the bright stars of the drama."

Sullivan, on accepting the address, said his heart felt moved at the tokens of kindness and appreciation shown him since his arrival in New York. He felt flattered at the compliments paid him by the gentleman who acted as spokesman for the committee, and by the sentiments contained in the address. He trusted that before he left the country his friends in America would acknowledge that he deserved the kindness shown him, and he felt satisfied that during his stay he would contribute his share toward entertaining the American public, and make friends among them all.

The reception committee decided on entertaining Sullivan at a *déjeuner* at Delmonico's on the 7th September at noon, and for this two hundred tickets at five dollars each were eagerly bought by representative New Yorkers. The occasion was a very enjoyable one. Many capital speeches were made, and gaiety and good cheer kept the guests together until the shades of night were falling.

CHAPTER XXIII

E. L. Davenport's position as an actor—The rival tragedians—Sullivan's first night at Booth's Theatre—William Winter criticises his Hamlet—Sullivan's Richelieu, Richard and Beverley—He is entertained by the Lotus Club—Davenport follows Sullivan to Philadelphia—The irony of fate—Baltimore welcomes Sullivan—Visits to Boston, Providence, Washington, Pittsburg and Cincinnati—An interesting lecture—Banquo is abstemious as well as absent—Chicago to New Orleans—Close of Jarratt and Palmer's tour—Sullivan at Memphis, Toledo, and Detroit—Début at Indianapolis—An india-rubber Horatio—Six weeks' engagement in San Francisco—John M'Cullough—Sullivan plays Richard III. on Easter Sunday—Visit to Toronto—The realism of Sullivan's stage combats—Farewell of the American stage.

When Barry Sullivan arrived in New York, Edward L. Davenport was regarded as one of the foremost actors on the American stage. His father was a Boston hotel-keeper, and gave his only son a good education, intending him for the legal profession; but young Davenport's ideas ran stage-ways, and before he had completed his twentieth year he joined the stock company at the Lion Theatre in Providence (R.I.) city, making his début as Parson Windo to the Sir Giles Overreach of Junius Brutus Booth. This was in the summer of 1836. He soon attracted attention by his treatment of a character that T. P. Cooke had made so famous in England. This was William in *Black Eyed Susan.* Cooke, as we know, acquired his special fitness for this part through years of labour before the mast; Davenport derived his through leisure hours passed at the docks on Boston's Long Wharf. His "William" fastened him upon the profession, and was remotely the means of attaching him to the staff of the Tremont Theatre in Boston for two seasons. He next migrated to the Chestnut Street Theatre in Phila-

delphia, and created a "good impression" by his portrayal of Sir George Evelyn in *Wives as They Were, and Maids as They Are.* Here during two seasons he utilised an excellent voice by singing in "character" as well as between pieces. When the opera of *Fidelio* was first produced in Philadelphia in October 1839, he was intrusted with the part of Don Fernando. After three years of marked usefulness at this house, Davenport joined the company at the Walnut Theatre and remained there until 1844. During his long engagement here, it is remarkable that it was mostly in "sailor parts" he achieved the greatest success. From Philadelphia he went to the Bowery Theatre in New York. Here he played all sorts and conditions of characters—from the Yankee in farces to Ivanhoe, and from sailor William to Romeo. The destruction of this theatre by fire drove him back to Philadelphia, where he assisted James Murdoch in giving "Shakespearean Readings" and "Lessons in Elocution" at the Chinese Museum. As Beauseant he reappeared on the New York stage in July 1845, this time at Niblo's theatre, supporting Mrs Anna Cora Mowatt. When Mrs Mowatt drew all New York to the Park Theatre in September 1846 to see her Juliet, Davenport was "specially engaged" to play Romeo. This was followed up with Fazio, Benedick, St Pierre, and Louis XV. The whirligig of time had supplanted the First Officer's sword with the royal crown! Subsequently Mrs Mowatt and he went on a starring tour that covered the entire States, and finally extended to Great Britain.

Davenport remained in Great Britain nearly seven years. During that time he played with James Hackett at the Haymarket, Macready in his series of farewell performances at the same house, John Vandenhoff in Liverpool, and Gustavus Brooke at Drury Lane. Among his "specialities" while in England were George Sandford (in *Gold*), Romeo,

Jack Cade, Armand (*The Corsican Brothers*), Rob Roy, Othello, Claude Melnotte, Richard the Third, Sir Giles Overreach, St Pierre, and William in *Black Eyed Susan*. Having received a complimentary testimonial at Drury Lane Theatre on August 23rd, 1854, he returned to America. He was accompanied by his wife, with whom he had been playing for about three years. She had been a Mrs Gill, but continued to play under her maiden name of Fanny Vining, she being the daughter of Frederick Vining, also a professional. Davenport took on the management, in 1857, of the American Theatre in New York, formerly known as Burton's "Chambers Street Theatre," but the project was unsuccessful. For the season 1858-59 he was engaged as "leading man" at the Boston theatre, and in April of the latter year he assumed the management of the Howard Athenæum, which he retained for a couple of seasons. In 1865 he and J. W. Wallack, jun., became lessees of the old Washington Theatre, and from 1870 to 1872 he conducted the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, on which stage he almost began his dramatic career.

Having regard to Davenport's position on the American stage, and the fact that he affected a great friendship towards Barry Sullivan when they played together at Manchester in 1849, it was with no little surprise that Sullivan's friends saw announced in the New York papers that the management of the Grand Opera House had "specially engaged" Davenport to appear on the same nights and perform the same characters as Sullivan was to perform at Booth's Theatre.

Sullivan was advertised to make his first appearance on Monday, August 30th, as Hamlet. Forthwith, Davenport was advertised to appear as Hamlet, with this additional announcement in the *Herald* appended :—"The New York

public will be afforded an opportunity to judge whether *American actors* can render Shakespeare's masterpieces at the Grand Opera House, when Mr Davenport and an *American company* will appear in Hamlet."

Few could realise that so accomplished a player as Davenport could stoop to degrade his art when, instead of asking public attention to his work as an expression of the genius of Shakespeare, he ostentatiously announced that his would be an "American" performance with "American" artists. It was simply a challenge to Barry Sullivan, who was looked upon by Davenport's partisans as a "foreign" intruder. The reception, too, accorded to Sullivan by the Irish-Americans on his arrival had much to do with this chagrin. But that was an affair over which Sullivan had no control. Neither had his managers, Jarratt and Palmer, any control over the public entertainments projected in his honour. These were solely the creation of those Irish citizens of New York who believed that the great actor who had come among them was a compatriot, and as such they felt it a duty to do him homage.

Those Irishmen thought, and evinced perfect justice in thinking, that Sullivan's brilliant career on the stage reflected peculiar lustre upon the nation of which he was a representative, and though it may be a question whether the demonstration might not have been made with better grace when his engagement in New York was over, there can be no doubt as to the affectionate esteem by which it was prompted. The honour was not proffered to one whose genius was unrecognised, but emanated from a host of personal friends and admirers who desired to emphasise in a fitting manner their appreciation of a remarkable career then in its zenith. When Barry Sullivan appeared here in 1858, the *New York Herald* hailed his début with enthusiasm. It

declared that his text was rendered with a delicacy and elegance seldom or never witnessed off the French stage, and that his bearing and general ensemble were eminently artistic. Horace Greeley, writing in the *Tribune* on his Hamlet, said he was duly weighed in the balance and was not found wanting in a single particular, and added that he was the finest actor England had sent to America for many a year.

Davenport, as has been seen, was received in England with great courtesy and attention. Why, then, it was asked, should he take part in a demonstration against a brother actor from England? This appealing to a spirit of nationality in America was the lowest element of baseness. It was rowdyism in art. It was by such appeals that the unfortunate controversies between Macready and Forrest came about, and which ended, as we know, in bloodshed. Of course no sensible persons expected there would be a repetition of that stain on the national character of the American people, but the insult was offered to a guest, to the profession, and to the American people; and no credit is due to Davenport's friends that his rival performances were not treated otherwise than as a burlesque.

Under date August 29th, 1875, Davenport addressed the following note to the Editor of the *New York Herald*:—

"On my arrival here (New York) from my mountain home this morning, it was my first duty and pleasure to peruse the columns of your journal, wherein I found an editorial headed 'American art and American artists,' from which I learned that I had informed you that the New York public would be afforded an opportunity to judge whether American actors can render Shakespeare's masterpiece on Monday night, when I and an American company will appear in *Hamlet*. All this is Greek to me. I beg to say that all I know of the matter is, that I am applied to by the management of the

Grand Opera House to commence an engagement at that establishment on the 30th inst. in the character of Hamlet, for certain considerations. I have nothing whatever to do with the announcements or advertisements of the management of the Grand Opera House, nor do I propose to have any."

As a parallel to this seemingly candid statement, the following letter, *written by the same hand nine days previously* to the Manager of the Grand Opera House, and which, of course, was never intended for publication, will shed a deal of light on the whole matter :—

"Canton, Bradford Co. Pa.,
"August 20th, 1875.

"To Theodore Hamilton, Esq.,
"Grand Opera House, N.Y.

"My dear Friend,

"Believe me I shall enter into *it* with a pure *national* spirit, for I do not believe in this ridiculous slobbering over all that has smelt the cool air of old Albion and the adjoining countries. I am told that you propose to go in on a 'national' basis. I am confident we have as good actors (and in many cases better) here as in England, and until we go in to uphold our own dignity we shall never know the measure of our 'home mines.' I hope you will have our fair Laura Don for Ophelia. I think you had better have it announced that *I* will not be serenaded nor have a banquet at Delmonico's, trusting entirely to intrinsic merit for success. B. S. is a good actor, or was a quarter of a hundred years ago, and I hope he will uphold our profession, legitimately, as he has endeavoured to do.

"Most sincerely yours,
"(Signed) E. L. DAVENPORT."

The mountain air must have impaired the memory of the "American" actor, or else created moral obliquity. He soiled the reputation he had heretofore enjoyed, both in his own country and in England, as an actor and as a gentleman. In charity we will say no more.

The eventful night came at last, and it cannot but prove interesting to append copies of the playbills of the two houses, giving that of the "American" company and their chief priority.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Managers, . . HAMILTON, WHEELOCK, and JOHNSTON.

AMERICAN STAR! AMERICAN COMPANY!!

AMERICAN PEOPLE'S THEATRE!!!

Monday Evening, August 30th, 1875.

Engagement of the AMERICAN TRAGEDIAN!

E. L. DAVENPORT,

Who will be supported each night by an exclusive company of American Artistes.

Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday Matinee,

Shakespeare's Tragedy in Five Acts,

HAMLET.

Mr E. L. Davenport	as	Hamlet.
Mr J. Wheelock	as	Laertes.
Mr G. F. Metkiff	as	King of Denmark.
Mr Thos. Hamilton	as	Osric.
Mr J. P. Sutton	as	Polonius.
Mr R. D. Ogden	as	Horatio.
Mr Robt. Johnston	as	The Ghost.
Mr L. J. Mestayer	as	The First Grave-digger.
Mr T. G. Owens	as	The Second Grave-digger.
Miss Laura Don	as	Ophelia.
Mrs J. L. Carhart	as	Queen of Denmark.

The playbill announcing Barry Sullivan's first night was as follows:—

BOOTH'S THEATRE, NEW YORK.

JARRATT and PALMER, . . *Lessees and Managers.*

MR BARRY SULLIVAN'S ENGAGEMENT.

Mr Sullivan's engagement is for one hundred impersonations in the principal cities of the country—twenty-one to be given in this theatre, beginning to-morrow,

Monday Evening, August 30th,

WITH

HAMLET.

Assignment of Parts.

Hamlet, ...	Mr Barry Sullivan.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father, .	Mr James F. Cathcart.
Laertes, ...	Mr Frederick B. Warde.
Polonius, ...	Mr Henry Weaver.
Claudius, King of Denmark, .	Mr James Bartlett.
Horatio, ...	Mr Harry Dalton.
Rosencrantz, . . .	Mr E. K. Collier.
Guildenstern, . . .	Mr H. B. Bradley.
Osric.	Mr G. Becks.
Marcellus, ...	Mr F. Monroe.
Bernardo, ...	Mr Jefferson Davis.
Francisco, ...	Mr H. Hogan.
First Actor, . . .	Mr E. Sinclair.
Second Actor, . . .	Mr C. Kent.
First Grave-digger, . .	Mr C. Bishop.
Second Grave-digger, . .	Mr F. Little.
Priest, ...	Mr E. Lacy.
Ophelia, ...	Miss Louise Hibbert.
Queen Gertrude, . . .	Miss Mary Wells.
Actress, ...	Miss Emma Grattan.

The scene in the neighbourhood of the Grand Opera House and Booth's Theatre on this evening was very animated. The two buildings were illuminated and decorated with flags, and immense crowds blocked the streets, especially at Booth's, where a large force of police were engaged to keep a passage for the cars. No seats were to be had at the box-office of Booth's at four o'clock, and the outside ticket agents, or "speculators," were selling what they had secured at five dollars each. The crowd began to collect around Booth's

early in the evening, and by eight o'clock fully twenty thousand persons, we read, surrounded the building. The theatre could only accommodate three thousand, so the remainder were contented to wait outside until midnight, in order that they might get a glimpse of Barry Sullivan, and have the satisfaction of escorting him to his hotel with bands and a torchlight procession. At the invitation of Managers Jarratt and Palmer, the members of the Barry Sullivan reception committee, the American Rifle team, and the officers of the Sixty-ninth Regiment were present in the theatre, and not since the night when Charlotte Cushman bade farewell to the stage was such enthusiasm witnessed inside a New York theatre.

Apart from the number who came simply to welcome Sullivan, and as a protest against the so-called "rival" performance, there were present the usual critical first-night audience, who were not to be swayed by the outward look of things, but, on the contrary, were all the more anxious to scan critically the work of the actor who was—against his own will, let it be said—ushered into public notice with so much pomp and circumstance.

Of Barry Sullivan's Hamlet, the admittedly most conscientious and experienced dramatic critic in America, William Winter, thus wrote in the *New York Tribune*:—

"It is a very remarkable work of art. In execution it is extraordinarily clear, strong, precise, and spontaneous. In reading it is exceedingly beautiful. Barry Sullivan varies a phrase here and there from the text as usually given, but he does not aim at originality by torturing the language; and he reads the sublime words of the soliloquies with fluent grace and delicious intonation. He makes Hamlet simulate insanity; and this—particularly at the beginning of the fourth act—he does with thrilling fidelity to nature and with great

effect upon the emotions. Some of his illustrative stage business—such as the tearing aside of the King's robe at the climax of the play scene, and the show of tenderness toward Ophelia at their parting—is unusually fine in its intention and its effect, denoting his fine intelligence and his marvellous capacity for finish. In person and bearing Barry Sullivan is leonine, courtly, graceful, and refined. His eyes are bright, keen, and full of strange fire. His performance is admirable for a consistent and sustained identification. The grim humour which now and then breaks through the melancholy of Hamlet this actor expresses better than any representative of the part that has been seen in our time. In Barry Sullivan's Hamlet there is more of the king than the prince, and more of the man of action than the nerveless dreamer, whom supernatural solicitings have shocked, and for whose quiet intuitive nature the mysteries of life and death are burdens too great to be endured. Mr Barry Sullivan thoroughly well deserves his reputation as a Shakespearean scholar; and though he may not rank with the marvels of human genius, he holds his place with power and honour among the greatest tragedians of the stage."

The dramatic critic of the *Herald* considered that one of the great merits of Sullivan's Hamlet was its gentleness. "In this quality," he said, "it resembles the Hamlet of Edwin Booth, and differs from that of Forrest, who made the prince almost an executioner. Even the anger of Barry Sullivan's Hamlet has a touch of pity in it; the manner in which he addresses the Queen and Ophelia is beautiful. The grace, dignity, and tenderness of this Hamlet is perfect. The earnestness he displays in his interviews with Ophelia can hardly be praised too much. The sincerity and nature of these scenes, and those with the Queen and Horatio, have seldom been rivalled. Barry Sullivan, like Fechter, is finest

in the colloquial passages of the play; in these he is often so natural that we hardly do justice to the consummate art which makes that nature possible."

Little, indeed, did some of those who were stirred by Sullivan's acting consider the labour it cost him. His study was slow and careful; not haphazard reading so as to be letter perfect, but daily study and meditation on the character, so that what was often deemed the result of inspiration had been carefully rehearsed: for even genius must labour to excel.

Notwithstanding that Davenport was playing to a cheaper house in all parts, he was but indifferently received on his first night. But this did not show him the error of his ways, for he continued to play at the Opera House every night during Sullivan's three weeks' engagement at Booth's Theatre, trying to draw an audience by playing the same pieces. After two performances of Hamlet, Sullivan appeared as Richelieu on his third night. William Winter, writing of this performance in the *Tribune*, said:

"Last night Barry Sullivan acted as Richelieu for the first time in Booth's Theatre. The house was again crowded; and, alike in the hearty greeting with which he was constantly followed, and the four or five recalls with which he was complimented, this tragedian enjoyed fresh evidences of popular sympathy and admiration. At the end of the exciting scene which closes the fourth act, the public joy found expression in loud cheers.

"He was, in appearance, impressively picturesque. He expressed to the very tips of his fingers the foxy indirection of a wily mind, commingled with thoroughly leonine courage, force and weight of character. He fell into the Cardinal's vein of humorous banter with an ease that was spontaneous and delightful. His defiance of the mysterious midnight assassin was so natural in manner as quite to redeem the ex-

travagance of the author's improbable and theatrical situation. He was massive, solemn, intense, and even terrible in uttering the priestly imprecation upon Barradas; and he rose from that climax to the still higher and more difficult one of explosive rage and desperate senile distraction which succeeds it with a noble instinct of artistic effect and with judicious use of his powers."

Sullivan gave his first performance of Richard the Third on September 3rd. "He is greatly Edwin Booth's superior in Richard," said the *Herald* of the following morning. "Indeed, he is the only Richard now on the stage who realises the breadth of cruel and crafty ambition which made up the character of the deformed prince and king. In every word, in every look, in every gesture, from the beginning to the end of the play, Barry Sullivan is the Richard Shakespeare drew with such masterly skill that a greatness almost as great as the poet's is necessary to the embodiment of the part."

The same journal on the same date noticed Davenport's performance in the following terms:—"Mr Davenport, in accordance with the peculiar managerial system that governs the Grand Opera House at present, and which only looks towards copying the bills of a rival theatre on the same street, appeared last night as Richard the Third. Notwithstanding his long experience in every walk of the drama, we are compelled to say that such a rôle as Richard is entirely out of his reach, and that his impersonation of it last night was dreary, ineffective, and conventional to the last degree."

Comment is needless.

During the second week Sullivan gave repeat performances of *Hamlet*, *Richelieu*, and *Richard III.* to crowded audiences, standing room being hardly obtainable on his Richard the Third nights. On Sunday, September 12th, the members of

the Lotus Club—the "Savage" of America—entertained him at a banquet, at which John Brougham, the well-known actor and author, presided. The club rooms had seldom been so crowded as on this occasion. Upwards of a hundred members sat down to dinner; eloquent tributes were paid to the guest, and altogether the event was in every way delightful.

The following night Booth's Theatre was again crowded by an audience eager to see Sullivan as Beverley in *The Gamester*, a play then comparatively new to New York playgoers.

The *Herald's* dramatic critic, while not liking the play as being little suited to the tastes of modern audiences, considered that in Sullivan's hands it lost much of the silliness of the dramatist's conception, and stood out boldly as a strong and startling picture. "We forget all else in the strength and beauty of this tragedian's art, and pity the faults which we condemn.

"But the crowning glory of the whole was the death scene in the last act. From the moment of taking the poison till death ensued, there was a reality in the tragedian's art which covers as much by its realism as its solemnity. His parting with his wife was extremely pathetic, not so much because he was dying as dying meanly, and so showed us a scene exceedingly well done in not being overdone. Sullivan's death scene itself is a thing to haunt the memory. Death is always an awful thing when it is looked upon as a reality, and Barry Sullivan's simulation has all the strength and terror of the reality."

Of this death scene the *Courier* said: "Anything more dramatically thrilling it has not been accorded to modern playgoers to witness. It is a performance once seen never to be forgotten; and when the curtain went down on Monday evening, an absolute shiver of horror ran through

the audience at the picture that had been presented to it. Then the pent-up enthusiasm burst forth, and loud and continued plaudits testified to the actor's triumph."

During this, his last week in New York, Sullivan gave two performances each of *The Gamester*, *Hamlet*, and *Richard*, and on the occasion of his "benefit," *Richelieu*.

On September 20th he made his re-entry at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, after an absence of sixteen years, in the character of Richelieu.

Davenport followed Barry Sullivan from New York here, and, being evidently determined on keeping up the opposition performances, he also opened as Richelieu at the Arch Street Theatre on the same evening. By a strange irony of fate his wife and her daughter, Miss May Davenport, were members of the stock company at the Walnut Street Theatre, and of course as such had to support Sullivan during his two weeks' engagement there.

This unforeseen circumstance evidently cooled the "National" ardour of the "American tragedian," for after six performances to almost empty seats, he retired to his "mountain home" and left Sullivan monarch of all he surveyed.

The cast of *Richelieu* on the first night at the Walnut was — Richelieu, Barry Sullivan; De Mauprat, Charles Walcott; Barradas, J. F. Cathcart; Friar Joseph, J. Bailey; François, L. Lawrence; Marion, Miss May Davenport; and Julie, Miss Hibbert.

En passant, it may be noted that Miss Ada Rehan was at this time an humble member of Mrs Drew's stock company at the Arch Street house, having just joined the profession in which she subsequently achieved such remarkable success.

The following evening Sullivan was supported in *Hamlet*

by Miss Hibbert as Ophelia, Mrs E. L. Davenport as the Queen, and J. F. Cathcart as Laertes. On his *Richard III.* nights Mrs Davenport was the Queen Elizabeth, Miss Hibbert Lady Anne, Mrs Chapman the Duchess of York, Atkins Lawrence, Lord Stanley; Fred Bock, King Henry; W. Whitecar, Tressel; and J. F. Cathcart, Richmond.

As was to be expected, Sullivan's Richard was contrasted with Forrest's; the Philadelphian being preferred by his friends on the press, but nevertheless crowded audiences nightly testified their appreciation of the new Gloster. The other parts played by Sullivan during his stay in the Quaker city were Beverley, the Stranger, Claude Melnotte, and Macbeth. On the night of *Macbeth*, when the actor who played the murderer entered at the banquet scene, Sullivan looked at him and said in such an expressive manner, "There's blood upon thy face," that the actor quite forgot his part, and rubbed his face, saying, "Is there?" thinking, as he afterwards confessed, that perhaps his nose was bleeding.

From Philadelphia Sullivan continued his tour (as mapped out for him by Jarratt and Palmer) to Baltimore. Here he entered on a week's engagement at Ford's Opera House on October 4th, opening with *Richard III.*, and during the week played Richelieu, Hamlet, Beverley, and the Stranger.

"Richard's himself again! So wrote Shakespeare; and so thought the brilliant assemblage at Ford's theatre last evening as they gazed with admiration on the only true delineation of Richard the Third since the days of the elder Booth."

Such was the opening paragraph of the *Baltimore News'* critique on Sullivan's performance.

His return to this theatre called for a hearty reception from the playgoers of Baltimore, and to say that the welcome he received was hearty would scarcely be saying

one half the truth. He met with a perfect ovation on his entry as the crook-backed Gloster, and as the tragedy proceeded the entire audience became wild with enthusiasm. This was particularly noticeable in the closing scene, their cheers completely drowning the clash of the swords on the stage. Louis Aldrich was a member of the stock company here this season, and supported Barry Sullivan on his opening night as Buckingham, J. F. Cathcart as usual playing Richmond. On the Hamlet nights Louis Aldrich had to double the parts of the Ghost and Laertes owing to the indisposition of Mr Cathcart. On the *Richelieu* night Aldrich played De Mauprat to Sullivan's Cardinal, and on *The Gamester* night Lewson to his Beverley.

A fortnight's engagement in Boston, at the Boston Theatre, began on October 11th. The star was supported here by Messrs Shewell, Gustavus Levick, Anderson, Hunter, W. H. Norton, Leslie Allen, Mrs Barry and Miss B. Hayden.

Sullivan's Hamlet, said the *Boston Times*, "is not like Edwin Booth's and Lawrence Barrett's, a mere mosaic of elaborated acts and elocutionary efforts, but is a *vital unity*, conceived from within, and having all its outward manifestations, not grafted, but growing out naturally. His soliloquies and declamatory passages are blended with the scenes, not simply fitted to them, and are really delivered in the direction for which they are intended. It is obvious this method is not best at first to entrap an audience into applause, but it is to preserve the conception of its integrity and legitimate effect. As compared with other tragedians who have interpreted Hamlet here, we might summarise by saying that Salvini is commanding and impressive, Booth picturesque and interesting, Fechter impulsive and passionate, and Barry Sullivan graceful, sympathetic and consistent."

Before leaving Boston Sullivan was sought out by the

ubiquitous individual, the interviewer, who was not then the recognised institution he has since become. He waited on the tragedian at the Parker House, and one of the pertinent questions he put to him was: "I believe you disapprove of acting being inspired by liquor?"

"Certainly, sir," said Sullivan; "if a man has the proper physique he will not need it, but some men are so wretchedly provided in this respect that they really require and must have stimulants. I have never required them, and never touch a stimulant. My own feelings in the part I am representing are quite sufficient stimulant for me."

This confession had been repeatedly confirmed by those who had constant intercourse with Barry Sullivan at the theatre day and night, at home or abroad. He rigorously eschewed stimulants, and so avoided the errors and indiscretions which so sadly marred the career of many of his illustrious predecessors. When occasion required it, he moistened his lips with lemonade or barley water.

Visits to the Opera House in Providence (R.I.), and to the National Theatre in Washington followed his Boston engagement. Miss Lillie Glover and Louis Aldrich, both members of Manager Ford's Baltimore company, were sent on to support Sullivan during his engagement in the capital. They acquitted themselves splendidly as Julie and De Mauprat on the *Richelieu* nights, as Mrs Beverley and Lewson in *The Gamester*, and as Ophelia and Horatio in *Hamlet*.

While in Washington Sullivan had the pleasure of an audience with President Grant at the White House on the afternoon of November 6th. The illustrious General, whose valour, be it noted, reunited the Republic, expressed much regret at not having been able to witness his matchless per-

formance of Beverley the previous evening, when Sullivan took his "benefit," every box in the theatre having been sold before he had even entered the city.

Two days later he made his reappearance in Pittsburg. *The Merchant of Venice* was added to the repertoire here on Saturday night, November 13th, after which Sullivan started on the three hundred mile journey to Cincinnati, where he was billed to appear at the Grand Opera House on the Monday.

He was accorded a most enthusiastic reception on his first night in this splendid city, which is as much German as if it were under the rule of the Kaiser. The *Daily Enquirer*, in a leading article, said:

"The theatre was packed from pit to dome to see and hear, and it did see and hear, the greatest Richard that has stepped the boards in two generations at least. In the presence of that grand performance, as a whole, it is idle to speak in detail of the acting for the second time. It is idle even to call special attention to that splendid scene, where Richard goes moodily to his tent, shaping out with sword in hand and map before his eye his plan of battle. That scene is matchless, and must be original. It has the stamp of genius upon it, as has also the "dream scene," during which the audience literally held its breath, and the stillness of the darkened theatre was only broken by the sound of the cough of the consumptive, who had doubtless crawled out to renew his reminiscences of the days when an immortal quartet of actors strove together for the honour of being the leading interpreter of Shakespeare."

On the last day of Sullivan's engagement in Cincinnati, an interesting lecture was given by Professor Benn Pitman (brother of the late Sir Isaac Pitman) to the students of the School of Design in that city, the subject being "Artistic

Expression in Speech." In the course of his lecture the professor made the following reference to Barry Sullivan's acting:—

"Three of our lectures during the present term have been devoted to 'Expression' in painting, sculpture, pantomime, music, language, and speech. But I thought last night, as I was absorbed in witnessing Barry Sullivan's wonderful delineation of Hamlet, how much I had left unsaid on the vocal expression of language by speech—the utterance that appeals to the mind through the ear, as written words do through the eye. I have shown you that expression, whether by painting, carving, music, or language, is easy or difficult in exact ratio to the height, depth, subtlety, or perfection of the thing sought to be portrayed. In the mastery of expression by language—at least in the English tongue—of the height and depth of human thought and action, Shakespeare stands alone. The best, the most fitting, the sweetest, the most affluent words are those that Shakespeare seems instinctively to select; and with what wealth and health of imagination! His thoughts are so human, so natural, so noble and ennobling, and his expression in words often seems absolutely perfect. I have two thoughts to illustrate this morning. The first is, that Shakespeare's own words have, in many cases, failed to reach us; and, second, that the proper delivery of his words, the fitting expression in vocal speech, is as rare as is the execution of a great painting, a commanding piece of sculpture, or a sublime composition in music; and I am furnished with my illustrations by the Shakespearean revival we have been privileged to enjoy in this city during the present week in the personations of Barry Sullivan. My memory goes back to Macready in his prime, to Charles Kean, Gustavus Brooke, Edwin Forrest; and to those departed stars I may add Edwin Booth, Murdoch, Barrett, and

Adams, of our own time; but to my mind and ear Barry Sullivan was moulded in a different and higher stamp. Barry Sullivan is a born actor—for actors, like poets, must be born, not made such. Barry Sullivan has those gifts of nature which adapt him for a *Shakespearean actor* — a commanding person, a graceful bearing, a mimetic organisation, a powerful and perfectly modulated voice, capable of more subtle and varied shades of meaning than I have ever heard in the tones of any other human being. My conviction is, after an acquaintance of thirty years, that since Garrick's day Shakespeare has had no such worthy interpreter as Barry Sullivan. He has probably absorbed more of Shakespeare's thought and expression than any other living person. He could not only play twenty Shakespearean characters on as many succeeding nights without looking at a word of print, but he is equally familiar with every part of the play as with the special character he enacts. His Shakespearean instincts, and his former diligent reading of Shakespearean criticisms, have enabled him to make emendations and restorations to what I am content to believe were the very words that Shakespeare wrote, but which scribes, type-setters, and proof-readers have in many cases mangled into absurdities. In his rendition familiar passages become imbued with new light and an added force, while obscure passages are rendered plain and fertile with meaning; and the wonderful melody and perfect intonations of his voice not unfrequently give a depth, nay even solemnity, to a passage, that will cause it to live in the memory for ever.

"Strikingly was this illustrated in the delivery of the few words by Hamlet prior to the passage of arms with Laertes, in which both are slain. Hamlet confesses to Horatio:

> 'Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here
> About my heart; but it is no matter!'

Horatio, in his loving solicitude for Hamlet, would have the fencing bout put off, but Hamlet exclaims:

'Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: *the readiness is all.*'

"This passage, which was uttered amid breathless stillness, gave a new glimpse of the wonderful possibilities of the vocal expression of our language. The concluding lines, as uttered by Barry Sullivan, sent a thrill of emotion through the vast assembly. Their deliverance was indescribably impressive, and conveyed a solemnity and fullness of meaning which, I think, has never been equalled, and probably never will be surpassed."

A week's engagement in St Louis, at De Bar's Opera House, followed that at Cincinnati. St Louis accepted the plays, and Sullivan's acting, with the same earnest admiration that had characterised the Washington and Cincinnati audiences.

The Prairie City was the scene of Barry Sullivan's next triumph. He arrived in Chicago on the 29th of November, and found the thermometer ten degrees below zero. Notwithstanding this unpropitious weather the people of Chicago crowded M'Vicker's Theatre that evening to witness his performance of Richelieu. "The audience last night," said the *Tribune*, was the most enthusiastic that has been seen at M'Vicker's this season."

Sullivan's support this evening consisted of J. F. Cathcart as Baradas; Leslie Gossin as De Mauprat; J. M. Barron as Huguet; M. Rainforth as Joseph the Friar; M'Vicar, junior, as François; F. J. Seymour as De Beringhen; T. Hurley, Louis XIV.; and Mrs Frank Murdoch, Julie de Mortimer. Of his Richard, the *Tribune* (December 5th)

said: "He appeared to be inspired by the large audience. A more perfect representation of the part it would be impossible to conceive. At the close the entire audience rose in their seats and cheered the actor. He was clamorously summoned before the curtain twenty-three times."

À propos of Sullivan's engagement in Chicago, the following anecdote is told. When he was in this city in 1859 he played Macbeth one evening for his benefit. The actor cast for Banquo had been notorious for some years as a hard drinker, and his eccentricities had several times been commented on in the local newspapers. It was the custom with Barry Sullivan in the banquet scene to address an imaginary Banquo, instead of having a super got up like his ghost to appear upon the stage. This innovation was adopted on the occasion referred to. The next morning the newspapers animadverted severely upon the *absence* of the actor set down for Banquo at this critical moment, and intimated that the patience of the Chicago public was quite worn out by his conduct. The remarks were particularly unfortunate, as the actor thus publicly condemned had for nearly a year been exemplary in his habits, and was at his post, although not wanted in that particular scene, much to his own surprise.

From Chicago Sullivan journeyed to New Orleans (a distance of over nine hundred miles) in the face of a terrific snowstorm. As a consequence he did not arrive until the following Wednesday, December 8th, on which evening he began a ten nights' engagement at the Academy of Music. On the *Hamlet* nights he was supported by Miss Louis Lord as Ophelia; the Queen was personated by Miss Florence Kennedy; while Mr Cathcart had to exert himself by trebling the parts of Laertes, The Ghost, and the First Actor, owing to the unpreparedness of Manager Bidwell's stock company.

A visit to Mobile (Alabama) with the members of the New Orleans company for six nights followed. Here, besides personating the three characters in Hamlet, Cathcart had to double the parts of Buckingham and Richmond on the *Richard III.* nights.

This engagement at Mobile, during Christmas week, concluded the flying tour through twelve States mapped out by Managers Jarratt and Palmer. It will be remembered that Sullivan's engagement was for one hundred performances. For each of these performances he received three hundred dollars in gold, equivalent to £420 a week. This agreement was honourably kept on both sides. Although Sullivan did not enter into any fresh arrangement with these managers for a continuance of the tour he had decided upon, it must not be inferred that the Impresarios and the Star had any disagreement; on the contrary, they offered him similar terms for another series of one hundred performances, but Barry Sullivan preferred to leave the "management" of his homeward tour to his son, who had gained great experience in such business matters, and, as will be seen, the result proved most satisfactory.

On New Year's night, 1876, Barry Sullivan recommenced his starring tour by setting out from the capital of Alabama for Memphis. He opened here at Brook's Theatre on January 3rd in *Richard III.*, supported by Cathcart in the dual parts of Buckingham and Richmond, while the other characters were taken by members of the New Orleans theatre, specially engaged here for this week.

On January 10th, Sullivan gave a benefit performance in aid of a fund to erect a memorial to the nuns who, in the discharge of their duty, fell victims to the yellow fever epidemic of 1873. Next evening he was entertained by the citizens of Memphis at a public banquet in the Peabody Hotel, presided

over by the Mayor. The speakers of the evening were profuse in their thanks for his generosity in placing the entire proceeds of the performance at the disposal of the committee formed for the laudable project. Indeed, this was only one out of the countless graceful acts that should be recorded of Barry Sullivan. His cheery word, that so often sweetened the gift of his open hand, is still cherished in the hearts of many, and those who knew him intimately bear witness that times beyond number they had discovered how he had done "Good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame."

We next find Sullivan fulfilling a two nights' engagement at the Opera House in Toledo (Ohio) on January 17th and 18th, when Cathcart and Manager Ellsler "doubled" important characters each night. The remaining nights of this week were spent at Whitney's Opera House in Detroit, the performances consisting of *Richard III.*, *Richelieu*, *Hamlet*, and *The Wonder*. His engagement in Detroit marked an era in the dramatic history of that interesting city. Quite an ovation greeted him on each of the four nights, and, to quote from the *Detroit News*, not even the recent grand ovation at the Kellogg's benefit equalled either in numbers or enthusiasm the audiences that flocked to see Sullivan in his great masterpieces. The following Monday (January 24th) a crowded audience greeted him at the Cleveland Opera House, where he made his début as Richard, and on the 1st of February he was back again in Pittsburgh, where he fulfilled a second engagement of six nights at the Opera House after an absence of ten weeks. He brought a very successful engagement here to a close by playing Macbeth and Don Felix to the Lady Macbeth and Donna Violante of Mrs Ellsler. From this city he journeyed to Indianapolis, where, immediately following Edwin Booth's engagement, he made his first appearance at

the Academy of Music on the 7th of this month. Of his Hamlet the dramatic critic of the *Sentinel* said:

"Contrasted with what alone is worthy of a comparison with it, the conception of Edwin Booth, the Hamlet of Barry Sullivan appears like a piece of intense nervous humanity compared with some stage model in alabaster. Sullivan no sooner spoke his opening lines than the listener woke to a realising sense that there was a man of keen nerves, throbbing veins, and a will power so irresistible and impulsive that its tabernacle of clay, the visible Hamlet, would be nothing but a toy at its mercy."

That the entire support given to Sullivan was not of the best, this extract from the same journal's notice of the performance will show: "Mr D——, the well-known india-rubber manikin, parodied the part of Horatio abominably. When Hamlet wanted sympathy he wound his arms around the manikin, and was repaid with a stony glance of the eyeballs and an occasional gesture when a spring in Mr D——'s anatomy was touched."

Another local journal, the *Herald*, could not contain itself when it came to notice this poor player. Here are a few of its choice comments: "But what can we say of Mr D——? It is our duty to scalp him, that's plain; but shall we do so gingerly, or with a whoop and a bold flourish of the knife? Look here, Mr D——, you were not designed for the stage. We would advise you to address your manager as follows: 'Sir, I know you are a gentleman slow to anger, but I recognise at last my own imbecility on the stage, and beg you to kick me out. I am a gutta-percha manikin, and the wires with which I am fastened together are getting out of joint; give me a kick.' It is not too late to tell him this. But if you lack the courage, at least oblige us in one thing: that is, we desire you to break off the habit of reaching out your

hands in that style so suggestive of 'Simon says wiggle-wiggle! Simon says thumbs up!' In Heaven's name do something to keep your hands to yourself. Put them in your ears; tie them across the small of your back; shove them into your boot-tops; get them out of sight whatever you do. They haunt us hideously. You are also guilty of squinting and winking your eyes. Pray you avoid this. And when you open your mouth to speak, try and keep from saying more than one word at once. That's all."

Our Yankee cousins can speak plain when they have a mind to. Poor fellow, he was a sore trial to Sullivan's patience.

A return engagement for twelve nights at the Cincinnati Opera House followed, after an absence of three months. That his popularity here had not diminished was demonstrated in a remarkable manner on his Hamlet, Richard, and Beverley nights, when the theatre was besieged by a clamorous crowd as early as six o'clock, an hour and a half before the performance commenced. On the last night of his engagement here he was presented with a magnificent edition of "Picturesque America" by Dr Bradford, on the stage, accompanied by an address, which was read by that gentleman in the presence of the audience.

Before leaving the State of Ohio, Sullivan gave three performances in each of the towns of Wheeling, Dayton, and Columbus, supported by the Cincinnati Opera House company. From Columbus to San Francisco is a journey well over two thousand miles; nevertheless it was immediately undertaken by Sullivan at the close of his engagements in Ohio, in order that he would not disappoint Manager Thomas Maguire, who had announced the tragedian to appear as Richard the Third, on Monday, March 6th, the opening night of Baldwin's Academy of Music, just built at the corner of Market and Powell Streets.

Sullivan's engagement in San Francisco was for six weeks. During that period the following plays were produced in excellent style:—*Richard the Third*, *Hamlet*, *Richelieu*, *Macbeth*, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *The Wife*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, *Merchant of Venice*, *The Gamester*, *The Wonder*, and *Don Cæsar de Bazan*.

The opening performance, as has been noted, was *Richard III.*, and the fact that the tragedy was repeated each evening during the first week is sufficient proof of the good houses that were nightly drawn to witness it. The press of 'Frisco was unanimous in its unqualified praise of Sullivan's Richard. The *Chronicle* said it was "beyond a doubt the best ever seen upon the Californian stage." "Full of sinister energy, thoroughly consistent, and marked by innumerable grand touches, it met the unanimous approbation of the immense audience, who recalled the tragedian after each of the five acts, the final recall being a tumultuous ovation." The *Morning Call* remarked that his appearance at Baldwin's was the principal event of the year in 'Frisco that excited a more than passing interest in the public mind. "Barry Sullivan," it said, "comes to us surrounded, as it were, by the atmosphere of a reputation gained in many lands, and we must admit, after seeing his personation of Richard the Third, he deserves all that fame has trumpeted concerning his genius and acquirements as a tragic actor."

The cast of the principal characters on his first night was as follows:—Richmond, by J. F. Cathcart; Buckingham, by Louis F. James; Duke of York, by Miss Zoe Tuttle; Queen Elizabeth, by Miss Louise Hawthorne, and Lady Anne, by Miss Emily Baker. Owing to indisposition Cathcart resigned his part of Richmond for a few nights this week to James O'Neill, a young Irish actor from the National

Theatre in Cincinnati, where he began his professional career ten years previously; he also supported Barry Sullivan in Hamlet as Laertes, much to the star's satisfaction. The matinee on the first Saturday was *The Wonder*, with Sullivan as the Don.

The repertoire for Sullivan's second week consisted of *Hamlet* for the first four nights, and *Richelieu* on the two remaining nights, as well as at the Saturday mid-day performance. He was supported in Hamlet by Miss K. Mayhew as Ophelia; Miss Hawthorne as Queen Gertrude; James O'Neill as Laertes; Louis James as Horatio; W. Crane, the First Grave-digger; James Herne, the Ghost; A. Hastings, Claudius; and A. Billings, Polonius.

Great interest was attached to Barry Sullivan's first performance of Hamlet in this city. The scene in and about the theatre on that Monday evening (March 13th) baffles description. San Francisco playgoers had had a succession of Hamlets previous to Sullivan's arrival in the Golden City, and each was accounted excellent—Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, Edwin Adams, Charles Fechter, and John M'Cullough—consequently our hero was put somewhat upon his mettle on making his début in this rôle.

Notwithstanding the counter attraction of Mrs Scott-Siddons, who was giving "Shakespearean Readings" at the opposition theatre, the Californian, and that some of the papers—notably the *Free Press* and the *Post*—endeavoured to create a scare about insufficiency of exit accommodation at Baldwin's Academy of Music, still hundreds were turned away nightly from Barry Sullivan's performances, although up to this date (March 17th) he had only appeared in three characters. The manufacture of scare heads has always been a special industry in which the American journalist is a past master. As a specimen of what Baldwin had to contend

with from those alarmists, the following extract taken from the 'Frisco *Free Press* will serve as an illustration :—

"Lucky Baldwin's new theatre is in many respects a neat one. But as if to avoid the aisle ordinance, there are hardly any aisles at all in the body of the building, so that persons have to go around to get to their seats or to the doors. Why not withhold licences from all buildings of public resort which have not outlets ample for the exit of their audiences, however large, within less than five minutes? If this is not done, look out for a calamity at any moment—perhaps this very night."

Considering that some days before the opening of the new theatre Baldwin had all the internal arrangements pointed out to representatives of the press, including the *Free Press*, during a tour of inspection, it appears strange that that journal waited until the end of Barry Sullivan's second week to discover the want of better exits and so raised an alarm, and by so doing endeavoured to keep the audience away, if not to close the theatre altogether. The *News Letter*, on the other hand, declared that after a most careful examination they could see no danger, but on the contrary, better accommodation than was to be found in the other theatres in the city.

It was quite evident to many there was some other cause for the attack on the new enterprise. The prevarication and distortion of the truth was so apparent that the majority of the citizens felt that some potent and tangible inducement must have been offered to make these journals attempt to delude and scare their readers. However, Baldwin took a law action against one of the papers for malicious libel, and gained $20,000 damages!

Sullivan inaugurated his third week with *Macbeth*, with Miss Hawthorne as Lady Macbeth, and Cathcart as Macduff. This was repeated on four evenings, and gave way to *The*

Gamester on the Thursday and Friday. On the fourth Monday Sullivan played King Lear, supported by Cathcart as the Duke of Kent; O'Neill as Edgar; and Miss K. Mayhew as Cordelia. On the same evening that most popular and sterling actor, John M'Cullough, entered on an engagement at the Californian Theatre, of which he was part proprietor. This new engagement gave the public an opportunity of making interesting comparisons between the two actors. M'Cullough opened with *Virginius*, his favourite character, and was supported by Miss Bella Pateman as Virginia. It was not, however, until Barry Sullivan and M'Cullough were each seen as Othello that playgoers made up their minds as to which tragedian was to be awarded the palm.

According to an announcement in the *Chronicle* of April 9th, M'Cullough's engagement was originally for four weeks, but, owing to the meagre attendance, he confined his stay to twelve nights, during which he produced, in faultless fashion, *Hamlet, Metamora, Jack Cade, The Gladiator, Othello, Richelieu, King Lear,* and *Virginius,* to a "beggarly account of empty benches," to quote the words of the *News Letter* for April 8th.

John M'Cullough was a North of Ireland man, having been born in Coleraine in November 1834. About the year 1852 he quitted his native land and sailed for New York, where he resided for some time. Two years later he went to Philadelphia, where he married a lady named Miss Letitia M'Clain. For a time he was employed at the gasworks in that city. His becoming an actor by profession was due to his having joined the Boothenian Dramatic Association in the Quaker city, from which he was graduated a candidate for "utility work" at the Arch Street Theatre at a salary of sixteen shillings a week! His first "speaking part" was that of the servant, Thomas, in *The Belle's Stratagem,* on

August 15th, 1854. He remained a member of the stock company here for three years, when he removed to Boston, where at the Howard Atheneum, under Davenport's management, he made his first hit as Fagin in *Oliver Twist.* Returning to Philadelphia, he joined the company at the Walnut Street Theatre. In June 1863, M'Cullough made his first bow before a New York audience, figuring in the cast of *London Assurance* at the Winter Garden Theatre. During the autumn of this year he was specially engaged at Niblo's Theatre (New York) to support D. E. Bandmann and Edwin Forrest. During the seasons of 1864-5-6 he was the "leading man" whenever Forrest appeared at Niblo's. In May of the last mentioned year he accompanied Forrest to San Francisco, and played at Maguire's Opera House De Mauprat to the star's Richelieu. He remained in this city for some years playing leading parts, and thereby making a local reputation for himself. In January 1869 he and Lawrence Barrett joined in partnership and opened the Californian Theatre in 'Frisco. Barrett retired from the management in 1870, but M'Cullough held shares in it for eight years, until Manager Barton Hill closed the house in May 1878. M'Cullough in the meantime had gone on several "starring" tours throughout the States. He played Claude Melnotte to the Pauline of Miss Mary Anderson on one of these tours. From long association with Forrest he aimed to be another Forrest, but he lacked somewhat the great physique, vigour, and intensity of that remarkable actor. As years wore on, M'Cullough improved in his acting, and ceased to copy Forrest, save in some stage business. The natural aids he enjoyed were a commanding figure, expressive features, and a shapely, well-set head, suited for heroic characters. His last appearance on the stage was as Spartacus in *The Gladiator* at M'Vicker's Theatre in Chicago on Sep-

tember 29th, 1884. After a brain disorder, which occasionally manifested itself upon the stage, he died the following year at his home in Philadelphia. His disorder robbed the American stage of a sterling player, and society of a most estimable companion.

Barry Sullivan devoted his fifth and sixth weeks at "Baldwin's" to repeat performances of *Othello, Hamlet, Richelieu, The Gamester, Don Cæsar de Bazan, A New Way to Pay Old Debts, The Wife, The Wonder,* and concluded his engagement with *Richard the Third* on Saturday, April 15th.

His Sir Giles Overreach was a revelation to many. The *Figaro,* writing of the performance, said: "If Barry Sullivan played no other character than that of Sir Giles, the manner in which he played this one character would stamp him as a great actor. It is undoubtedly the strongest and most vivid of his impersonations. The death scene was such an exhibition of malignity that even in his dying struggles he was howled at by the audience. At the conclusion of the play he was called out by the immense audience, whose repeated shouts of 'bravo' showed the intense excitement to which they had been wrought by his acting."

Noticing his Julian St Pierre, the *Morning Call* said: "The chamber scene with Ferrardo would never be forgotten, nor his voice and manner when moved by remorse and a too late repentance."

And when he put on the mask of the gay Don Cæsar de Bazan, the *Golden Era,* the *Chronicle,* and the *Bulletin* all conceded that he developed a degree of *vis comica* which they never expected to find in an actor so firmly enveloped in the mantle of deep tragedy.

During his sixth and last week in San Francisco a deputation waited on him at the Palace Hotel, with the object of inducing him to prolong his stay for another week, in order

that those who did not visit the theatre during Lent would have an opportunity of witnessing some of his Shakespearean impersonations. This request he could not comply with, as he was already announced to appear at the Grand Opera House in Toronto (2500 miles away) on the Monday week; however, he consented to give a farewell performance of *Richard the Third* on Easter Sunday night, his last night in the city. According to the *Morning Call* of the next day, the Academy of Music was uncomfortably crowded, hundreds being left outside clamouring for admission, and when Sullivan made his *entrée*, speaking the famous lines—"Now is the winter of our discontent," the applause was so deafening that he was compelled to pause for five minutes before he could proceed. At the close of the tragedy Sullivan had to come before the curtain ten times, and would not be allowed to retire until he made a speech.

Artistically and financially his engagement in the Golden City was a brilliant success. San Francisco, he used to take pleasure in saying, was inscribed upon his tablets as one of the great cities of the world which knew how to appreciate the poetic drama.

His return to Ontario's capital on April 24th, after an absence of seventeen years, was awaited with great interest.

The members of Morrison's company who supported him here were Miss Mary Davenport, Mrs Vernon, Miss Carr, Miss V. Marlowe, Mr Farwell, and Mr Sambrook. Mr Cathcart, who still accompanied Sullivan, doubled parts as usual; indeed, there were few actors on the American stage who could be got to face Barry Sullivan in the combat scenes in *Richard the Third* or *Macbeth*. They were veritable combats, such as only two accomplished swordsmen could go through with all the reality of the battlefield itself. The blades met with so stern a clash that sparks were

often driven from the steel. During these scenes—which for intense realism have rarely, if ever, been equalled—it was quite a common occurrence for the company to crowd to the wings to witness Sullivan's effective fencing, and they, like the audience in front, very often lost all touch of the illusion of the scene, and not infrequently viewed the contest as a matter of personal rivalry between the actors. Oftentimes when Barry Sullivan came off, sword in hand, he was a dangerous man to meet; he was no longer Barry Sullivan, but the character he had assumed, and insisted on being respected accordingly.

The *Toronto Globe* took occasion to pay this remarkable tribute to his Hamlet:—"If Barry Sullivan's Hamlet is not what Shakespeare intended—which we by no means assert—then we can wish that Shakespeare's Hamlet was what Barry Sullivan makes him."

From Toronto he took train to Worcester (Massachusetts), but owing to a bronchial cold, contracted while riding in the cars, he was able to give only one performance on May 3rd at Henderson's Theatre. However, to make amends, he promised the large audience which greeted him that evening when he played Richard, to return to their city later in the month. This he did on May 16th, when he appeared as Richelieu, with Miss Kellogg as Julie.

Brief engagements, of one or two nights each, at Springfield, Hartford, New Haven, Meridian, Bridgeport, Fall River and Providence, in the New England States, occupied from the 5th to the 20th of May, Manager Henderson's company accompanying him to each of these seven towns. During the performance at the Opera House in Bridgeport on May 8th, a fire broke out in a block of buildings next door to the theatre. Owing to the panic which seized the audience, and the dense volumes of smoke that filled the theatre, the re-

presentation of *Richard III.* had to be cut short, and the audience dismissed before they received a baptism of fire and water.

Sullivan was the recipient of a splendid reception at Fall River, where he gave performances of Richelieu, Hamlet, and Richard the Third, on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of May. A writer in the *Herald* of that city, who evidently had seen Sullivan play in England, gave his opinion of him as follows:

"We remember the time when Macready laid down his laurels, and his farewell speech at the complimentary dinner given to him in London, when he referred in glowing terms to Phelps as his legitimate successor on the tragic stage. We differed from him in opinion then, and do so now more than ever. We conjured up a comparison between the cold, polished, and critically correct renditions of Phelps, and the warm and artistic delineations of Barry Sullivan, and all our sympathies and preferences went out to Sullivan as the only actor worthy to fill Macready's place. We have been enraptured by his performances time after time. As Hamlet, Richard, Macbeth, Sir Giles Overreach, the Stranger, Julian St Pierre, Othello, Benedick and Claude Melnotte, we hold to the opinion that he has no peer. Familiar as we are with all the great actors who, on the British stage, have made Shakespearean characters their speciality; admiring, as we have done, Charles Kean, Phelps, Brooke, Montgomery, Creswick and Calvert, we yet place Barry Sullivan above and beyond all as an actor, an artist, and a Shakespearean scholar."

Sullivan now decided to bring his tour to a close. On arriving in Providence (Rhode Island) he arranged to give three "farewell performances" at the Opera House, and here, on Saturday, May 20th, 1876, he made his last appearance on the American stage, in the character of Richard the Third.

From here he returned to New York, where his arrival was chronicled as follows by the *Democrat* of May 28th :— "Barry Sullivan arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Wednesday. He looks fresh, robustious and vigorous, and is as good-natured and jolly as ever. Immediately on his arrival he was besieged by several managers who were anxious to engage him at once for another tour of the States. But in consideration of the warm weather and his early engagements in London, he was obliged to decline all offers. We are proud to record his great triumph. Genial, whole-souled, always affable and courteous, he leaves us with our best wishes and a genuine *bon voyage*."

After a visit to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, he sailed from New York for Queenstown on June 7th in the s.s. *Russia*.

During his nine months' absence from England he visited thirty-three cities in the American continent, travelled over some thirty-three thousand miles, gave two hundred and fifty performances of fifteen different plays, and received upwards of $140,000. Well might the *New York Democrat* say: "His success throughout America surpassed that of any actor who has ever visited the country."

CHAPTER XXIV

Tragedian, not Fenian—Barry Sullivan engaged for thirteen weeks at Drury Lane—Chatterton's address to the public—Sullivan plays Richard the Third for sixty consecutive nights—A marvellous escape—The Irony of Fate—Richard himself again—Extraordinary scene in Belfast—The Queen's College pays tribute—Cork vies with Belfast—John Amory Sullivan becomes an actor—Close of the 1876-77 tour.

On the arrival of the steamer in Queenstown Barry Sullivan landed and proceeded by train to Dublin, where he arrived late at night and stayed at Morrison's Hotel. On opening his bedroom door the next morning, "to take in the hot water," as his son relates, he was surprised to see two men standing outside like sentinels against the door-jamb. They immediately forced their way into the room after him, and then thought well of informing Sullivan what their business was. They were detectives on the look out for some notable "Fenian" whom they were daily expecting from America. Much to their chagrin and Sullivan's amusement they soon discovered their mistake, and with many apologies for their intrusion they beat a hasty and assisted retreat down the stairs and out of the hotel.

The whole of Ireland at this period was in a state of political ferment, and as "the thief doth fear each bush an officer," so every bush in Ireland was suspected to be a Fenian by the police, who were all armed with ready-made warrants for presentation to anyone arriving from America unfortunate enough to possess a Hibernian cast of countenance.

The news of this morning call on Barry Sullivan by two "limbs of the law" was soon noised abroad, and of course

the story lost nothing as it went along. The incident even inspired a Melbourne gentleman named Whitworth to write a farce entitled *An Awful Fenian, or a Tragedian in a Fix*, which was immediately produced at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, by H. R. Harwood who, as will be remembered, had been a member of Barry Sullivan's company at that theatre. The piece ran for a few months, and owing to Harwood's mimicry and good "make-up" like Barry Sullivan, it proved a success. The author of the piece, which was afterwards renamed *Catching a Conspirator*, made his hero talk Shakespeare to his "captors," and every quotation he uttered was of such a nature as to strengthen the suspicion of the police.

Full of health and ambition, we next find Barry Sullivan in London, accepting an engagement from Manager F. B. Chatterton to play Richard the Third and Macbeth at Drury Lane for thirteen weeks, from September 23rd, at a salary of seventy-five pounds for each performance. On the eve of the opening of his 1876-77 season, Chatterton issued the following "address" to the public :—

"In making choice of the tragedy of *Richard III.*, as altered and arranged from the text of Shakespeare by Colley Cibber, to commence the season, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre has been influenced by two leading considerations. The first of these was the strong indications, which have latterly presented themselves on the part of the play-going public, of a revived interest in the stage production of Shakespeare's plays. The second motive was the recent return to this country, after a triumphant tour on the American continent, of Mr Barry Sullivan, one of the few actors remaining to whom Shakespeare has been a lifelong study, and who, starting from a point when much of the old traditions still survived, has not remained a pertrified embodiment of bygone

conventionalities, but while retaining the animated spirit and well-trained method which guided the former masters of the actor's art to such great results, has modified their interpretations according to the dictates of an independent judgment and the requirements of modern ideas, feelings, and artistic tendencies. Among the Shakespearean characters with which Mr Barry Sullivan has most completely indentified himself, that of Richard the Third stands prominent; and as the figure of the "crook-backed tyrant," though once the most popular and most familiarly known among the heroes of the tragic stage, has of late been singularly thrown into the background and fallen into comparative neglect, it has been considered that a revival of this tragedy would be the most acceptable medium for the re-entry, after an interval of some years, of Mr Barry Sullivan on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre; there would be a natural fitness in reintroducing to the patrons of that establishment, at one and the same time, and in one and the same person, an established and popular character, and an established and popular actor.

"As regards the adoption of Colley Cibber's acting version of *Richard III.*, which has maintained itself for so many years on the stage, if any justification be needed beyond long established usage, it is to be found in the fact that the management is following an example set by many illustrious predecessors, and continuing in a path which has been trodden by David Garrick, Henderson, George Frederick Cooke, Edmund Kean, and William Charles Macready."

"In placing *Richard III.* upon the stage on the present occasion, all the resources of such an establishment as Drury Lane Theatre will be made available to their fullest limit, and even extended to a scale of impressive magnitude not hitherto attempted. The scenery, under the master-hand of

Mr William Beverley, will present vividly to the eye the various localities in which the stirring scenes of the tragedy are enacted in their most picturesque aspect, and with strict fidelity to the results of antiquarian research. The personages of the drama, from the king to the peasant, from the knight to the common soldier, will appear in the habits and accoutrements of the time, according to designs by Mr Alfred Maltby, literally transcribed from the most trustworthy authorities, comprising the Harleian manuscripts, Hewitt, Meyrick, Shaw, Grose, Planché, etc., and intrusted to the careful and intelligent workmanship of Mr S. May and Mrs Lawler. To the general arrangement of the stage equal care has been bestowed. The crowds will be real crowds—jostling and surging under the excitement of some public event or ceremony; the pageantry and procession will present a living image of the brilliant pomp and ceremonial with which, in those days of factious turbulence, rival aspirants to power dazzled the eye of the fickle multitude. In short, while presenting to the public *Richard the Third*, acted by artists representing the most cultivated talent of the day, the management has striven to frame it in a material picture worthy of the dramatic excellence of the work, and, if possible, in advance of the spectacular illustrations bestowed upon former productions."

On Saturday evening, September 23rd, 1876, Barry Sullivan reappeared on Drury's historic stage as Richard the Third, before a densely-crowded house that greeted him with shouts of welcome and demonstrations of joy. To describe the reception accorded to him on this evening, is no more possible than to analyse the effect of a great victory upon the imagination. It carried everything before it. Noisier welcomes have been heard, but never one more eloquent. Not merely the boxes, circles, pit, and galleries were full, but the

lobbies and passages were crowded by those satisfied merely to hear his marvellous voice.

The cast of the tragedy was as follows :—

Richard, Duke of Gloster (Richard III.),	Barry Sullivan.
King Henry VI.,	James F. Cathcart.
Edward, Prince of Wales,	Miss Grattan.
Richard, Duke of York,	Master Grattan.
Henry, Earl of Richmond,	Henry Sinclair.
Duke of Buckingham,	Charles Vandenhoff.
Duke of Norfolk,	Frank Tyars.
Lord Stanley,	Howard Russell.
Lord Mayor of London,	James Johnstone.
Queen Elizabeth,	Mrs Herman Vezin.
Lady Anne,	Miss Edith Stuart.
Duchess of York,	Miss Fanny Huddart.

A farce by H. Saville Clarke, called *That Beautiful Biceps*, briskly acted by Miss Clara Jecks, Miss H. Coveney, and Messrs F. W. Irish, Percy Bell, and Brittain Wright, preceded the tragedy every evening, and for an after-piece, a pantomime sketch or *ballet d'action*, entitled *The Storm Fiend*, was given by the brothers Charles and Henry Lauri, supported by some three hundred fancifully attired *coryphées*.

With the exception of the zoilean *Times*, the London press was loud in its praise of the manner in which the tragedy was staged. The dramatic censor of the *Times* complained that Chatterton should have made choice of Colley Cibber's acting version of Shakespeare's play, contending it was no argument to point to the precedents of Garrick, Kean, and Macready. Of Sullivan's acting, he only left himself room to say that "'Old Drury' was filled to see this actor, high in favour in America and on our own stage. He is pre-eminently the crook-backed tyrant, and he expounds the character with a strict observance and nice appreciation of the traditions of a certain school of tragedy."

Manager Chatterton waxed wrath at the want of fairness

shown by the *Times*. "It is useless to blind myself to the fact," he wrote, "that the present critic of the *Times* has seemingly conceived so violent a dislike to my system of management that he is unable to believe there can be any good in what is produced at a theatre under my control, and he is consequently guilty of constant injustice, not only to me, but to all the authors, actors, and artists with whom I have the honour to be associated."

The dramatic critic of the *Weekly Times*, on the other hand, found nothing but praise for the revival. He said: "Last night at the 'National Theatre' will be a memorable epoch in the annals of the establishment in the production of *Richard III.* The piece has been produced with new scenery, dresses, and appointments, and the whole resources of the great establishment have been brought to bear in placing the tragedy on the stage in a style that thoroughly pleased the patrons of 'Old Drury.' Not only were the decorations, the costumes, the armour, etc., prepared with the greatest care, but the parts were performed by efficient representatives; and even the armies and crowds were represented by well-trained supernumeraries, who gave a semblance of reality to the scene. Gloster is a favourite character with Mr Barry Sullivan, and when he played it a few years ago at this theatre he created a sensation. Last night he renewed this recollection, and played with a vigour and effect that excited the large audience to a great pitch of enthusiasm. Of all the revivals that Mr Chatterton has given during the last few years, *Richard III.*, as presented last night, is by far the best. The scenery is splendid, and the whole performance is full of life; the progress of the play moving on without a single hitch from first to last."

In adopting Colley Cibber's acting version of the play in preference to the original text, a strong plea was urged by

Barry Sullivan that his choice had been sanctioned by many illustrious actors. Twice within the century had the attempt been made to represent upon the stage the *original* play. With Macready in the prominent character, *The Life and Death of King Richard III.* was produced at Covent Garden in March 1821; but it was coldly received, and a single repetition, a week later, wound up the experiment. In 1845 Samuel Phelps, with his abiding faith in Shakespeare, renewed the attempt; but though produced with great care, the revival was hardly regarded with a stronger feeling than that of curiosity.

The warm applause which accompanied Sullivan at each representation, and the vigorous plaudits enforcing his recall after every act, were sufficient to assure him that he had a large following of enthusiastic supporters. The *Morning Post* was of opinion that "so vast an assemblage had not been seen in Drury Lane for many years, and the applause with which the performance was received was as unanimous as it was cordial."

The *Era* devoted a couple of columns to noticing the performance. Its concluding lines were: "To say that Barry Sullivan can look the usurping tyrant to the life; that he interprets every phase of the character with a completeness which denotes the skill of a master of the histrionic art; that everything he does is marked by picturesqueness and effect; that he electrifies his hearers by his delivery of those passages which admit of passion, and exacts their admiration by those quiet touches of art which so cleverly reveal the villainous, hypocritical, and insidious side of the ambitious Gloster; that every point is handled with delicacy as well as with power; that every 'situation' is brought into boldest relief—all this is but to echo the praises which have been showered upon him times without number. His performance from beginning

to end was a grand triumph of the actor's art. He proved most conclusively that it is no idle boast which proclaims that with him Richard the Third has been a lifelong study. The fight in the closing act will alone repay the visitor to Drury Lane. Excitement was visible on the faces of all who followed it with avidity, and at the end the roar of applause was almost deafening. 'Just returned from seeing Edmund Kean as Richard. By Jove, he is a soul! Life, nature, truth, without exaggeration or diminution!' Thus wrote Lord Byron of the great actor of the past; and thus may we write of Barry Sullivan."

For sixty consecutive nights, without intermission, Sullivan played Richard. Such a continuous performance of so arduous a rôle had never been attempted by any actor, and is without parallel in the annals of the stage of any country. Even to the last week there was no diminution in the crowds that nightly besieged the doors to gain admission to witness our hero as the "crook-backed tyrant." The dramatic critic of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, in noticing the performance during the last week of October, said:

"The audiences at Drury Lane augment nightly, and on Saturday the crush was so great as almost to defy the efforts of the officials in front of the house to seat the clamorous multitude. The 'overflow' from the dress-circle numbering upwards of five hundred persons." And the *Sunday Times* of a month later (November 26th) remarked that "So conspicuous has been his triumph in Richard, that there is little matter for surprise the experiment has been extended." "Never before (it said) has Barry Sullivan won from a London public such recognition as it now accorded him. Crowds of enthusiastic playgoers have nightly filled the theatre, and received the great actor with the loudest applause."

The public, whilst witnessing his performances with unabated interest, yet looked forward eagerly to his representation of Macbeth. Accordingly, with the opening of his tenth week's engagement, the bill was altered, so that *Richard III.* and *Macbeth* would each be played three times a week until the close of the season. The first performance of *Macbeth,* with Locke's music, under this arrangement, took place "in the presence of a large and delighted audience," to use the words of the *Era,* on Wednesday, November 22nd. Sullivan once more met with a reception that was extremely gratifying, and which convinced him of the hold he now had upon the hearts of the lovers of the Shakespearean drama. The play was mounted with an accuracy of detail and liberal expenditure second only to the manner in which *Richard III.* had been produced.

The cast of *Macbeth* was very satisfactory, special praise being bestowed upon Mrs Herman Vezin's Lady Macbeth, Cathcart's Banquo, and Sinclair's spirited impersonation of Macduff. James Johnston was Duncan, and Frank Tyars played Rosse, while the three witches were represented by Messrs H. Russell, F. W. Irish, and R. Dolman. Locke's music was rendered by a numerous chorus, with the Misses E. Collins, Harriet Coveney, Clara Jecks, and Mr H. Pyatt as the solo vocalists, aided by Miss Fanny Huddart as Hecate.

John Oxenford, writing in the *Saturday Review,* considered that Sullivan's Macbeth had the same merits which were observed in his Richard, and Professor Henry Morley, in the *Examiner,* gave it as his opinion that "if he were photographed by an instantaneous process at any moment from beginning to end of the play, his attitude would be statuesque, judged by the standard of Flaxman. Judged by that standard, his picture of Macbeth was not at any single moment

ignoble or ungraceful, and there is no other actor now on the English stage who could stand comparison by the same standard."

During the performance of *Richard III.* on Tuesday night, December 12th, Sullivan met with an accident which nearly cost him his life. The Richmond on this night was, as heretofore, Henry Sinclair, in whom Barry Sullivan had taken a great interest. He was an ambitious young actor, and at the hands of his mentor received every kindness on and off the stage. The great fight between Richard and Richmond was invariably carefully rehearsed each day, but on this day Sinclair excused himself from rehearsing the sword scene, saying that he was now quite perfect (as he ought to have been after sixty nights' practice). When the representatives of the houses of York and Lancaster crossed swords that night, Richmond appeared to have suddenly lost his self-possession. Instead of bringing his sword down on Richard's shield, he made a lunge and drove the point of it into Sullivan's left eye-lid, severely lacerating the cornea. A terrible calamity was averted by the end of the weapon being broad instead of sharp-pointed. Sullivan fell, and a murmur ran through the theatre when he was observed to make a gesture signifying that he had been hurt. Sinclair at once dropped his sword and went to the assistance of the fallen Richard, whose cheek was now crimson with blood. The curtain was immediately lowered, and the performance brought to an end. The theatre was densely crowded at the time, and most of the audience waited until Doctors Mills and Canton of Southampton Street had been sent for. After they had examined Sullivan's eye and conveyed him to his apartments in the Charing Cross Hotel, the stage manager came forward and gave those present the assurance that there was some hope that no serious result would follow the accident.

Much sympathy for our hero was expressed throughout the kingdom. In Belfast, where he had been announced to make his reappearance on St Stephen's night, there was great disappointment among playgoers when it became known that his visit had to be postponed.

As already mentioned, *Macbeth* was in the Drury Lane bill for the evening following the accident, but previous to the rising of the curtain the stage manager came forward and read a certificate from Dr Mills to the effect that Sullivan would be unable to leave his room for some weeks.

By a strange irony of fate Barry Sullivan's "understudy" at this theatre was none other than James Bennett, his quondam rival in Glasgow thirty years previously! He it was who now had to replace the world-famous tragedian as Macbeth and Richard during the remaining nights of this week! Never was there a more striking illustration of the well-known lines—

> "The eyes of men,
> After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
> Are idly bent on him that enters next,
> Thinking his prattle to be tedious."

Even so, but with much more contempt, did the audience receive the hapless James Bennett.* No joyful tongue gave him welcome, and his best efforts were unrewarded even by a single cheer.

By his physician's orders Sullivan was compelled to remain in bed in a darkened room. For three weeks he suffered the most excruciating pain, and even when the wound healed and he was able to resume his performances, he frequently suffered intense pain, especially when he stood before the foot-lights. For many weeks he bore this, until he was induced to consult the eminent London oculist, Surgeon Critchet, who told him there was a small eyelash embedded

* Poor Bennett was stricken blind a few years later.

in the cornea, like a fly in amber, it evidently having been carried there by the point of the sword. Sullivan consented to undergo an operation at the hands of this great specialist, which was most successfully performed without the aid of chloroform or ether. Ever after he was loud in his praise of "dear old Critchet," who certainly was the means of making "Richard himself again."

As was to be expected, Sullivan's advent in Belfast was anxiously awaited. He was sufficiently recovered to be able to travel from London *via* Stranraer on Friday, January 5th (1877), and on arriving in Belfast he met with an extraordinary demonstration. Several thousand people lined the streets cheering him along the entire route to the Imperial Hotel, whither he was escorted by Manager Warden. His reception was acknowledged by the local press to have been unparalleled in the history of Belfast, and, if we except Madame Titien's reception in Dublin, the ovation he received was such as probably has never been accorded off the stage to any professor of the histrionic art.

He made his reappearance on the stage of the Theatre Royal the following evening as Hamlet, supported by Cathcart as Laertes; D. Byng as Polonius; J. G. Swanton as Claudius; Allwood as Horatio; H. Hampton, the Ghost; Sam Johnston, the First Grave-digger; Mrs Emma Roberts, Queen Gertrude; and Miss Adeline Stanhope (Mrs Thomas Amory Sullivan), Ophelia.

During the remaining twelve nights of his stay in Belfast Sullivan appeared as Macbeth, Claude Melnotte, Richelieu, Othello, King Lear, Don Felix, and Richard the Third, the last named being played on four occasions.

Miss Stanhope (Barry Sullivan's daughter-in-law), a most accomplished young actress, late of the Haymarket Theatre, shared honours with the tragedian each evening; her imper-

sonations, especially of Julie, Desdemona, Ophelia and Pauline, being heartily commended for the charm of their delicate execution.

On Saturday, January 22nd (Sullivan's last night in Belfast), a great demonstration in his honour was got up by the graduates and students of the Queen's College. Part of the programme was a torchlight procession—a species of outdoor display ever popular amongst collegiate students the world over. It had been arranged that the procession would start from the Samaritan Hospital at five o'clock in the afternoon, but long before that hour close upon three hundred collegians had assembled and were being marshalled for the imposing display. The weather was very fine and an enormous gathering of spectators collected in the adjoining thoroughfares awaiting the advent of the battalion of torch-bearers. A number of sky rockets having been set off, the enthusiastic students filed out into the road, bearing aloft their blazing torches and making the air ring with their hearty cheers. Heading the procession was a four-horse waggonette, and in it were seated the band of the Royal Antrim Rifles in charge of Captain Vandeleur.

On arriving at the theatre the graduates and students took their places in the different parts of the house allotted to them, and awaited the appearance of Barry Sullivan as Richard the Third. At the close of each act he was persistently "called," and his appearance before the curtain was hailed with thundering plaudits. Shortly after the conclusion of the tragedy the curtain rose on what might be considered *the event* of the night—the presentation of an address from the graduates and students of the Queen's College, Belfast, to Barry Sullivan. The stage was occupied by a numerous deputation from the University, all wearing their academic robes. In the centre of the group stood the

hero of the night still dressed as "Richard, England's Royal King." The cheering, of which this scene was the forerunner, having subsided, the following address was read :—

"The graduates and students of the Queen's College, Belfast, take advantage of your present engagement to tender their congratulations on your restoration to health, and to testify to the pleasure and intellectual profit which your periodical visits confer upon all who have a regard for the dignity and progress of the dramatic and histrionic arts. The students of Shakespeare owe much to your scholarly interpretation of the immortal plays, and into these you have, by vivid and powerful delineations of character, breathed a new and healthy life.

"Your professional life has been devoted to the revival of the waning glories of the British stage, and they who know how difficult it was in the earlier part of your career to bring back a healthy tone to the minds of our countrymen and elevate their tastes, can best appreciate the marvellous success which has crowned your labours.

"When it was thought that the dramas of Shakespeare had lost power to charm and instruct the play-loving public, you resolutely declined to acquiesce in the popular judgment. You were enabled by the power of that genius which has won for you enduring triumphs to overcome every difficulty, and vindicate the right of Shakespeare to live not only in the hearts, but to breathe and move before the eyes of his countrymen. Throughout the course of your arduous and brilliant career the dignity and moral purity of the stage has ever found in you a fearless supporter and worthy exponent. Its power to please has lost nothing of its charm, and it is now more than ever a school of intellectual culture, and a nurse of the best and loftiest emotions. Nothing that we may say can add to the splendour of

your triumphs as the greatest of living interpreters of the works of Shakespeare. These triumphs have been recognised and decreed by the united voice of the peoples of three continents.

"The glories of Edmund Kean and Macready yet live in the memory, and our sorrow for the untimely fate of Gustavus Brooke still lies heavy on our hearts. You have long since won your way into the company of these histrionic masters, and have secured a permanent seat in the charmed circle of immortal men, into which none may enter save by the right of genius.

"We trust that time will deal gently with your powers, and that you may long be privileged to labour in the cause which you have prosecuted with so much zeal, achieving additional honours for the stage, and winning for yourself, if it be possible, even greater success and renown."

In response to this address Barry Sullivan spoke as follows:—

"I deeply appreciate the singular honour you have done me in thronging from your collegiate halls and addressing me in words of so high and flattering compliment on this stage to-night.

"When to popular applause there is added the calm and thoughtful encomium of the cultivated student, then indeed is the recipient actor doubly blessed; but you have made me thrice happy by the assurance that my efforts in the service of the classic drama have imparted to you and to your compeers intellectual zest and scholarly assistance, as well as beguiled the tedium of the passing hour.

"I will not affect denial of success in the representation of the creations of the master-mind of the greatest of English poets and playwrights, but I am also fully conscious of many deficiencies, for which I can but find consolation in the words

of the immortal bard himself, who says 'our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not.'

"To the Shakespearean revival, marking the dawn of a bright era, in what I have contributed I have always found steady, nay, I might say enthusiastic support and encouragement amongst those that speak our tongue all over the world. The honourable position which your plaudits have accorded me I trust that I shall never lower, and the dignity and purity of a profession which daily strides towards its fitting place in the serried ranks of society, I trust I shall always preserve reproachless and unsullied. Could I but believe that the mantle of the illustrious members of that profession whom you have named had fallen on my shoulders, I would, indeed, feel highly honoured, as well as gravely responsible. Of one of the most gifted of them all—Gustavus Brooke, whose fate is still so mourned by us all—I had the pleasure of being a friend; and in the fanciful sentiment of Ireland's own National poet—

> 'If after death the spirit feel,
> He may, from odours round us streaming,
> A pulse of past enjoyment feel,
> And live again in blissful dreaming.'

"You, Gentlemen, members of the Queen's College of Belfast, and of the Queen's University in Ireland, again I thank most heartily. I have travelled, as you remind me, in many climes, and in all I have met warm hearts and ready hands; but in my journeyings I will confess to the exile's longing, and my heart often went out to the green island that softly rises brightly, even as Venus in classic story, as it were from the foam of the sea. To no place do more heartfelt recollections bind me than to this town, which has not been misnamed 'the Irish Athens,' for, from my first appearance long ago, down to my visit of two years since, when I

received so magnificent a recognition at your generous hands, and to my sojourn which thus terminates, I have met nothing but kindness and cordiality. The inaudible and noiseless foot of time steals upon us apace; but I treasure amongst my happiest hopes the prospect of meeting you again and again in health and strength, and of receiving from you that consideration which your generosity accords, rather than my deserts command."

The next day (Sunday) Sullivan left Belfast *en route* to Cork, accompanied by Mr Warden and the members of that Manager's company. After a brief rest in Dublin he resumed his journey to Cork and arrived in that city on Monday night. He was made the recipient here of a demonstration which, according to the *Examiner*, "had never before been accorded to any actor by the Cork public."

What a contrast to that day, forty years previous, when he arrived from Bristol, a poor, friendless boy with a hard world before him!

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity;
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

The collegiates of the Queen's College here were not to be outdone by their brothers in the "Black North." Quite unexpectedly it was intimated to Barry Sullivan that on the penultimate day of his engagement (February 2nd), the president, the professors, and upwards of a hundred of the students would invade the theatre with the object of presenting him with an address. It was as follows:—

"We, the graduates and undergraduates of the Queen's College, Cork, take this favourable opportunity of your first appearance here, since the accident which so nearly deprived the stage of one of our greatest actors, to testify our admira-

tion for you as a true representative of histrionic art. Your classical interpretations of Shakespeare's noblest works have raised you to the foremost place among living tragedians. Your impersonation of Hamlet, the finest creation of the master-mind of the poet, is in our estimation unequalled by any on the modern stage, while in that of Macbeth and Richard you stand unrivalled. We hope that your frequent presence amongst us may teach us to understand the lessons, and rightly to enjoy the intellectual pleasure which the genuine and healthy drama, interpreted by a real and earnest artist, is capable of communicating, and that you may long continue to shed a lustre on the stage, the dignity of which you have done so much to maintain."

Sullivan made the following reply:—"When the drop scene falls the actor's part is usually ended. From the excitement of the theatre to his much required repose, is a transition often welcome but always needed. Happy is he when he takes with him to his couch the consciousness that his efforts have been appreciated, and that he has done his part—to improve, enlighten, and instruct. But, Gentlemen, when, as an exponent of what is grand in the English drama, I find myself, after my evening's labours have been concluded, honoured with an address from the distinguished representatives of the only branch of a University in the South of Ireland—a University whose sons in every part of the world maintain the lustre of its name—I have reason to be exceptionally gratified, particularly when this compliment, unprecedented as it is, is paid to me in a city so dear to me, a city which has shown in many forms the cordial and hearty recognition of whatever success I have achieved. You have spoken of me in too flattering terms, but believe me when I say that they will rest in my memory as an incentive (if any were needed) to my desire to maintain the stage in the

glorious position it occupied in years gone by, so that by its agency the highest and lowliest alike may be familiarised with the brightest and noblest of human conceptions. I fear to trust myself to any formal words of thanks, but believe me, gentlemen, that your great compliment will be ever remembered with pleasure, gratitude, and pride."

The following week Sullivan played for four nights at the Theatre Royal, Waterford, to delighted audiences, many of whom were old enough to remember seeing his Shakespearean parts represented on the same spot by Edmund Kean and George Frederick Cooke. While in this city Sullivan visited the house at the corner of Colbeck Street and Lady Lane where Charles Kean was born. He evinced the greatest interest in going through the rooms of the old-fashioned house, and expressed a desire that the old house should be preserved, and his willingness to contribute to a fund for the purpose of erecting a memorial to mark the birthplace of the distinguished actor. It is not on record that the citizens of Waterford evinced a like interest for his memory. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

We now follow Sullivan to Glasgow, where he made his appearance once again at the Theatre Royal, on February 12th, as Richard the Third. "The exceptionally large audience," said the *Herald*, "testified to the irresistible attraction of his reputation in a rôle which he has most characteristically stamped with the personality of his genius." Before leaving for Edinburgh he gave a special performance of the comedy *The Wonder*, in aid of the Robert Burns Memorial Fund, under the patronage of the Lord Provost. Arriving in Edinburgh on the 26th of this month, he saw himself announced as follows:—

"*Theatre Royal. For twelve nights only. Engagement of the world-famous actor, Barry Sullivan, being his first ap-*

pearance in Edinburgh since his return from his triumphal tour of America."

That evening he made his appearance as Richard, and the ovation he received carried him back to the dear old days when his initial efforts here in comedy, melodrama, farce, and tragedy were so encouragingly received. Besides Miss Adeline Stanhope and Mr Cathcart, who were, as usual, Lady Anne and Richmond, his support on this occasion consisted of Mrs Howard, as Queen Elizabeth; Mrs R. Power, as the Duchess of York; and T. Webber, as Buckingham.

A severe bronchial cold, which Sullivan had contracted while crossing from Ireland, necessitated his confinement to his hotel here, and prevented him from undertaking the journey to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he was announced to appear on the following Monday. Great disappointment was caused among the Tyneside playgoers, who came clamouring to the doors of the Theatre Royal that night.

By St Patrick's Day he was sufficiently recovered to leave Edinburgh for Newcastle, and on that evening appeared as Richard, and during the remaining six nights *Richelieu*, *Hamlet*, *The Gamester*, *The Wonder*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and *Macbeth* were performed with the same care and finish of execution for which he had become famous.

On the Saturday preceding Easter, Sullivan was once more in his native city, entering on a fortnight's engagement at Manager Simpson's Theatre Royal. The *Birmingham Mail*, in a notice of this engagement, said: "Nothing could have furnished a greater relief to the intellectual famine of the public, notably appreciative of the higher ranges of dramatic art, than the engagement of Barry Sullivan. In the centre of a county which glories to have borne a poet whose fame is Homeric in its cosmopolitan extent, it is fitting that ever and anon some great exponent of his text should be intro-

duced who can awake our sometimes slumbering and placid satisfaction by the introduction of new beauties which a chamber reading may never, perhaps, previously have evoked. Shakespeare can never sleep in our recollection while Barry Sullivan lives to give effect to the ideas of the Bard."

Sullivan opened this engagement with *Hamlet*, and received valuable support from the members of Simpson's stock company. The cast included—Miss Rose Leclercq as Ophelia; Miss Clara Burchell as the Queen; J. Rosiera as the Ghost; G. Leonard as Horatio; and H. Bentley as the Grave-digger.

Interest is attached to the cast of *Richard the Third* on the following Monday. On that evening Barry Sullivan's youngest son, John Amory,* then a mere boy straight from school, made his début, playing Catesby to his father's unrivalled Richard, his efforts in that character meeting with favourable notice. From this forward Barry Sullivan was accompanied on all his tours by his two sons, the eldest, as heretofore, acting as his secretary and business manager, while John Amory, by unremitting study and attention at rehearsals soon came to be entrusted with parts of greater importance, step by step, until he was considered competent by his father to play leading parts with him.

Accompanied by some members of the Birmingham stock company, Barry Sullivan next entered on a twelve nights' engagement at the Amphitheatre in Liverpool, where his name and fame had become a household word. For his opening night (April 16th) he chose *Hamlet*, and the cordiality of his reception by an audience limited only in extent by the capacity of the theatre showed that long absence had not caused him to be forgotten.

* John Amory Sullivan survived his father only six years. He died at Hove on September 20th, 1897.

CHAPTER XXV

No comet of a season—Sullivan's views on the drama—The routine of his daily life—His work at rehearsals—Some traits of his character—Bassett Roe's reminiscences—The 1877 winter tour—Reception in Dublin—The humour of the Dublin gallery—The brutal vandal—Embroglio with the Edinburgh manager—"Sixty years young"—Dublin entertains Sullivan at a public banquet—A famous speech—The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre—Sullivan and Lady Martin meet again—Charles Edward Flower—Sullivan's benefit for Buckstone—His last appearance on the London stage—Destruction of the Belfast theatre—Sullivan refuses offers to revisit America and Australia—Signs of failing health—He entertains the "Savages"—Invited to stand for Parliament.

SINCE his return from America there was about Barry Sullivan none of the pride that apes humility. He believed in himself and his art—it would have been difficult to remain sceptical in the face of an admiring world. He was now admittedly the "unrivalled and world-famous tragedian." Offers of engagement poured in on him season after season without intermission. From the United States came volumes of cable messages with the most tempting offers, but although he had made a half promise to return to that El Dorado within a year, he could not break himself away from his old friends and ardent admirers at home. *"My old luck sticks to me—crowds turned away from all parts nightly in every principal city I have visited."* Thus he writes about this time to his friend, J. F. Warden of Belfast; and considering the rivalry which confronted him in every city—such as the touring Italian Opera Companies, the new spectacular *opera-bouffe*, the burlesque troupes, the "fashionable" actors from London, and the other thousand and one entertainments, good and bad, which at this period invaded the land,—it appears nothing short of a phenomenon when looked at through

our "up-to-date" glasses, how Barry Sullivan could, without any meretricious aid, accompanied only by one or two competent artists, depending on the accessories and support supplied by local managers, night after night during nine months of each recurring year, fill to overflowing the largest theatres in the chief cities and towns of the kingdom.

Barry Sullivan was no comet of a season. His continued success was without parallel in theatrical annals. Nowhere in the lives of any of his illustrious predecessors can we find such a record. He modestly called it his "luck," but without a doubt it was the attraction of his own personality and genius.

He held strong opinions, and expressed them with blunt emphasis; but his outspoken ways were always tempered by a generous disposition that made him many friends. His views on the drama of the future were inclined to be pessimistic. "The poetic drama," he once remarked, "is almost a thing of the past; year by year it is fading from our stage, and soon Shakespeare will not be understood." Asked if he saw any hope for a future restoration to power of the poetic drama, he replied that he could not. "And why?" "Because most of the actors of this latter day are leaving Shakespeare entirely out of their education." "Put such an actor into a 'modern' drama" (he would say) "and being equal to the ordinary requirements he will show to some advantage. But place the same player in a Shakespearean part, and the result is—surprise that an actor could look so little." The cause, he held, was easily explained. The latter-day actor knows little or nothing of Shakespeare, and owing to his pernicious training never can appear to advantage in the loftier forms of his art.

Altogether his opinion of the then outlook of the stage was that matters would go on until they ended in a general

music-hall performance, which prophecy is now so near the truth as to make those who really take an interest in the drama feel a deep concern. What a real debt of gratitude do Englishmen not owe to Barry Sullivan for the grand efforts he made to uphold the standard of dramatic art. It is to be regretted that entertainments which appeal to the unthinking and the vulgar now command the greatest popularity.

The manner of Sullivan's life at this period was simplicity itself. He invariably rose at six in the morning, having then slept for five hours. He usually began the day with a brisk walk of a few miles in the park, if there was one, or through the suburbs of the town he happened to be playing in. He then breakfasted, and about ten o'clock was to be found at the theatre, seated on the stage superintending the rehearsal of that night's play, until he was quite satisfied with the result. If matters went smoothly the time saved would be utilised in going through some difficult scenes of another piece, much to the horror and dismay of the lazy and incompetent ones. He would often remain on the stage conducting a rehearsal of five or six hours' duration—not merely expostulating or giving orders, but showing the supernumeraries as well as the principals how he wished any particular "business" to be performed. His heart was in his work, which he believed no one could so well carry out as himself. His brain teemed with ideas, and he knew the best use to put them to.

Very few actors laboured so indefatigably as Barry Sullivan. To watch him directing a rehearsal almost made one's head ache at the mere idea of such unceasing labour. Every word and motion, however insignificant, of each individual on the stage, from himself down to the newest and rawest "super," would be thought out and planned in his brain. Like an

able general, he left nothing to chance, nothing to subordinates. He was not only a great actor, but a great teacher; and his influence pervaded and dominated every being in the theatre.

It must be admitted that Barry Sullivan was somewhat of a martinet at rehearsals. He never wearied in the task of thoroughly instilling the business of the piece into the entire company. If all went off to his entire satisfaction, he made it a point personally to thank the members of the company for their patience and attention; on the other hand, for those who, through want of punctuality, carelessness, or inattention, annoyed him, he invariably had a rod in pickle.

To the young and inexperienced whom he found steady and willing he was kind and considerate; indeed there was no young actor or actress of any promise who came under his notice to whom he did not hold out the hand of encouragement; and so far was he from indulging an ungenerous sally at their expense that it would have been a dangerous experiment in another to have attempted it in his presence. No person who is not a member of the profession can estimate the value of this trait in Barry Sullivan's character. Sincerely were it to be wished that all his contemporaries had acted towards him with the same generosity which he uniformly evinced. But, alas! there were some who hated him for his gifts, some who envied him for his fame; and mean malignity too often led them to depreciate the one and try to undermine the other. Few better merited the prosperity he met with, and few used the advantages of fortune better. His heart was without guile, his character untainted with a shade even of dishonour. The faults to which even the best among us are subject were in him observed with lynx-eyed scrutiny, and made the very utmost of. His so-called failings were a tendency to segregation, and a use of his

knowledge of the world's craft, by which he was not open to the specious and false. Nevertheless, he was trusting and benevolent in his nature, a benefactor without ostentation, a friend without reserve. His tender consideration, his unvarying affection for his family, his moral and religious feelings—of the sincerity of which his whole life was a practical illustration—his conscientious fulfilment of all his contracts, his patient endurance of wrongs, his submissive resignation to inflictions were all admirable. He had acknowledged failings of temper, deplored more by himself than any other; but they were transient in their effects, and were the result of an untiring zeal as well as of natural sensitiveness.

After the forenoon rehearsals, which often extended into the afternoon, Sullivan generally remained at his hotel, musing over the character he was to sustain that night, or entertaining friends with conversation. When his mind was filled with Shakespeare, and he chose to descant, he could enforce assent to any theory it suited him to propound. The absolute self-conviction with which he spoke carried hearers away from their standpoints of judgment, and the mass of erudition at his command not only enabled him to strengthen any doubtful proposition which he might maintain, but for the occasion to make fallacies appear impregnable.

He was early at the theatre in the evening, usually arriving there an hour before the curtain was rung up. He seldom had to take the trouble to see that those in the cast were all in attendance. He knew that with the discipline he maintained they must be there. Such estimable actors as Sir Squire Bancroft, Mr Wilson Barrett, Mr Edward Compton, Mr Beerbohm Tree, Mr Henry Neville, Mr Lionel Brough, Mr Charles Warner, Mr J. L. Toole, the late Henry Howe,

Mr Osmond Tearle, Mr Louis Calvert, Mr Bassett Roe, Mr George Clarke (of Daly's company), Mr Arthur Williams, and a host of others, all have borne testimony to the writer of his unfailing kindness, good nature and uniform courtesy. Though some of his *confreres* held widely different views and opinions, all are unanimous that he was on all occasions a perfect gentleman.

Sir Squire Bancroft, in paying a graceful tribute to Barry Sullivan's memory, took occasion to recount how, when he (Bancroft) first occupied the chair at the 1885 annual festival of the Royal Theatrical Fund, the first donation he received towards it was Barry Sullivan's usual fifty guineas. To this fund he was a life subscriber. Mr Edward Compton always found Sullivan an "enthusiastic worker, full of fire and go and perseverance, and a model of self-denial in his daily life, in order that he might keep faith (in every sense of the word) with the public at night." "In private I found him," says Mr Compton, "exceedingly pleasant, and full of conversation and anecdote." And Mr Bassett Roe, one of the youngest recruits who served under Sullivan's banner, gives his reminiscences in the following words: "I was pleasantly associated with him for some ten months, and I am under many obligations to him. He had all the manners and airs of a gentleman of the old school, with a decided leaning towards the grandiose. He addressed his company, invariably, as 'Sir' or 'Madam.' He was feared as a martinet, but I suspect he was often slyly poking fun at his victims, as in my own case. I had been playing Henry IV. to his Falstaff for the first time. The performance had gone remarkably well, and I suppose I put on a self-satisfied look of relief and gratification when the curtain fell. The conceit, however, was soon taken out of me by the tragedian beckoning me to him, and saying in a

reproachful tone: 'My dear sir, you get worse and worse! Do you know what you said?' 'No,' I replied, with some consternation. 'You don't know what you said, sir?' he repeated. 'No indeed,' I added, with increased dismay, 'What did I say?'—'Oh don't ask me, sir. If you don't know what you said yourself, I'm sure I don't'—and he walked to his room with a smile of grim humour."

"On another occasion at Birmingham," relates Mr Bassett Roe, "Barry Sullivan as Richard the Third had just addressed me in solemn tones as 'cousin of Buckingham,' and paused impressively, when the silence in the house was disturbed by the loud popping of a cork in the direction of the pit. The audience tittered, and as Sullivan did not continue his lines, after some moments of painful silence I gave him the cue. The great actor gave me a terrific look, and muttered, 'Do you think I don't know my words, sir? I was reading that audience a lesson!'"

Mr Bassett Roe's final words on Sullivan's characteristics are well worth recording: "He was a strict disciplinarian, scorching in his condemnation of crass stupidity, but at the same time marvellously quick to recognise and develop the budding ability of the conscientious and studious beginner; and I have always regarded the season I played with him as having been quite an education for me in stage technique."

There is no need to repeat the oft-told tale of how Sullivan worked hard to acquire a perfect knowledge of his art. Ever in earnest; unceasing study, even in the silence of his rooms; unremitting care and attention while a beginner to every detail at rehearsal; and, above all, always striving to do better, no matter how small or insignificant the part he was called upon to act. Barry Sullivan, if he was anything in the world, was a student, and a great characteristic of his acting was that he was always in *earnest*; he was never

guilty of what is called playing to his audience. His eye and his heart and his mind and his feeling were always with the author, always what the French call *en scene.*

His great ambition was to maintain the grand traditions of the stage. It was no fashionable craze or caprice that induced Barry Sullivan to become an actor. His love for the drama was born with him. We know with what wistful eyes he and his young playmates used to watch the people go to the old theatre in Bristol, wondering if it would ever occur to anyone to take them to see a play, but not venturing to expose their longing as the very name of play-actors used to fill some God-fearing persons in those days with a kind of vague horror. To many they were a class apart, to be hinted at rather than named.

From the first day he went on the stage Sullivan bore himself worthily; he allowed no dishonour to come upon him or upon his adopted profession by him. Barry Sullivan, like Macready, exulted in his histrionic triumphs; but, unlike him, he was never ashamed of his profession. He always remembered that he had adopted a profession which may well engage the noblest faculties of heart and mind, that he was engaged in an art whose end—to use the words of the master-dramatist—"both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and presence."

It looks a little matter, to strike the chords of laughter or of sorrow; but, indeed, to do that aright and wake a melody which shall leave all who hear it the better and braver for the hearing, may well repay the efforts of a lifetime.

Throughout the course of Barry Sullivan's arduous and brilliant career the dignity and moral purity of the stage ever found in him a fearless supporter and worthy exponent.

"The men and women of the stage," he once said to an interviewer, "are quite as good as their neighbours—better, indeed, considering their life and the peculiar nature of their temptations. Our actresses are women of the world, and can very well look after themselves. If the women off the stage were as zealous for a pure theatre as some of the women on the stage, the status of the theatre would undergo a rapid change for the better."

Resuming the narrative of Sullivan's 1877 winter tour, we find him on September 24th playing at Miss Sarah Thorne's theatre in Worcester, accompanied by his son, John Amory, his daughter-in-law, Miss Stanhope, and Mr W. H. Hallett, a promising young actor, who now played seconds, *vice* Mr Cathcart retired. The repertoire this season consisted of *Hamlet* (with John Amory as The Ghost), *As You Like It* (with Sullivan as Jaques), *Money*, *The Wonder*, *Lady of Lyons*, *Richelieu*, *The Gamester*, *Macbeth* (John Amory as Banquo), and *Richard III.*

A fortnight's engagement in Bristol followed, and from the city of his boyhood days Sullivan journeyed to Dublin to be there cordially received on a bleak November Sunday evening by the Lord Mayor and several influential citizens. The following evening (November 5th) he was accorded an enthusiastic welcome at the "old Royal" in Hawkins Street, when he made his appearance as Hamlet. The theatre was filled to overflowing, and, according to *The Mail*, "money was refused at all parts."

On the evenings that *Macbeth* and *The Lady of Lyons* were in the bills two ladies, prodigiously popular with Dublin playgoers, were in the cast. These were Mrs Parker as the Widow Melnotte, and Mrs Michael Gunn as Hecate.

Barry Sullivan was always much impressed by the great attention, sensitiveness, and sympathy of his Dublin audiences,

and occasionally diverted by their humour. Of this last trait he had heard many anecdotes, especially one related by Macready, which amused him greatly. It was during a performance of *Venice Preserved* one evening, the actor who represented Jaffier drawled his speeches to uncommon length. In the last act, where he strikes himself with a dagger, he droned out a soliloquy which was heard with evident impatience, until at last an impetuous "god" cried out, "Arrah, die at once"; to which one of his fellows from the opposite side responded, "Be quiet, you blackguard"; and then turning to the expiring Jaffier, said, in a patronising tone, "Sure, take your time."

The Reverend Chancellor Tisdall of Dublin, a much esteemed friend of Barry Sullivan's, relates that on one of his *Richard III.* nights, in the scene where Gloster comes rushing on to the stage, shouting, "A horse! a horse!" my kingdom for a horse!" an incorrigible gamin in the gallery cried out, "Will an ass do you, Barry?" To which unpardonable interruption came the ready-witted reply, "Yes, come down."

From the Irish capital Sullivan returned to Liverpool, and for three weeks played a round of his usual parts at the Amphitheatre. The following extract is from a letter which he wrote while here to Henry O'Shea, the artist who, it will be remembered, painted his portrait on the eve of his first voyage to America. Being distinctly characteristic, it is worth quoting:—

"So delighted was I with your exquisite work that I determined to have it put into a frame, massive and grand, and with this object in view, after giving every instruction necessary to ensure my desire being completely carried out, I placed the address in the hands of one of the best frame-makers in Brighton. Would you believe it, this brutal Vandal, instead

of making a frame to meet the size of the address, cut the address down to suit a frame he already possessed, and brought it home without an atom of margin left, his frame actually coming into contact with the colours.

"I took him by the throat, and put him out of the house; and had it not been for that devil's craft, the law, I would have broken his head."

The address alluded to was the illuminated one from the citizens of Limerick, which Mr O'Shea was mainly instrumental in getting up. This artist got many commissions for paintings from Barry Sullivan, and he relates that his patron was at all times most generous as a paymaster.

In January, Sullivan paid a visit to Cork for twelve nights, after his usual Christmas engagement at Belfast.

A week's engagement at the newly-opened Gaiety Theatre in Glasgow followed, and then at Edinburgh for three weeks, from March 11th.

During his stay in the Scottish capital an unpleasant incident occurred, which culminated in Sullivan's refusal to visit Edinburgh for some years. The management of the Theatre Royal, without asking Sullivan's permission, made arrangements with some local amateurs, who were about producing an opera entitled *Stradella*, whereby they could have the use of the stage during the day-time. Sullivan would not allow this. He contended that, by the terms of his engagement, he had an exclusive right to the use of the theatre while he was in the city, and that at the time fixed for the musical performance, he required the stage for the purpose of rehearsal. Matters went so far that Sullivan applied for, and obtained, an injunction against the lessees, preventing them from allowing the theatre to be used by the amateurs during his tenancy.

His resolute action caused quite a stir in the staid city.

On the night following the legal proceedings, he played Richard the Third, and on making his appearance on the stage, met with a volley of hisses and groans from the malcontents who had been denied the use of the theatre, and loud cheers from his admirers. Sullivan, however, stood his ground, and proceeded with his soliloquy, but the "winter of discontent" in the house recommenced, and for a time his voice could not be heard above the uproar. Meanwhile the two factions in the pit and gallery came to blows, and the attention of the house was momentarily turned from the stage to watch the combatants. The curtain was then lowered, and the members of the orchestra began an overture, which none but themselves could hear. Cries of "Barry Sullivan, Barry Sullivan," now came from all parts of the house. After a short time the curtain was again raised, and when he came forward he was greeted with cheers and the clapping of hands which drowned the noise of the malcontents. The tragedy proceeded with but few interruptions until the end of the fourth act. Some unaccountable delay occurred in raising the curtain on the last act. This was the signal for another scene in the house, and the same bustle and clamour as reigned early in the evening was continued until Richmond and Richard crossed swords in the last scene, when the matchless acting and fencing of Sullivan completely conquered the audience.

No sooner had these troubles been lost sight of than a monetary dispute arose between Sullivan and the management. On the last night of this engagement Sullivan's share of the receipts was sent to him in the form of a cheque about which he had some suspicions. Though booked to play in Newcastle the following Monday night, he remained in Edinburgh over the Sunday, and on sending to the Bank the next morning had his suspicions confirmed by the cheque being

returned dishonoured. An unpleasant scene ensued between the star and the manager, and not until Sullivan was handed his six hundred guineas in gold did he depart. It is doubtful if he ever forgave the Auld Reekieans; certain it is he declared he would never play in their theatre while the same management held sway. He did not return to Edinburgh until February 1884, when the theatre was under the management of Mr Heslop, the former manager having, in conjunction with Wyndham, leased the Lyceum Theatre at the West End. Sullivan's next visit to Edinburgh was in March of the following year (1885), when he played a fortnight's engagement at Cecil Beryl's new Theatre Royal, the former Royal having been burnt in the meantime. His last engagement of all in the Scottish capital was at the same house, and under the same management, in April 1887; and his last appearance on the Edinburgh stage took place on the 9th of that month, when he appeared as Macbeth, supported by his son as Macduff, and Miss M. Kingsley as Lady Macbeth.

To return to the 1878 tour, it should be noted that on Easter Monday, April 22nd, he entered on a twelve nights' engagement at the Amphitheatre in Liverpool. Sullivan's travelling company now consisted of his son John Amory, Messrs Hallett and Cathcart, Miss Stanhope, Miss Marie Anderson and Miss Rudd. John Amory Sullivan was now entrusted with such parts as Buckingham, De Mauprat, Banquo and Lewson, and was rapidly showing signs of the excellent training he was receiving. On June 22nd, Sullivan brought his 1877-1878 tour to a close at Newcastle-on-Tyne, after playing for thirty-nine consecutive weeks, giving in all two hundred and forty performances of some ten or twelve arduous rôles.

For the next three months he made an extended

holiday tour through France, Italy and Germany, gaining renewed health and spirits by the needed change, so much so that on his return to England, despite the fact that the snows of many winters had left their whiteness on his head, he did not look more than half his age. But this, with his bushy eyebrows, and the strongly marked lines about his mouth, which in a younger man would have seemed merely the outward sign of resolution, were the only tokens by which one would have known him to be close on sixty. "Sixty years young," was his own happy way of telling his age about this time—another instance of his extraordinary vivacity. He had still the habit of resting his whole weight firmly upon the ground, never trusting to the support of stick or umbrella, and the dignity and ease of his bearing were not lost in the most impetuous of his habitually rapid movements. His eyes had still a tinge of blue in some lights, but it was the indefinable grey in them which gave the look of power and firmness to his face. It is doubtful if his eyes were really bluer in his kindly moments, but it is not doubtful that they seemed so. That which distinguished his look and his manner, however, after the force which no one could fail to feel in him, was an effect of unconquerable youthfulness and buoyancy. His eager searching glance, his manner of unceasing alertness and energy, gave one the sense of a man very much alive.

In October 1878 he commenced another provincial tour, opening at Blackpool on the 21st with Messrs W. H. Hallett, W. Grisdale, T. Norman, John Amory, and Miss Ethel Hope and Miss Fanny Pitt, enrolled as members of his travelling company, depending on such support as the different theatres he visited could afford for the minor characters in the plays he produced.

A fortnight later, that is on November 4th, he entered on

a three weeks' engagement at the Hawkins Street Theatre Royal in Dublin, under Mr Michael Gunn's management. During his eighteen nights here he produced eleven plays—*Hamlet, Macbeth,* and *Richard the Third,* each on three occasions, *King Lear, Othello, Richelieu, The Gamester, Lady of Lyons, The Wonder, Money,* and *The School for Scandal* on the remaining nights. The part of Sir Peter Teazle was taken by J. F. Warden, who journeyed from Belfast to greet his friend, while Mrs Michael Gunn lent an attraction to the performance by a careful and polished impersonation of Lady Teazle.

This was Sullivan's last appearance on the stage of this historic theatre. Before he visited Dublin again the "Old Royal," as it is affectionately called by old actors and playgoers, was totally destroyed by fire.

After an engagement at the Opera House in Cork, he returned to Dublin on Saturday, November 30th, at the invitation of the Lord Mayor, by whom he was entertained at a public banquet that evening in the Exhibition Palace.

The names associated with this tribute of respect to Barry Sullivan are honoured ones in the Irish capital—Professors Dowden, Ingram, and Tyrrell of Trinity College, Sir John Barrington, William Lane Joynt, and Edwin Hamilton; these and the assembled company of over two hundred citizens vied with each other in the warmth and enthusiasm of the greeting which the great actor's appearance at their table evoked.

In response to the toast of his health, Barry Sullivan made what was for him an unusually lengthy speech. As it is somewhat autobiographic, it will doubtless prove interesting.

"I tender you my heart's sincerest thanks for the high honour you confer upon me this day. To be the guest of the Lord Mayor and citizens of Dublin is to be the guest of the

Great Irish Nation—a distinction of which any man, no matter what his station or success in life, may justly feel proud; but I may be allowed to remark that I am no exception to what, without egotism, I might almost call the rule, namely, that Irishmen and Irishwomen have ever won the right to stand in the foremost rank of artists on the British stage. To verify this assertion I need only mention the names of Macklin, Cooke, Kean, Macready, Brooke, the beautiful O'Neill, and many others; and, sir, I am free to admit, with pride and gratitude, that England has been ever ready to acknowledge and reward the merits of Irish artists. But Irishmen have always marched in the van with the greatest and best, as witness for me Wellington and Gough, Curran and Grattan, Burke and O'Connell, and a thousand others, whose words and deeds make the heart of the nation beat stronger and quicker at the mere mention of their names, and I am well able to assure you that our countrymen in all parts of the world are still pressing forward and upward; for I have often heard with delight a beautiful brogue falling softly and sweetly from the lips of the most prosperous and distinguished men that I have had the good fortune to meet in the remotest parts of the globe.

"It may not be considered out of place if I mention here the fact that I commenced the art, which I have the honour to profess, not on the first rung of the ladder, but on the very ground. While yet a boy I stood alone in the world, without father, mother, friend—without means, and master only of a little Latin, and no Greek. From this you will correctly infer that I am what is called a self-made man—a proud distinction. 'What merit to be dropped on fortune's hill, the honour is to mount it!' For years the struggle was desperate and doubtful, but my heart was too tough to yield, and my pride too great to allow my being driven from the

bright goal of which I had so often and so fondly dreamed. At last there came the turning of the tide in my favour. Fortune began to smile on me in earnest, and enabled me to reach the haven of comparative plenty. But amidst all my successes in England and Scotland, in America and Australia, my great ambition still was to be acknowledged here in my fatherland. Sir, 'men's natures are their blood; they have no other high or low'; the blood that pulsates the heart I take to be the true index of nationality; and mine is Irish—Irish to the core.

"At length I thought the time had arrived for testing the good opinion of my countrymen, and though oppressed with the thought that few are prophets in their own country, I made my début in the good town of Belfast, and was received with every consideration and enthusiasm. And when I visited what may be called the cradle of the O'Sullivans, dear, beautiful Cork, the big warm heart of her citizens received me as they ever receive those who endeavour to uphold the honour of Ireland. At last I found myself bidding for the good opinion of the great public of Dublin. How you received me, then and since, I think the position in which I stand here to-night will speak for me much better than any words I can command. In conclusion, I beg to assure you that this grand and spontaneous expression of the esteem and good-will of this great city has sunk deep into my heart, there to rest embalmed in love and gratitude for ever."

At the close of this tour, in April 1879, Sullivan was invited by the Council of the Shakespearean Memorial in Stratford-on-Avon to assist at the inaugural festival to be held there on the 315th anniversary of the poet's birthday, and to dedicate their new theatre to Thespian worship by producing a Shakespearean play.

How earnestly he entered into this memorial to the master dramatist is best told in the words of the late Mr Charles Flower, of Avonbank, Stratford-on-Avon, the munificent patron of this theatre, and Chairman of the Memorial Council.

"My first communication with Barry Sullivan" (said Mr Flower to the writer) "was when the Memorial Theatre was nearly ready for opening, when I asked for his advice and assistance with reference to the inaugural proceedings. He replied very promptly and courteously, and, in his anxiety to render the occasion a memorable one, he at once came to see me. I found him overflowing with energy and enthusiasm, ready to do anything that might serve the cause we had at heart, putting every other consideration aside. He offered to play any part that might be allotted to him, if, by so doing, the entire performance would be more complete and worthy, his only desire being that of making the success a great one. During the fortnight that preceded the first performances he worked untiringly, early and late, declining to receive any remuneration for his services, which he generously supplemented with a donation of one hundred guineas. Moreover, during the whole of that time he, at his own cost, kept his entire company in Stratford ready to fill any gaps that might be accidentally created. That no such hitch did take place, and that all went off with perfect smoothness, was mainly due to his careful forethought and large practical experience."

Shakespeare's comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* was the play selected for the inaugural performance, which took place at seven o'clock on Wednesday evening, April 23rd, 1879.

Lady Martin, who, as Helen Faucit, had so often and so faithfully interpreted the poet's heroines, also took a warm

interest in this memorial to Shakespeare, and graciously consented to emerge from her retirement for the inaugural performance, and sustain the character of Beatrice to Barry Sullivan's Benedick.

This performance brought together such a unique collection of players that it will doubtless be of interest to chronicle the full cast in these pages. The distribution of characters was as follows:—

Benedick, . . .	Barry Sullivan.
Don Pedro, . . .	Luigi Lablache.
Don John, . . .	Herbert Jenner.
Claudio, . . .	Edward Compton.
Leonato, . . .	John Ryder.
Antonio, . . .	B. Robins.
Balthazar, . . .	W. H. Cummings.
Borachio, . . .	James Wheeler.
Conrade, . . .	G. Weston.
Dogberry, . . .	William Henry Stephens.
Verges, ...	Frank Barsby.
Friar, ...	H. J. Turner.
Beatrice, . . .	Mrs Theodore Martin (Helen Faucit).
Hero, ...	Miss Ellen Wallis.
Margaret, . . .	Miss Goliere.
Ursula, ...	Miss H. Hudspeth.

The reception to those who volunteered to act was most cordial. At the close of the delightful comedy Barry Sullivan, in response to a universal call, came before the curtain, leading on Lady Martin, and as she retired from the stage the audience applauded as though they were bidding the great actress adieu for the last time, as indeed it eventually proved to be.

The following evening *Hamlet* was the play, when Barry Sullivan as the Prince was supported by Edward Compton as Laertes; Luigi Lablache, Horatio; W. H. Stephens, Polonius; Herbert Jenner, Claudius; John Ryder, the Ghost; Mrs Charles Calvert, Queen Gertrude; and Miss

Ellen Wallis, Ophelia the Rose of Elsinore. It was a noteworthy performance in every respect. Sullivan remarked to a friend at the time that it was the three thousand and sixty-first time he had played Hamlet, and it is doubtful, said Mr Flower, if he ever gave a more perfect rendering of his favourite character, his acting in the play scene "was a fine histrionic display, rising to positive genius."

The parts of Benedick and Hamlet are, we know, the very antithesis of each other: yet the highly critical and cultivated audiences which travelled from London were loud in their praise of Sullivan's conception and portrayal of both.

Hamlet was repeated at the Memorial Theatre on the evenings of April 26th and 29th, and May 2nd, with the cast as on the first occasion; *Much Ado About Nothing* was put in the bills for April 28th and May 1st; while, *As You Like It*, with Sullivan as Jaques, Miss Ellen Wallis as Rosalind, and Edward Compton as Orlando, was played on April 30th and May 3rd. On the intervening evenings Sir Julius Benedict conducted concerts of Shakespearean music, at which Madame Antoinette Stirling, Miss Kate Field, Mrs Osgood, Mr W. H. Cummings, and Mr Charles Santley assisted.

It has oftentimes been said that Stratford-on-Avon and its surroundings moulded the great dramatist's mind. In like manner, the poet and the place combined have since moulded the lives and minds of others; notably so in the case of Charles Edward Flower. He was born within a stone's throw of Shakespeare's birthplace in 1827, his father being the head of the local brewery bearing his name. In this peaceful town Charles Flower's boyhood was passed, and when it is stated that he became a pupil at the ancient Grammar School, where the poet himself was educated, it is easy to understand how he early imbibed much of that love for the poet's work, and interest in the traditions of the

poet's life, that so saturated and coloured all his after career. At the age of sixteen young Flower entered the Stratford brewery, going through every stage of the work necessary for a complete knowledge of the business. The love of Shakespeare "grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength," the beauties of nature that were to be seen on every side of his native town became part of his being and wove themselves into his appreciation of the poet. For a time, we read, these aspirations were kept in strict abeyance to the needs of his great business. Taking up his business life as a duty to be done, and done thoroughly, when the time came for him to retire from an active participation in that life, the same thoroughness was thrown into the pursuits of literature and art, which then became possible. About this time the idea took strong possession of his mind that some lasting memorial to Shakespeare ought to be founded in the town that gave him birth. At length these musings took visible form and shape; thought became action.

In the autumn of 1874 a committee was formed with the object of erecting a Memorial Building on the banks of the Avon, on a site given for the purpose by Charles Flower, who headed the list of subscribers by giving £1000. He expressed a desire that part of the "memorial" should take the form of a Theatre. This the Council decided upon doing, and on the 23rd April 1877 the first stone was laid of the building which includes, besides the Theatre, a Shakespearean Library, Museum, Picture and Sculpture Gallery.

The inaugural festival, as we have seen, took place two years later on the 315th anniversary of the poet's birthday; and year by year on the same anniversary his plays are here presented by one or other of the leading actors of the day.

Besides being one of the Governors of the Shakespeare

Memorial, Barry Sullivan was elected a member of the Council, and to the last took a paternal interest in the welfare of the Institution on the banks of the Avon.

While on a visit to London this summer Sullivan learned that his old friend, John Baldwin Buckstone, was in straitened circumstances. With his characteristic generosity he arranged with the late John S. Clarke (that prince of American comedians), who then held the managerial reins of the "little theatre in the Haymarket," to give four benefit performances of *Much Ado About Nothing* for Buckstone. The *Times* of August 6th contained the following announcement:—"The Haymarket theatre has been placed at the disposal of Mr Buckstone and the entire profits of the performances on the evenings of the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th will be handed to him. Mr Barry Sullivan has most kindly offered his gratuitous services for this benefit, and will appear as Benedick on these evenings."

He was supported by Edward Compton as Claudio, and Henry Howe as Dogberry; while Messrs John Ryder, C. Harcourt, D. Fisher, Jun., Norman Forbes, C. Langley, W. Grisdale, and Mesdames Rose Eytinge, B. Henri, E. Thorne, and Ida Beaumont, completed the cast.

Genial Buckstone, "a fellow of infinite jest," did not live long to enjoy the fruits of this "benefit." The curtain descended upon his long career before two months had elapsed.

Sullivan's Benedick drew all London, and the Haymarket management, finding a veritable gold mine in our hero, lost no time in engaging him for the fourteen nights succeeding August 9th.

Much Ado remained in the programme until Friday, August 15th. On the following evening Shakespeare gave way to Kotzebue's *Stranger*, with Sullivan in the name part. Kotzebue's play was performed each night to good houses

until the 23rd of this month on which occasion Sullivan bade farewell to his Haymarket audiences, and made what proved to be his last appearance on the London stage. It was on these same boards, it will be remembered, he made his first bid for the opinion of a London audience seven and twenty years before.

A benefit being organised in Manchester for Tom Chambers, the old acting manager at the Theatre Royal and a great favourite with the profession, Sullivan's services were sought and gratuitously given the following week, when, supported by Miss Ellen Wallis as Beatrice, he delighted his friends in Cottonopolis by a performance of Benedick, a part he had recently taken a new pleasure in impersonating. The same generous spirit moved him the following April, when he brought his company to Stratford-on-Avon for the annual Shakespearean festival. His stay extended over three weeks from the 19th of April (1880), and at its close he declined to accept one penny from the governing Council, expressing himself as being only too glad to give his own and his company's services free as a donation to the memorial. His repertoire was more extensive than when he played here the previous spring. It consisted of *Hamlet*, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Lady of Lyons*, *The School for Scandal*, and *The Gamester*, in all of which he was principally supported by Messrs John Amory, W. H. Stephens, W. H. Hallett, A. Mathison, F. Scuddamore, H. Hamilton, H. Turner, and Mesdames Austin, Hope, Masson, and Newcome.

The Stratford audiences did not appreciate the revival of *The Gamester*. On the first evening it was played there was a very thin attendance, and on the second "a beggarly account of empty boxes." This quite annoyed Sullivan, who had a strange liking for and an unshakeable belief in Moore's old

play, and, notwithstanding the crowds that flocked to see his Hamlet, Shylock, Othello, Benedick and Charles Surface, he never quite forgave them for slighting his Beverley.

When the news reached Sullivan the following June that Warden's theatre in Belfast had been destroyed by fire, and that a testimonial was on foot for the old actor-manager, he immediately sent him a "little cheque" for a hundred guineas, as a remembrance of the services he had rendered him in days gone by. Not content with heading the Warden testimonial, Sullivan journeyed specially to Belfast to open the new Theatre Royal on December 22nd, 1881, on which occasion he appeared as Alfred Evelyn in *Money*. One of the most amusing instances of *lapsus linguae* occurred on this night. In the gambling scene in the club there is, as playgoers will remember, a character called the Old Member, who has nothing to do but to read the newspaper and to call continually for the snuff-box. The other characters, as they get excited at their game, keep taking the snuff-box off the table. The Old Member is reading the paper all the time. Presently he looks for the snuff-box and it is gone. He calls to the waiter, "Waiter, the snuff-box!" and the servant goes to Blount, or whoever has taken it, and puts it back on the table. The Old Member on this particular occasion was personated by one of Manager Warden's old stagers who had the reputation of never being quite perfect in the words of anything he played; but, "to make assurance double sure," for this night he had before him, inside the newspaper, all the cues and his own part; so he had nothing to do but read it, and he was determined to be right for once. When the scene was culminating in the midst of all the confusion and the roar that is caused by certain necessities of the play, there was a momentary pause when the Old Member hallooed out,

"Waiter, the buff-snox!" Of course the scene closed with more laughter than ever before.

After his last engagement in London, the success of which and his undiminished popularity outside the metropolis was noised throughout the United States, offers were again sent to him by almost every theatre manager from Maine to California. But although the enterprising American manager, Henry Abbey, offered him £24,000 for a ten months' tour in the States, and the Melbourne *impresarios*, Williamson and Garner, an equally tempting offer to revisit Australia, Sullivan declined them for two reasons. First, he was booked at every theatre of importance in the United Kingdom for several seasons ahead on his own terms of fifty per cent. of the receipts, which in such theatres as the Royal Alexandra in Liverpool and the Theatre Royal in Manchester seldom brought him less than £1200 a week. Secondly, his health at this period was not all that could be desired. Frequently, during the performance of such exacting rôles as Richard, Othello, Macbeth, and Beverley, he would be seized with violent headache and great dizziness, culminating sometimes in faintness; but after a rest of some minutes he was seemingly all right, and quite his old self again. Even on these exceptional occasions nothing would induce him to take any kind of stimulants, so firm was the resolution he made long years before, kept through well or ill, never to allow any liquor to pass his lips within the walls of a theatre. When counselled by his friends and medical adviser to live more generously, and not to wear himself out by constant application, he would reply, "It is better to wear out than to rust out." He had Sidney Smith's maxim ever in his mind, "Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the

consciousness that he has done his best." "Life to the end of work, and work to the end of life," were favourite words of his. The last wish was not granted him. He did not die with harness on his back.

When the time came for commencing his provincial tour of 1880-1881 his health was in such a precarious state that only on the strenuous advice of the late Sir Andrew Clarke was he induced to cancel his engagements for the time being, and by a thorough needful rest recuperate his already enfeebled constitution. The "beloved physician," as George Eliot so truly called Sir Andrew Clarke, had a model patient in Barry Sullivan, and under his careful treatment he was soon up and about, taking brief holidays here and there, and spending many pleasant hours at the Savage Club, where he was always one of the most welcome of members. Here, on July 26th, 1882, he entertained a hundred of his fellow "Savages" to a dinner as a mark of his esteem, and in return for their many kind enquiries and sympathy during his enforced absence from among them.

Nothing could better illustrate the cordial feeling that existed between this Bohemian band and Sullivan than the following acrostic sent to him by one of his guests a few days after their convivial gathering :—

Be mine, dear friend, to say we owe
A pleasant debt to you,
*R*emembering how, two nights ago,
*R*eflecting all your genial glow,
*Y*our guests around you drew.

*S*urrounded there by song and wit,
*U*nheeded sped the night ;
*L*ike laggards, when we rose to flit,
Lo ! it was morning light.
I will not frame upon my lip
*V*ain words my heart to speak,
*A*t such a pledge of fellowship—
No ! words are all too weak.

To all outward appearance he had greatly benefited by this brief retirement, but his previous robust health was far from being restored. That he was mentally as active as ever is proved by his desire to resume the provincial tours without any further postponement. The announcement of this desire caused a pleasant sensation amongst playgoers throughout the Kingdom, many of whom, although they had witnessed the eminent Italian and American tragedians, Salvini and Edwin Booth, during his absence, still sighed for their idol "Barry," as they affectionately came to call him.

He placed the arrangements of his 1883-1884 tour—which extended from August in the former year to May in the latter—in the hands of Mr Michael Gunn, the proprietor of the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. For his support on tour Mr Gunn gathered together what the bills announced as "a specially organised company." The repertoire consisted of *Hamlet*, *Richard the Third*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Gamester*, *Richelieu*, and, on Sullivan's "benefit" nights in each town, the first part of Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, in which he appeared as Sir John Falstaff.

At this period he was approached by the leaders of the Irish Parliamentary Party, with a view to his becoming a candidate at an approaching election in a southern constituency; but, foreseeing a divided duty, Sullivan declined the proposed honour, as, unlike Sir Boyle Roche's famous bird, he was unable to be in two places at the one time, and they were unable to promise him that Parliament would accomodate him by sitting in the day time to leave him free at night.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Savage Club entertains Barry Sullivan—His 1883-1884 tour—Extraordinary enthusiasm in Liverpool and Dublin—The 1884-1885 tour—Ill health prevents him playing—Last provincial tour—Barry Sullivan's last performance—The sands of life running low—Last days and death—His burial in Dublin—Signor Salvini's tribute—Monument erected on his grave—Memorial lines—Estimate of his character.

PREVIOUS to starting on his next tour Sullivan was entertained by the members of the Savage Club at a farewell supper in their dining-hall, on August 9th, 1883. It was a veritable "feast of reason and flow of soul."

The menu card, which was designed by Walter Mackay, is here given :—

MENU.

"Better cheer may you have,
But not with better heart."—*Comedy of Errors.*

SALMON.
"Sweet fish."—*Cymbeline.*

SALMON MAYONNAISE.
"What have we here? A fish."—*Love's Labour Lost.*

RICHELIEU LOBSTERS.

LOBSTER SALAD.
"My salad days, when I was green in judgment."
Antony and Cleopatra.
"Short-legged hens."—*Henry IV.*

(ROAST AND BOILED.)
"There is cold meat."—*Cymbeline.*
"A piece of beef and mustard."—*Taming of the Shrew.*
"Baked meats."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

BEEF A LA PRESSE.
"What's this?"—*Taming of the Shrew.*

HAM-LOTTE (*i.e.* A LITTLE HAM).
"My Lady Tongue."—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

GALANTINE OF VEAL.
"Is not veal a calf?"—*Love's Labour Lost.*

GAMESTER PIE.
"Sweets to the sweet."—*Hamlet.*

VERONESE PASTRY.

MÉRINGUES AU MICHAEL GUNN.

SHAMROCK JELLY.

CREME AU MACBETH.

"Stewed prunes."—*Measure for Measure.*
"Pippins and cheese."—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*
"Just so much as you can take on a knife's point."
Much Ado About Nothing.
"A thousand salads."—*All's Well that Ends Well.*
"Drink to the general joy o' the whole table, and to our dear friend."—*Macbeth.*

During the evening Horace Leonard recited the following verses which he had composed for the occasion. They fittingly expressed the good-will in which the "chieftan" was held by his brother "savages"—players, painters, and scribes:—

How often is mirth but a mask for a sorrow,
And laughter is loudest when hiding regret;
The guest of to-night shall have left us to-morrow,
So let us be merry—the table is set.

Away on the war-path a chieftan is going,
The trail of the guineas is seen through the land,
The savage shall follow where'er it is showing,
And gather the bright golden scalps in his hand.

What cheer shall we give him who now is departing,
The bravest of all our Bohemian tribe?
A shake of the hand and a toast before starting,
The good-will of player, of painter, and scribe.

May Health and Good Fortune for ever attend him,
May pleasure be always his scarecrow for pain,
And after his triumphs may fellowship send him
To rest on his honours among us again.

On Monday, August 13th, Sullivan commenced his tour,

opening in Liverpool at the Alexandra Theatre in Lime Street. To describe the scene at this theatre, inside and out, during his twelve nights' engagement, would be impossible; it would exhaust all the vocabulary. Long before the doors were thrown open several thousand people blocked the immense space in front of St George's Hall, not half of whom had any chance of reaching the ticket boxes, much less gain admittance to the house.

The play on the opening night was *Hamlet*, and on Sullivan's entry on the stage some three thousand persons shouted and applauded a welcome, as if they were all going mad. He was not prepared for this reception. He looked forward to a warm-hearted greeting after his enforced absence from the stage, but the enthusiasm so affected him that although he sustained himself splendidly as Hamlet, yet after the curtain fell he was for some time unable to speak. He was called out repeatedly, and finally, in response to the shouts, cries, and every manner of wild enthusiasm, he came forward and gave expression to his deep gratitude for so magnificent a reception, and at the same time expressed regret that he was suffering from hoarseness. He trusted that after that night he might be able to merit their further approval. He was supported on this night by Bassett Roe as Claudius, T. H. Potter as Polonius, John Amory as Laertes, W. S. Hardy as Horatio, George Warde as the Ghost, W. Fosbrooke as the First Grave-digger, Miss Carlisle as Gertrude, and Miss Ethel Herbert as Ophelia.

Having played with equal success at Leeds, Sheffield, and Birmingham during the month of September, he crossed the Channel to visit Dublin, where the enthusiasm he created if anything exceeded that he had already evoked in Liverpool. The announcement in the press that he would arrive in Dublin on Sunday evening, September 30th, caused,

said the *Freeman's Journal* of the following day, "a most unusual stir in the city."

"From an early hour in the afternoon crowds of people wended their way by train and cars to Kingstown. Several bands also proceeded there, and long before the hour at which the mail steamer from Holyhead was due, the approaches to the Carlisle pier were thronged with an expectant crowd." "At half-past six," says the same chronicler, "the mail boat steamed into the harbour and a ringing cheer was given by the immense crowd, and when Barry Sullivan stepped ashore the cheers were again and again renewed, amid cries of 'Welcome.' Amidst vociferous cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, the train started for the city. Here an enormous crowd awaited his arrival at Westland Row station."

He was received by the Lord Mayor of Dublin who accompanied him to the Portobello Hotel, where he was met by a representative deputation, headed by the Reverend Chancellor Tisdall, who read an eloquent address of welcome from the citizens. Sullivan briefly thanked the deputation, and expressed the pride he felt at being once more amidst his enthusiastic Irish friends. He also addressed a few words to the immense concourse of people who had followed his carriage and were waiting outside the hotel, beguiling the time in serenading him with "most excellent music." The following evening at the King Street Theatre he renewed acquaintance with a Dublin audience, and the reception he received on making his appearance as Hamlet will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

While enjoying a drive on one of the "jaunting cars" so popular in Dublin, Sullivan had the misfortune to be thrown violently to the ground through the horse slipping, and sustained a fracture of his arm which necessitated his carrying the arm in a sling that night while playing Falstaff and some

subsequent nights. It was a favourite custom with Barry Sullivan while in Dublin to visit the beautiful Necropolis at Glasnevin where so many of Ireland's illustrious sons "sleep the sleep that knows no breaking," and where, by his own expressed wish, he too was to be laid at rest "after life's fitful fever."

After an absence of six months, during which time he had played at the principal theatres in the three countries, he returned to Dublin on Easter Monday, 1884, and for twelve nights appeared at the Gaiety Theatre in the same parts and supported by the same company as on the occasion of his last engagement. In May this nine months' tour, commenced under Mr Michael Gunn's direction, was brought to a close at Birmingham.

The next season's tour commenced at Manchester in October of this year, and extended into May 1885. A special London company was engaged by his eldest son to accompany him. The repertoire now consisted of *Richard the Third*, *Richelieu*, *Hamlet*, *The Gamester*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Macbeth*, and Sheridan Knowles' play *The Wife*, which latter was now revived after many years. His Julian St Pierre was admitted to be as successful as his Gamester, Richelieu, or Hamlet, although the character of the ragged, light-hearted and clear-headed adventurer is separated by a gulf of characteristics from any of these parts. Miss Jane Rignold was the Mariana on *The Wife* nights, and a better portrayal of the heroine the most exacting of Barry Sullivans could not desire.

In the autumn Sullivan was again compelled to cancel his engagements and abandon his pre-arranged tour during the coming winter. The constant mental strain involved in presenting so many arduous characters, as well as the fatigues of travelling, at length began to tell on his heretofore iron constitution. However, his indomitable will and energy so far

overcame his ailing body, that by September following he was sufficiently recovered to embark on his 1886-1887 provincial tour, which had been mapped out for him by his son.

This tour, which proved to be his last, extended from the first week in September 1886 until the first week in June 1887, during which lengthened period he visited (and in many cases revisited) the chief towns in England, Ireland and Scotland, drawing the largest audiences of the season at every theatre, and creating the utmost enthusiasm among his old time admirers, and something akin to awe in the eyes of the younger generation of playgoers.

A visit to Aberdeen, where he played for twelve nights at Her Majesty's Opera House in March 1887, was full of interest both to Sullivan and to his friends in the Granite City, many of whom had pleasant remembrances of his managerial days at the little theatre in Marischal Street. Nothing gave Sullivan greater pleasure when on tour than to look up an old friend and have a chat with him at his hotel before or after a performance. He ranked a good talk very high among the pleasures of existence. He found it an admirable tonic for mind and body, and, like Dr Johnson, when he wished to describe a pleasant evening, he would say, "We had a good talk, sir," and certainly an hour with Barry Sullivan at any time, provided he was "in the vein" for a good talk, was as invigorating as a draught of fresh air. He had the four characteristics of a good conversationalist—truth, good sense, good humour, and wit.

In Edinburgh, where he played at Mr Beryl's theatre during the first week of April, his Richelieu was better appreciated than it had been for several years. It was an example of flawless acting, a perfect impersonation of the French Machiavelli—humanised as Lytton portrays him—with his piercing intelligence, unerring instinct, craft, cold-

ness, and cunning, and fiery energy of the master mind ever bursting out even in the last extremes of bodily weakness. The illusion was complete; it was not Barry Sullivan "acting a part" that the spectator looked upon—it was Cardinal Richelieu.

From Scotland he visited Bradford, and on May 30th he arrived in Liverpool, there to fill an engagement before bringing his tour to a close.

Shakespeare says, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends"; if Barry Sullivan had the shaping of the close of his professional life, which he had not, he could not have desired anything better than his own last performance as Richard the Third, or the fervent and unbounded expressions of attachment of his last audience.

Saturday, June 4th, 1887, proved to be his last appearance on any stage. As we have been enabled to give a copy of the play-bill on which his name appeared for the first time, as well as those of his more remarkable engagements in the succeeding fifty years, it is but fitting that the one on which it appeared for the last time should be recorded here—

ALEXANDRA THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.

(*Sole Lessee*, Mrs EDWARD SAKER.)

LAST NIGHT! LAST NIGHT!! LAST NIGHT!!!
Of the famous and unrivalled Shakespearean Actor,
BARRY SULLIVAN.

To-night, Saturday, June 4th, 1887, *at* 7.30,

Shakespeare's Tragedy,
RICHARD III.

Duke of Gloster, afterwards Richard III.,	Barry Sullivan.
King Henry VI.,	W. H. Willats.
Richmond,	John Amory.
Buckingham,	Horace Allen.
Stanley,	Robert Owen.
Catesby,	G. Hazlehurst.
Norfolk,	Gilbert Yorke.

Ratcliff,	F. Burnett.
Prince of Wales,	Miss Nellie Daly.
Duke of York,	Miss M. Booth.
Lord Mayor,	H. M. Holles.
Tressel,	W. Clarke.
Queen Elizabeth,	Miss Page.
Duchess of York,	Miss Emily Bennett.
Lady Anne,	Miss Mary Kingsley.

To attempt a description of the state of the theatre—of the shouts and cries of the assembled crowds at the doors; the wild enthusiasm after each act of the tragedy, in which Sullivan exerted himself to an extraordinary degree; and the deafening cheers at its close—would be useless. It appeared as if the audience had a premonition that they were never again to see their idol. They rose as one man, and gave vent to their enthusiasm in ringing cheers, which could be heard distinctly in the streets outside, and it was not until Barry Sullivan came forward for the twelfth time to thank them that any semblance of order was restored. He who had been accustomed to all sorts and conditions of audiences during his fifty years on the stage, admitted that night that he never experienced more whole-hearted enthusiasm; and an eye-witness relates that the tear, which starts unbidden to the eye when the recollection of old times and happiness of many years ago is suddenly recalled, stole down his face as he finally withdrew to his room after saying "farewell," all unconscious that it was for ever. Playgoers saw him no more. Little did they imagine that the oil in his flickering lamp of life would soon burn out.

The following week Sullivan was back in Brighton among his dear ones at home, from whence it was decreed he would never again set out on his mission to the practice of his beloved profession. His rapidly failing health began to alarm those who had not seen him for some time, but in a few weeks he was nursed with untiring devotion into con-

valescence, and in the sunlight of his loved home his mind assumed a gaiety and cheerfulness it had not known since his first serious illness.

But an agonising martyrdom awaited him. Soon for the ringing tone of his grand voice was substituted a pathetic and unmeaning murmur—its "sweet bells jangled out of tune." It has often been remarked that when the thoughts of youth return, fresh as the scent of new-gathered blossoms, to the tired old age which has so long forgot them, the coming of death is seldom very distant. So it was in the case of Barry Sullivan. One midsummer evening, barely a month after his last appearance on the stage, while pleasantly chatting with a few friends under his own roof about his boyhood's trials and triumphs, he was suddenly stricken down with paralysis of the brain, and thus he lay for some weeks 'twixt life and death.

It would be unbecoming to dwell here on what he suffered. Helplessly bedridden for almost three years, his life after this dreadful blow was a mystery of suffering that makes the heart ache with the "why" that has no answer on this side of the grave. Nor should we lift the veil to tell the sorrow that filled his household. It must remain for ever unspoken.

A happy home always awaited him on his withdrawing from the public eye, and those who enjoyed his hospitality took a pleasure in describing the unaffected tenderness of the great actor for his wife and daughters, and the hearty admiration of each for the other. He never cared much for society outside the circle of his personal friends; indeed he, who could be fearless in the presence of personal danger, was somewhat timid and often very retiring in his intercourse with strangers. He was far from being unsocial, however. He entertained his friends with genuine hospitality, his genial manner and his pleasant conversation—rich with information

and dashed with unaffected humour—making these gatherings charming.

From the first moment of his illness he was continually under the tender watchful care of his devoted wife, who, aided by her three daughters, administered to his slightest wants. Day and night they were constantly at his side to cheer him. During his long days of suffering he was ever patient and bore his great trial all through with true Christian resignation. It is doubtful if the pastor of his church, who, during the last sad days, was unremitting in his attention, and contributed in no small degree to soothe and comfort him in the discharge of the sacred offices of his profession, ever attended on a better Christian.

On March 19th, 1888, Barry Sullivan made his last will, and as one reads it one cannot help feeling that the old Roman was right when he declared that fortune favours the bold. From the very first, as we have seen, he made up his mind to excel as an actor. Nothing could divert him from the path in which from the beginning he set himself to work. He did not coquette with Royalty or with moneyed patrons. He worked hard, always relying on his own resources, and as a reward his labours proved lucrative. Well indeed must he have so ordered his way of life that when he had fallen into "the sere, the yellow leaf" he could bequeath legacies amounting to considerably over £25,000. Truly he found success—and he deserved it. In his freedom from the trammels of patronage he was particularly fortunate, in so far as it rendered all the more distinguished that genius which worked its way to eminence without the aids sometimes tendered to the aspiring actor. Essentially and manifestly his success was solely due to his artistic power, his unswerving resolution, and his enormous capacity for work.

There is no more pathetic moment in the life of any public

man, and more especially in the life of a popular actor, than when compelled by the weight of years or growing infirmities he has to doff his armour and step reluctantly back from the light of the public eye into the shadow of death. This trying ordeal Barry Sullivan passed through as the weeks and months sped on with little change in his suffering. But although lost to sight his memory was held very dear by many, and times without number he and his family experienced the steady and kind attachment of numerous friends at home and abroad.

The winter of 1890 brought a change for the worse in his condition. The Russian influenza, which was then epidemic in England, and which had already carried off many remarkable men, claimed him, and all the members of his family as victims. From the commencement of this last illness to the end Barry Sullivan was attended by two sisters from the local Convent of the *Bon Secours*.

When first they began their ministration it was as much as their combined strength could effect to lift him in and out of bed—the "mattress grave," as Heine called his sick bed—but long before they had finished their work of mercy one of them sufficed for that purpose. The old man bore this increased suffering with great composure, comforted by the presence of his wife and daughters, and his two sons (the eldest of whom had just arrived home from Australia), and strengthened by his unwavering faith and by the rites of that Church of which he had been a loyal and dutiful son, death had no terrors for him.

Sunday morning, May 3rd, 1891, at last brought the moment for his release. As the beautiful May morning dawned, those who watched by his bedside saw that the end was very close, and as the sound of the church bells fell upon the ears of the tearful group, the dying tragedian re-

gained consciousness and his eyes lighted up with all their old fire as he recognised his loved ones around him. His eyes were full of meaning, but he could not speak. The tongue that had thrilled countless thousands was now unable to articulate more than a murmur. By noon his breathing grew weaker and weaker until the Town Hall clock at Hove struck one, when he drew his last breath, and in a moment his ardent, courageous, and manly spirit passed tranquilly away and Dr Upton, the family physician, pronounced—"the end."

No pen can describe the sorrow and desolation that filled his household. All his dear ones loved him so much; their constant attendance on him during those last sad years endeared him more than ever to them. In a word, his death caused a chasm which nothing could fill.

How the news flashed over the telegraph wires: from Land's End to John o' Groats, from Cork to Belfast, from Maine to California, from Quebec to New Orleans, from Victoria to Queensland, on that May day! Deep and universal sorrow was expressed on all sides. On the morrow of his death how many of his admirers at home and abroad, in their expressions of sorrow, shared the regret expressed in Tennyson's lines :—

> "O for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Some months before his death, during one of those happy intervals of consciousness, he repeated the wish he had expressed on a previous occasion, that he should be buried in Glasnevin cemetery. A very natural wish for any Irishman, be he native or foreign born, of any imagination, who had no family sepulchre in which he could sleep with his kindred. Accordingly, on the Friday morning following his death his

remains were removed from his residence in Albany Villas, Brighton, to the Church of the *Sacre Cœur* in Norton Road close by, where a solemn requiem service was held preparatory to their removal to Dublin. The church, which had been draped for the occasion, was crowded with a representative congregation, amongst whom were several members of the dramatic profession as well as a special deputation from the Savage Club. The requiem was performed by the choir from the Brompton Oratory, and mainly consisted of Casciolini's and Palestrina's music. Needless to say the coffin was covered with floral tributes, amongst them being wreaths from Sir Henry Irving, Mr J. L. Toole, Mr Osmond Tearle, the Hon. George Coppin of Melbourne, Mr J. F. Warden, as well as from numerous friends in Brighton, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool and Dublin, all being accompanied by written expressions of respect and regret for their dear dead friend. The following day the remains arrived in Dublin accompanied by Mr Thomas Amory Sullivan, the only member of the family who could undertake the journey.

At noon on Saturday, May 9th, the funeral *cortège* passed through the principal streets of Dublin to the cemetery in the northern suburbs, and besides the long line of carriages which followed the hearse a large number of people accompanied it on foot. Groups of citizens were assembled at different points of vantage, and they respectfully uncovered as the procession passed. On all sides could be heard expressions of sympathy and regret, especially among the older men who could not refrain from narrating the triumphs of the great actor in days long past. Mr F. R. Benson and the members of his dramatic company, who were fulfilling an engagement in the city, joined the leading citizens of Dublin in the procession to Glasnevin, and there, in the presence of

a large concourse, all that was mortal of Barry Sullivan was laid to rest beneath the shadow of O'Connell's monument, and surrounded by the tombs of some of Ireland's most illustrious orators, poets and divines.

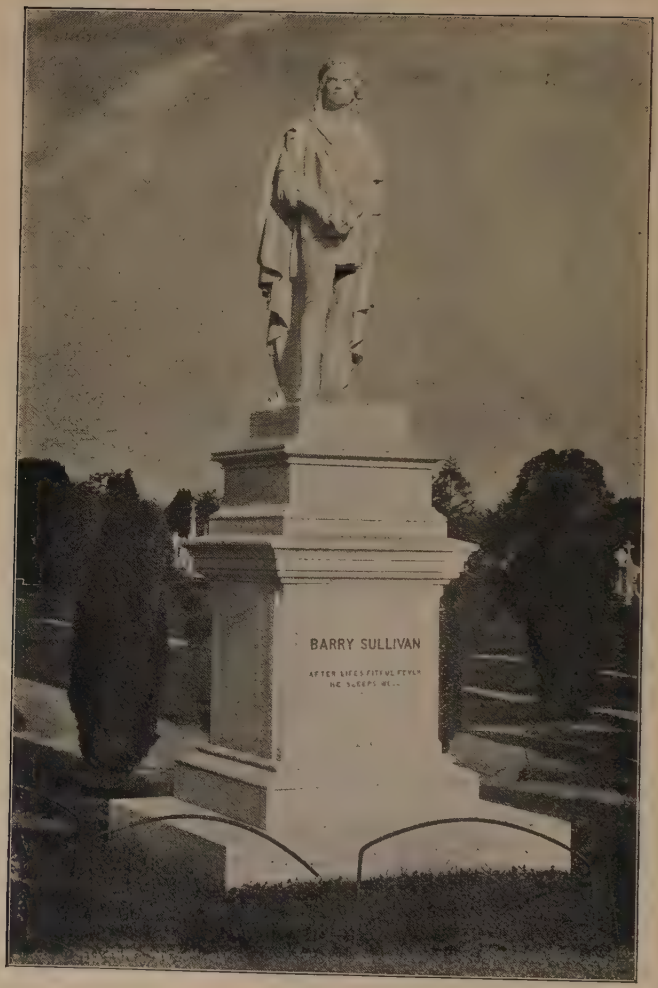
As Barry Sullivan had abundant homage paid to him during life, so no actor of modern times ever had such an accumulation of honours after his death. Death did not rob him of one friend or admirer. The entire press at home and abroad was loyal to his memory.

The author of this record of Barry Sullivan's career ventures to quote here a letter addressed to him by the illustrious Italian tragedian, Signor Salvini, dated from his beautiful villa in Florence, immediately on hearing of his death :—

"I am really sorry for the great loss that English Dramatic Art has had in losing one of her best champions, Barry Sullivan. I remember having made his acquaintance in London, the first time I went to that city, and precisely in a party where many artists met in social intercourse. Little can I say of the late illustrious artist, having only known him in private life, and not as an actor. However, if I should appreciate him by the measure of his fame, I am certain that he possessed among the actors of the United Kingdom the championship of the Drama and Tragedy. By what I could judge of the marked and intelligent expression of his face, he possessed in a great measure the art and the flexibility of whatever passion he wished to represent. . . . To reflect upon the exterior of his character : he possessed all the riches of a thorough artistic gentleman. . . .

"England, and especially Ireland, have reason to deplore the loss of so great an actor, and one who was an honour to his country."

The high esteem in which Barry Sullivan was held by his



THE BARRY SULLIVAN MEMORIAL IN GLASNEVIN CEMETERY, DUBLIN.

brother players at home has already been referred to. All were proud of the great work he had done in the cause of the poetic drama. They were also proud of the high position he had made for himself in his profession. When he died, many young actors felt that a great light had passed from their midst; that a shining example, which had been to many a guide, was lost to them for ever. If proofs were needed of the high esteem in which he was held, few better could be given than the candid assurance of the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, Mr Walter Hollister, who in previous years was a juvenile member of the great actor's company: "I have an autograph letter he (Barry Sullivan) sent me," said Mr Hollister, "for which I was offered three pounds at the time of his death by an old member of his company, but as Barry Sullivan never had a greater admirer than I, I would not part with it for ten times that amount."

A monument to him was resolved upon within a year after his death by a most influential and representative committee from Dublin, Belfast and Cork, who decided upon a life-size marble statue of him as Hamlet, and for which public subscriptions to close on a thousand pounds were received. The work was entrusted to the eminent Irish sculptor, Sir Thomas Farrell, and it is doubtful if a more striking or picturesque statue has ever left his world-famous studio. The pose chosen by the sculptor was where Hamlet holds in his hand the skull of Yorick, the King's jester. No more appropriate monument could be conceived for erection amidst such surroundings, and above the last resting-place of a player. "Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment?" exclaims Hamlet, apostrophising the skull of the "fellow of infinite jest." Thoughts not dissimilar will naturally suggest themselves at the graveside to the minds of those who witnessed the enthusiasm of Barry

Sullivan's audiences, and who remember how his action "could force his soul to his whole content."

Sir Thomas Farrell fashioned an excellent likeness of the actor in the prime of life. The whole figure is vigorous and life-like, and as one looks at the almost living marble, it seems to be ever and anon repeating the memorable words—"Alas! poor Yorick!"

Thursday, June 28th, 1894, was the date selected for the unveiling of this most suitable of memorials. Around the grave of Barry Sullivan on that beautiful summer afternoon were gathered quite a multitude of the citizens of Dublin, as well as visitors from the northern and southern capitals and from England and Scotland, and it would be difficult indeed to convey even an indication of the feeling of sorrow and respect with which the ceremony was followed by all present.

The pedestal bears the inscription—"Barry Sullivan," and beneath that world-famous name are appropriately inscribed these words from *Macbeth*—"After Life's Fitful Fever He Sleeps Well."

To the Lord Mayor of Dublin was entrusted the honour of unveiling the memorial, and as he did so Mr J. F. Warden recited the following lines, written for the occasion by the Reverend Samuel K. Cowan, M.A. :—

Here sleeps a King. Unveil his throne. Allow
No gloom of earth to shroud his glorious brow!
Unveil his throne, and let the eternal sky
Crown him with light, whose fame can never die!

Behold him now—the Monarch of the Stage—
Our loyal love his royal heritage;
The matchless Master, who, to smiles and tears,
Held our souls captive thro' historic years:
The Genius-Spirit, who, with magic art,
Raised from the dead the loves of Shakespeare's heart:
And robing them in Nature's richest guise,
Quickened his dreams to Soul-realities!

And shall *he* die, who had the power to give
Voice to the dumb, and bid the dead to live?
Not so: for him—by conquering Death unknown—
Life is a Sceptre, and the Grave a Throne.

Here let him rest—his laurels nobly won:
Here let him rest—each act of Duty done:
Until the last dread Trump's tremendous blast
Shall tell his "little rounded sleep" is past,
And he shall rise triumphant from the sod,
To play his Soul's grand masterpiece to God!

This interesting ceremony was performed in the presence of Barry Sullivan's two eldest daughters, and only the fact that oceans rolled between them and their brothers, who were both in Australia, they also would have been present on that most auspicious occasion. Illness prevented their mother from journeying to Dublin to stand beside the grave of her illustrious husband; but she was there in spirit, and her heart went out to those who gathered around his tomb to pay their last tribute of respect.

"Long as the stone memorial of Barry Sullivan will endure," said Wilson Barrett in a letter which was read on the occasion, "still longer will the memorial that he has founded in the hearts of the people."

Time, that destroyer of all that is not truly great, serves but to add glory to the name of Barry Sullivan, who, when he acted in the great cities of the world, swayed the hearts of thousands; and to-day the mere mention of his name has the power to stir an audience to a more critical attention to the portrayal of the characters he made live on the stage. Of him it may truly be said, that "death makes no conquest of this conqueror, for now he lives in fame, though not in life."

We have now followed to its close the record of a life which must command respect and admiration. A character like that of Barry Sullivan calls for no attempt at analysis.

In motive and purpose he was the most candid and direct of men, and it is easy to understand how a nature so open would win the attachment of friends. He loved praise when it was brought to him, but he was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible to flattery, but, as Dr Johnson said of Garrick, a man who has a nation to admire him every night may well be expected to be somewhat elated with himself. Those who were personally acquainted with him, and who had heard anecdotes tending to show the hauteur of his demeanour to strangers, and his old-world punctiliousness of manner, were most agreeably disappointed. They invariably found him one of the kindliest and most courteous of gentlemen, whose speech, bearing and gesture, showed now and again a trace of that courtly politeness which is fast disappearing in favour of *brusquerie* of manner and colloquial familiarity in conversation. He possessed a certain majesty of nature which was the combined effect of personal pride, and a lofty self-reliance, and a deep conviction that he was the apostle of an important dramatic mission. But there are many persons who turn a man's occasional hasty temper into a besetting sin, by accumulating instances of it without reminding their hearers or readers that one, two, or three occasions may be spread over as many years; who depict an odd mannerism as though it were the essence of his manner; who dwell on a few instances of resentment, and scarcely mention countless cases of generosity—these, of course, are nothing else but misrepresentations.

Barry Sullivan's whole life, as has been shown, was inspired by an indomitable sense of his own strength, and he was lifted by it into an atmosphere high above that of many of his distinguished contemporaries, whom the world has now almost forgotten.

He possessed in a larger measure than any other actor of

his time the protean gift of genuine impersonation. With a face and figure devoid of any peculiar characteristic he identified himself with the fictitious personality by subtle and appropriate transformations, in which gait, gesture, carriage, and facial expression all played their parts, while blank verse came from his lips like music. His portraits almost take the man off the paper to put him in flesh and blood. He looks with genial eyes, swelling nostrils, firm mouth, and massive chin. His well-shaped broad brow relieves the massiveness of his face; and the whole countenance and figure express the repose of a powerful and passionate nature schooled into balance and symmetry—altogether the presentment of a great man, who felt he could move men.

From his earliest youth he appears to have been endowed with that invaluable characteristic, an eager thirst for knowledge. Nature sowed the seed of ambition in his young mind, leaving nothing to nourish it but a resolute will. Between young Sullivan and his goal stretched a long uphill path, and, as we have seen, his progress was at first delayed by modest birth and humble fortune; but he enjoyed a heritage of industry, perception, tenacity and pluck, and at the close of his career he owed honours and wealth to no hand but his own.

In the development of Barry Sullivan's powers as an actor there was no evidence of that waywardness which so frequently accompanies genius. There was nothing whatever reminding us of the mushroom growth, but worthily and bravely he rose step by step, until he reached a point which must have satisfied his laudable ambition. And thus we see that from a comparatively crude beginning, and possessing nothing but his own indomitable will, this accomplished actor made for himself a great name by dint of perseverance, singleness of purpose, and worthiness of aim, backed by natural

ability. He was what he was, not because fortune had been partial to him, but because his essential merit at last met its reward, and success deserved became success attained.

Intensity without extravagance, dignity without coldness —these qualities were always to be found in Barry Sullivan's acting, as they are everywhere in the best and highest art. In the portrayal of great human passion it is possible to be at times strong and terrible and yet human. And in this essentially human quality Barry Sullivan seldom failed. He was, as the majority of his contemporary critics point out, always most successful in expressing those strong passions which move with storm-like velocity through the human soul, and was seen to great advantage in those characters which deal principally with the darker and more terrible side of human nature.

It must be admitted that the good effect of his acting in the latter part of his life was often marred by the poor quality of his support, and the want of harmony which such inferiority produced. The dulness and incompetency of some were very often a trial to his not over patient disposition. There can be no doubt but that Barry Sullivan was seldom supported in a manner becoming his dignity as an actor of the first rank, and the high quality of the plays in which he appeared.

Even if Barry Sullivan had not succeeded in reaching his high position as a Shakespearean actor, he would still deserve a liberal meed of praise, because he so earnestly endeavoured to elevate the drama to its true place as a means of culture and a healthy product of civilisation. If it were possible to eliminate everything pertaining to his histrionic genius we would still owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude because he so bravely followed a noble ideal and a conscientious purpose.

Such is the record of the life of Barry Sullivan—a name that still brings a thrill of pleasure to old play-goers the world over—the last link between the old school of actors and the players of the new era; a type and representative as complete as could be named of the grand traditional race of English actors. His name closes the roll of the great actors who for over a century illumined Shakespeare's immortal page. Spranger Barry and Macklin, Kemble and Cooke, Kean and Booth, Macready and Phelps—these names are enshrined in the pages of theatrical history as the greatest luminaries of our century, and in coupling Barry Sullivan's name with theirs it is not too much to say that in all their impersonations few of them realised more than he did that the end of all acting is "to hold the mirror up to nature." There have been other players who startled the world by the power of their genius in certain phases of character, but there has never been any Shakespearean actor who held sway over the minds of men for so long a period as that during which Barry Sullivan reigned supreme on the stage.

LIST OF CHARACTERS PLAYED BY BARRY SULLIVAN DURING HIS FIFTY YEARS ON THE STAGE

"One man in his time plays many parts."

Jaques,	*As You Like It.*
Orlando,	*do.*
Duke,	*do.*
Duke Frederick,	*do.*
Ferdinand, King of Spain,	*Asmodeus.*
The Caliph,	*Abon Hasson.*
Creon,	*Athenian Captive.*
Guiscard,	*Adelgitha.*
*Admetus,	*Alcestes.*
*Chevalier de Cronstillac,	*Adventurer.*
Shaun,	*Arrah-na-Pogue.*
Montorgeuil,	*Bohemians of Paris.*
Varnish,	*Botheration.*
Lupo,	*Born to Good Luck.*
Theseus,	*Bacchus and Ariadne.*
Captain Crosstree,	*Black Eyed Susan.*
Admiral,	*do.*
William,	*do.*
Albert,	*Brigand, or the Fate of Massaroni.*
Geoffrey Haredale,	*Barnaby Rudge.*
Bottle Imp,	*Bottle Imp.*
Saville,	*Belle's Stratagem.*
Doricourt,	*do.*
Colonel Ashton,	*Bride of Lammermoor.*
Edgar Ravenswood,	*do.*
Bertram,	*Bertram.*
Robert Macaire,	*Beggar's Opera.*
Estevan,	*Broken Sword.*
Amintor,	*Bridal.*
Solinius,	*Comedy of Errors.*
Soranzo,	*Castle of Paluzzi.*
Nobleman,	*Clari, the Maid of Milan.*
Calvette,	*Castle of Andalusia.*

Percy,	*Castle Spectre.*
Kenric,	*do.*
Vanberg,	*Charles XII.*
Count Alvitz,	*Cabinet Changes.*
General Oudinot,	*Conscript's Sister.*
Cymbeline,	*Cymbeline.*
Earl of Leicester,	*Critic.*
Sneer,	*do.*
Tullus Aufidius,	*Coriolanus.*
Young Rapid,	*Cure for the Heartache.*
Charles II.,	*Charles II.*
*Valence,	*Colombe's Birthday.*
*Guilio,	*Cruel Kindness.*
Old Norval,	*Douglas.*
Glenalvon,	*do.*
Norval,	*do.*
Edward Wilson,	*Dumb Man of Manchester.*
Huntsman,	*Der Freischütz.*
Lieutenant Delamere,	*Damp Beds,*
Red Norris,	*Dream at Sea.*
Launce Lynwood,	*do.*
Gordon,	*Deerstalker.*
Ex Dey Algiers,	*Dey and a Knight.*
La Lache,	*Dominique.*
Don Cæsar,	*Don Cæsar de Bazan.*
Durimel,	*Durimel.*
Damon,	*Damon and Pythias.*
Lorimer,	*Evil May Day.*
Daran,	*Exiles of Siberia.*
*Travers,	*Elopements in High Life.*
Lorenzo,	*Fra Diavolo.*
The Count,	*Foundling of the Forest.*
Vanderdecken,	*Flying Dutchman.*
Ruy Gomez,	*Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.*
Baron Bjelke,	*Gustavus the Third.*
Firedrake,	*Giovanni in London.*
Colonel Mannering,	*Guy Mannering.*
Sebastian,	*do.*
Bates,	*Gamester.*
Beverley,	*do.*
Owen Williams,	*Gwynneth Vaughan.*
Gustavus,	*Gustavus.*
George Barnwell,	*George Barnwell.*
Mobb,	*Golden Farmer.*
Drayton,	*Grandfather Whitehead.*
Allan of Duncarty,	*Gilderoy.*
Rosencrantz,	*Hamlet.*

Claudius,	*Hamlet.*
The Ghost,	*do.*
Hamlet,	*do.*
Captain Smith,	*His First Champagne.*
Rajah Ram Rusti,	*Happy Man.*
Charles,	*Happiest Day of My Life.*
Frederick Vincent,	*do.* *do.*
Sully,	*Henri Quatre.*
Henry Quatre,	*do.*
Sidney Maynard,	*Housekeeper.*
Duart,	*Highland Boy.*
Binko,	*Hazard of the Die.*
Sharpitlaw,	*Heart of Midlothian.*
George Staunton,	*do.*
Master Walter,	*Hunchback.*
Stephen,	*do.*
Gaylove,	*do.*
Henry the Eighth,	*Henry VIII.*
Rolando,	*Honeymoon.*
Henry the Fourth,	*Henry IV.*
Prince Henry,	*do.*
Hotspur,	*do.*
Falstaff,	*do.*
Lovel,	*High Life Below Stairs.*
Dick Dowlas,	*Heir at Law.*
Redlaw,	*Haunted Man.*
Felix,	*Hunter of the Alps.*
The Planter,	*Inkle and Yarico.*
Prince Azan,	*Illustrious Stranger.*
Ctesiphon,	*Ion.*
Rawbold,	*Iron Chest.*
Sir Edward Mortimer,	*do.*
Duke of Bavaria,	*Irish Ambassador.*
Massaroni,	*Italian Brigand.*
Front-de-Bœuf,	*Ivanhoe.*
Eugene,	*Isabelle.*
Gilbert,	*Idiot Witness.*
*Henri Desart,	*Isle of St Tropez.*
Frank Rochdale,	*John Bull.*
Gay,	*Jack Sheppard.*
Snatch,	*Johnnie Fa.*
Cassius,	*Julius Cæsar.*
Brutus,	*do.*
Felton,	*John Saville.*
Duke of Albany,	*King Lear.*
Edgar,	*do.*
King Lear,	*do.*

De Bussy,	*King's Gardener.*
Malcom Young,	*King of the Commons.*
Falconbridge,	*King John.*
Count Tristan,	*King René's Daughter.*
Jack Eustace,	*Love in a Village.*
First Officer,	*Lady of Lyons.*
Gasper,	*do.*
Beauseant,	*do.*
Claude Melnotte,	*do.*
Duke of Carintha,	*Love.*
Prince Frederick,	*do.*
Count Ulrick,	*do.*
Huon,	*do.*
Peasant,	*La Sonnambula.*
Marcus,	*do.*
Countryman,	*Lottery Ticket.*
Jean Doux,	*Lissette.*
Captain Danvers,	*Love, Law and Physic.*
Waiter,	*do.*
Christopher Ingot,	*Lucky Stars.*
Mortimer,	*Laugh When You Can.*
Ned Martin,	*Lost Ship.*
Wildrake,	*Love Chase.*
*Franklyn,	*Love's Martyrdom.*
Mathew Elmore,	*Love's Sacrifice.*
Prompter,	*Manager in Distress.*
Irishman in the Pit,	*do.*
Seyton,	*Macbeth.*
Malcom,	*do.*
Lennox,	*do.*
Rosse,	*do.*
Banquo,	*do.*
Macduff,	*do.*
Macbeth,	*do.*
Charles Robinson,	*Mr and Mrs Pringle.*
Lorenzo,	*Masaniello.*
Lieutenant of Castle,	*Maid of Mariendorff.*
Young Melbourne,	*More Blunders than One.*
Joe Tiller,	*My Poll and My Partner Joe.*
Black Brandon,	*do.* *do.*
Frank Stubb,	*M.P. for the Rotten Borough.*
Frank Morton,	*My Man Tom.*
Octavian,	*Mountaineers.*
Bulcazen Muley,	*do.*
Roque,	*do.*
Salarino,	*Merchant of Venice.*
Bassanio,	*do.*

Antonio,	*Merchant of Venice.*
Shylock,	*do.*
Footman,	*Maid or Wife.*
Ruthven,	*Mary Stuart.*
Antoine Lavigne,	*Marie de Chamounie.*
Don Calvaeros,	*My Friend the Governor.*
Page,	*Merry Wives of Windsor.*
Ford,	*do.* *do.*
Lord Glossmore,	*Money.*
Alfred Evelyn,	*do.*
Don John,	*Much Ado About Nothing.*
Don Pedro,	*do.* *do.*
Benedick,	*do.* *do.*
Spencer,	*Mr Tomkins.*
Captain Arlington,	*Mutiny at the Nore.*
Richard Parker,	*do.*
Robert Shelly,	*Momentous Question.*
Smart,	*No.*
Captain Somerville,	*New Way to Pay the National Debt.*
Captain Hector,	*Nigger Wat Sweeps the Crossing.*
Colonel Bruce,	*Nick of the Woods.*
Freemantle,	*Nelson.*
Sforza,	*Nina Sforza.*
Sir Giles Overreach,	*New Way to Pay Old Debts.*
*Hardman,	*Not so Bad as We Seem.*
*Tihrak,	*Nitŏcrius.*
Lodovico,	*Othello.*
Iago,	*do.*
Othello,	*do.*
Leeford,	*Oliver Twist.*
Pierre,	*102.*
Valverde,	*Pizarro.*
Gomez,	*do.*
Pizarro,	*do.*
Alonzo,	*do.*
Rolla,	*do.*
Beaver,	*Prisoner of War.*
Grasp,	*Paul Pry.*
Witherton,	*do.*
Manly,	*Provoked Husband.*
Hartwell,	*Patrician's Daughter.*
Sir William Brandon,	*Paul Clifford.*
Long Tom Coffin,	*Pilot.*
Frederick,	*Poor Gentleman.*
*Earl of Rochester,	*Presented at Court.*
*Frank Blunt,	*Plain English.*
Jack,	*Queen's Horse.*

Robert Arnaud,	*Queen's Page.*
Brakenbury,	*Richard III.*
Catesby,	*do.*
Henry VI.,	*do.*
Richmond,	*do.*
Richard the Third,	*do.*
Sir Francis Vernon,	*Rob Roy.*
Macstuart,	*do.*
Rashleigh Osbaldistone,	*do.*
Rob Roy,	*do.*
Paddy Carney,	*Rosina.*
De Welsken,	*Rory O'More.*
Sergeant Lopez,	*Robert Macaire, or L'Auberges des Adrets.*
Paris,	*Romeo and Juliet.*
Tybalt,	*do.*
Friar Lawrence,	*do.*
Mercutio.	*do.*
Romeo,	*do.*
Jack Robins,	*Railroad Station.*
Selbourne,	*Roland for an Oliver.*
Mark Redland,	*Robber's Wife.*
Redd Roy,	*do.*
Sir Lucius O'Trigger,	*Rivals.*
Captain Absolute,	*do.*
Falkland,	*do.*
Gaston,	*Richelieu.*
De Mauprat,	*do.*
Richelieu,	*do.*
Allan Fairford,	*Redgauntlet.*
Montesquien,	*Ransom.*
The Duke,	*Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.*
Léon,	*do. do.*
Harry Dornton,	*Road to Ruin.*
Robinson Crusoe,	*Robinson Crusoe.*
Captain Vauntington,	*Spectre Bridegroom.*
Pirate,	*Sea Captain.*
Anselm,	*Siege of Belgrade.*
Snake,	*School for Scandal.*
Joseph Surface,	*do.*
Charles Surface,	*do.*
Count Wintersen,	*Stranger.*
The Stranger,	*do.*
Hugh Neville,	*State Secrets.*
Gambia,	*Slave.*
Henry,	*Speed the Plough.*
Shakespeare,	*Shakespeare's Early Days.*

Charles Fitzmartyn,	*Three Rivals.*
Snip,	*Too Late for Dinner.*
Pedro,	*Taming of the Shrew.*
Petruchio,	*do.*
Delparc,	*Therese.*
Count de Morville,	*do.*
Raymonde,	*Travellers Benighted.*
Edgar de Courey,	*Turning the Tables.*
Mat,	*Tom Cringle.*
Octar,	*Timour the Tartar.*
Carlos Morazzi,	*Two Sergeants.*
Prospero,	*The Tempest.*
Gibby,	*The Wonder.*
Don Felix,	*do.*
Charles,	*Virginian Mummy.*
Pierre,	*Venice Preserved.*
Jaffier,	*do.*
William Tell,	*William Tell.*
Gesler,	*do.*
Lutold,	*do.*
Bailiff,	*Wrecker's Daughter.*
Lord Clanronald,	*Warlock of the Glen.*
Blackadder,	*Wreck Ashore.*
Miles Bertram,	*do.*
Colonel Mannering,	*Witch of the Glen.*
Polixenes,	*Winter's Tale.*
Banks,	*Wild Oats.*
Kirkpatrick,	*Wallace.*
Werner,	*Werner.*
Gonzago,	*Wife.*
Julian St Pierre,	*do.*
*Angiolo,	*Woman's Heart.*
*Lord Norcliffe,	*Wife or No Wife.*

*Those marked * are original performances.*

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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